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AMERICA

PICTURESQUE AND DESCRIPTIVE

NIAGARA FALLS

AMERICA

PICTURESQUE & DESCRIPTIVE : By JOEL COOK
IN THREE VOLUMES : WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOR

VOLUME TWO

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AROUND THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK.

AMERICA,

PICTURESQUE AND DESCRIPTIVE.

VIII.

AROUND THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK.

Hendrick Hudson—The Ship "Half Moon"—Manhattan Island—New Amsterdam—Hudson River—Fire Island—Navesink Highlands—Sandy Hook—Liberty Statue—Governor's Island—Jersey City—Hoboken—Weehawken—The Kills—Perth Amboy—Staten Island—New Dorp—Commodore Vanderbilt—Hackensack River—Passaic River—Paterson—Newark—Elizabeth—Rahway—Raritan River—New Brunswick—Battle of Monmouth—Molly Pitcher—Greater New York—Battery Park—Bowling Green—Broadway—Trinity Church—Famous and Sky-Scraping Buildings—Wall Street—National City Bank—St. Paul's Church—City Hall Park—Chemical Bank—Dry Goods District—Cooper Institute—Peter Stuyvesant—Union Square—Tammany Hall—Madison Square—Fifth Avenue—Washington Square—Little Church Around the Corner—Murray Hill—John Jacob Astor—Alexander T. Stewart—Fifth Avenue Architecture—The Vanderbilts—New York Public Library—Famous Churches—Jay Gould—Metropolitan Museum—Central Park—Museum of Natural History—Morningside Park—Riverside Park—Spuyten Duyvel Creek—Battle of Harlem Heights—Fort Washington—Morrisania—Croton Aqueducts—High Bridge—The Bronx—Van Cortlandt Park—Bronx Park—Pelham Bay Park—Hunter's Island—East River and its Islands—Hell Gate—Brooklyn Bridge—City of Churches—Brooklyn Development—Fulton

Street—Brooklyn Heights—Plymouth Church—The Beecher Family—Church of the Pilgrims—Pratt Institute—Greenwood Cemetery—Its Famous Tombs—Ocean Parkway—Prospect Park—Coney Island—Its Constant Festival—Brighton and Manhattan Beaches—View from the Observatory.

HENDRICK HUDSON.

THE redoubtable navigator for the Dutch East India Company, Hendrick Hudson, after exploring Delaware Bay, sailed along the New Jersey coast and entered Sandy Hook, discovering, on September 11, 1609, the Hudson River. There is a vague tradition that the first European who saw the magnificent harbor of New York was the Florentine, Verrazani, who came as early as 1524. Hudson was searching for the "Northwest Passage," and when he steered his little ship, the "Half Moon," into the great river, with its swelling tide of salt water, was sure he had found the long-sought route to the Indies. He explored it as far up as the present site of Albany, creating a sensation among the Indians, who flocked to the shores to see the "great white bird," as they called the "Half Moon," because of its wide-spreading sails. He traded with them for tobacco and furs, finding the Lenni Lenapes on the western bank and the Mohicans on the eastern side, and to impress them with his prowess, put them in a great fright by shooting off his cannon. Upon returning from Albany, the Indians gave him a feast on an island, breaking their arrows in token that they

meant no treachery. Hudson had a goodly store of seductive "schnapps," and offered them some in return for their hospitality. They examined it closely, smelt it, but passed it along without tasting. Finally one, somewhat bolder, partook, and drinking a good deal, fell in a drunken stupor for several hours. When finally aroused he said the Dutchmen had the strongest water he had ever tasted, and the other Indians then became eager to try the fire-water too, and soon they were all under its influence, and thus became firm friends of the Dutch.

The scene of this great carousal is said to have been the island where is now the city of New York. The Indian word Man-a-tey means "the island," and from this they named the place Man-a-hat-ta-nink, the "island of general intoxication." Ticknor, in his guide-book, gravely tells us that "from the scene of wassail and merriment which followed the meeting of the sailors and the Indians, the latter called the island Manhattan, "the place where they all got drunk." Thus, at the beginning, this noted locality acquired a reputation which many attest as existing with undiminished lustre in maturer years. By way of variety in this connection, it may be related that Washington Irving, in Knickerbocker's veritable history of New York, has this to say: "The name most current at the present day, and which is likewise countenanced by the great historian Vander-Donck, is Manhattan, which is said to have originated in a

custom among the squaws, in the early settlement, of wearing men's hats, as is still done among many tribes. 'Hence,' as we are told by an old Governor, who was somewhat of a wag, and flourished almost a century since, and had paid a visit to the wits of Philadelphia, 'hence arose the appellation of manhat-on, first given to the Indians, and afterwards to the island'—a stupid joke, but well enough for a Governor." Irving continues: "There is another, founded on still more ancient and indisputable authority, which I particularly delight in, seeing it is at once poetical, melodious and significant, and this is recorded in the before-mentioned voyage of the great Hudson, written by Master Juet, who clearly and correctly calls it Manna-hatta, that is to say, the island of Manna, or, in other words, 'a land flowing with milk and honey.'"

NEW AMSTERDAM AND ITS HARBOR.

About five years elapsed after Hudson's discovery before a colony was firmly fixed on Manhattan Island, which, when fairly started in 1614, was a little palisade fort and four small log houses. The Dutch called their possessions the Niew Netherlands, named the colony Nieu Amsterdam, and the land across the East River was known as Nassau, the earliest name of Long Island. Hudson was so impressed with the Highlands and the Catskills, which he passed in exploring the river, that he named it the "River of the

Mountains," but this was changed by the Dutch to Mauritius, in honor of Prince Maurice of Nassau. The Indians along the banks called the river Shatemuc and Cahohatatea. The English, shortly after the discovery, began calling it the Hudson River, but later, it was generally styled the North River to distinguish it from the Delaware or South River; and North River is the name now generally used in New York. The Manhattan colony was of slow growth, and the first Dutch Governor sent out was a Westphalian, Peter Minuit, a thrifty old fellow, who, by again making good use of "schnapps," bought the whole of Manhattan Island in 1626 from the Indians for beads and trinkets valued at sixty guilders, about $25. There were a thousand people there in 1644, making the original Dutch aristocracy of the "Knickerbockers," this name being adapted later from Irving, and they impressed their peculiarities upon the early city; but their descendants have largely given place to a newer aristocracy of wealth and an army of immigrants from all races. The last Dutch Governor, Peter Stuyvesant, arrived in 1647, and for protection the colonists had then built a fence across the island along what is now the line of Wall Street. An Indian scare a few years later caused this to be replaced with a wall of cedar palisades, and it ultimately developed into the city wall. Thus enclosed, the Mayor of New Amsterdam was required to walk around the walls every morning at sunrise, unlock

the gates and give the keys to the commander of the fort down at the Battery. When the Duke of York's English expedition came over in 1664 and overturned the government of old Stuyvesant, surnamed "Peter the Headstrong," and his Knickerbockers, at the same time changing the city's name to New York, it had three hundred and eighty-four houses, and in 1700 the population had increased to about six thousand. The first English Governor was Sir Edmund Andros.

The remote sources of the Hudson River are in Hamilton and Essex Counties, in the Adirondacks, in northeastern New York State, the highest at four thousand feet elevation above the sea, the head streams being outlets for a large number of highland lakes. The river flows over three hundred miles to the sea, and has few tributaries, the largest being the Hoosac and the Mohawk. Its lower course is a long tidal estuary, the tidal head being at Troy, from whence the fall in level to the ocean is only about five feet. The estuary below Manhattan Island expands into the noble New York harbor, enclosed between Long Island on the east and Staten Island on the west, the latter being the Indian Aquehonga, meaning the "high sandy banks." The harbor entrance from the sea, at Sandy Hook, is eighteen miles below the city. Inside Sandy Hook is the lower bay, of triangular form, extending nine to twelve miles on each side, the Narrows, a deep chan-

nel about a mile wide at the northeastern angle, opening into the upper bay, which is an irregular oval, about eight by five miles. This extends northward into the Hudson River, westward into Newark Bay, and has the tidal strait of East River leading north to Long Island Sound, on the eastern side of Manhattan. Within the bays and rivers around New York there are over a hundred miles of available anchorage ground, and the Government is now making a channel to the sea through Sandy Hook bar, forty feet deep at low water.

ENTERING NEW YORK HARBOR.

The approach from the sea to Sandy Hook is first guided for the modern navigator by the flashing white light on Fire Island, a low sand-strip on the Long Island Coast; and then there rise in front the Highlands of the Navesink, on the Jersey Coast south of Sandy Hook, with a pair of twin lighthouses perched upon their green slopes. The Hook, a long strip of yellow sand enclosing the harbor, also has another lighthouse on its northern end. Here are the expanding works of a formidable fort defending the harbor entrance, and an artillery trial and proving ground. Behind the Navesink Highlands and the Hook, the Jersey shore of the lower bay stretches far back westward into Raritan Bay, thrust up into the land between New Jersey and Staten Island. The green hills of this island, crowned with villas,

make the northwestern boundary of the bay. To the right hand of the Hook, and north of the entrance, is the sand strip of Coney Island, with its stretch of hotels and buildings, the popular seashore resort of New York. Within the Hook is the lower Quarantine on the west bank of Romer Shoal, and over opposite is Gravesend Bay, behind Coney Island. The Narrows, where the Hudson has forced an outlet through a broken-down mountain range, is partly obstructed by an island reef of rocks. The hill-slopes, together with the island, are fortified, Forts Hamilton and Tompkins being on either hand, named after Alexander Hamilton and Daniel D. Tompkins, the latter having been a Governor of New York and Vice-President of the United States. On the island is the little red sandstone Fort Lafayette, where many famous political prisoners were confined during the Civil War. Within the Narrows the upper bay spreads out, the high Staten Island hills, covered with noble mansions, rising on the left hand, while on the right are the hamlets on the lower shores of Long Island, with the distant tombs of Greenwood Cemetery behind. The villages of Clifton and Stapleton and the Quarantine Station are on Staten Island, Stapleton being the yachting headquarters. Bedloe's and Ellis's Islands are passed, the latter being the landing-place of arriving emigrants, while on the former, now called Liberty Island, is the colossal Liberty Statue presented to the United States by

France in commemoration of the Centenary of the Declaration of Independence in 1876. This statue, designed by Bartholdi and erected ten years later, is a female figure holding aloft a torch—"Liberty enlightening the world." It is made of copper and iron, and weighs two hundred and twenty-five tons. The statue is one hundred and fifty-one feet high, and stands on a granite pedestal one hundred and fifty-five feet high.

Over on the western side, behind these small islands, the Jersey shore recedes, and the strait making the boundary of Staten Island, which the Dutch named the Kill von Kull, stretches around behind that island to Arthur Kill and sundry railway coal-shipping ports on its banks, where the great coal roads come out from the Pennsylvania mines. Just in the entrance to East River is Governor's Island, with an old-fashioned circular stone fort, called Castle William, and the more modern defensive work, Fort Columbus. On Governor's Island is the United States Army headquarters. This old Castle William, with another very similar circular fort, then called Castle Clinton, on the Battery at the lower end of Manhattan Island, were the defensive works of New York in the eighteenth century. Castle Clinton is now an aquarium. Red Hook, the jutting point of Brooklyn, is opposite Governor's Island, and above it the East River opens, the strait flowing between New York and Brooklyn, and connecting the harbor

with Long Island Sound, twenty miles distant, beyond the famous "Hell Gate," once the terror of the mariner, but since improved by costly rock excavations which have made a deep and safe channel. Through the East River and Hell Gate flows the greater part of the Hudson River tidal current. Both the East and North Rivers are lined on either side for miles by piers crowded with shipping, and the tall towers and ponderous cables of the Brooklyn Bridge rise high above the East River, while behind the foliage-covered Battery Park stretches the metropolis, with its many huge buildings.

JERSEY CITY AND STATEN ISLAND.

Communipaw, the lower end of Jersey City, is opposite the Battery, and above it the Jersey City front on the Hudson River is occupied for miles by railway terminals, making a succession of piers, ferry-houses and grain elevators. Originally Jersey City was the sandy peninsula of Paulus Hook, a tongue of flat farming land stretching down between the Hudson River and Newark Bay. The termination of this peninsula is Communipaw, long a sleepy village, originally granted to a Dutch West India Company Director—Michael Pauw. He was proud of this domain, of which he was the patroon, so he called it Pavonia or Communipauw, the "Commune of Pauw." His Dutch garrison massacred the Indians in the neighborhood, and soon afterwards, in retalia-

tion, they exterminated all the Dutch but one family. At Jersey City there come out to the Hudson River all the great Trunk Line railways from the West, with the single exception of the New York Central Railroad. In the Revolution, the site of the present Pennsylvania Railroad Terminal Station was a British fortification, which was partly stormed and captured, with a number of prisoners, in 1779, by Major Henry Lee. Jersey City is entirely a growth of the nineteenth century, at the beginning of which it had a population of only thirteen persons, living in a single house. It now has two hundred and fifty thousand, and is replete with important manufacturing establishments, its expansion having come from the overflow of New York and the wonderful development of its railway system. While spreading over much surface, yet it presents little attraction beyond the enormous railway terminals and factories. The traveller rarely stops there, but rushes through to get into or out of New York. To the northward is Hoboken, with sixty thousand people, including many Germans, and it has large silk factories. Here, in strange contrast with the commercial aspect of everything around, the river front rises in a bluff shore, crowned by a grove of trees and running up into a low mound, whereon is the "Stevens Castle." This was the home of Edwin A. Stevens, one of the projectors of the Camden and Amboy Railroad. He endowed the Stevens Institute of Technology at Ho-

boken, and spent his declining years and much of his railway fortune in building the "Stevens Battery," a noted warship, for New York harbor defense, which he bequeathed his native State of New Jersey, and that Commonwealth shortly afterwards sold it to be broken up for old iron. Beyond is the village of Weehawken, with the Elysian Fields, where Aaron Burr killed Alexander Hamilton in the duel of 1804, then a pleasant rural resort, but now largely absorbed by railway terminals. This duel arose from political quarrels, and at the first fire Hamilton received a wound from which he died the next day. Behind Jersey City rises the long rocky ridge of Bergen Hill, through which all but one of the railways cut their routes by tunnels or deep fissures, and its outcroppings above Weehawken come forward to the Hudson River bank in the grand escarpment of the Palisades. These remarkable columnar formations of trap rock extend for twenty miles along the western shore of the river, and in part appear to be built up of basalt. To connect the various railways terminating at Jersey City with New York, a tunnel is being constructed under the Hudson River; and two others, and also a gigantic bridge, are projected.

I have already referred to Staten Island, which is the western border of New York harbor, where its pleasant hill-slopes add so much to the scenic beauty. The narrow "Kills," stretching for nearly twenty miles down to Perth Amboy, make its western boun-

dary, separating the island, which is the Borough of Richmond in Greater New York, from New Jersey, to which by right it is said to belong. It covers about sixty square miles, with its diversified hill-slopes rising in some places to an elevation of over four hundred feet, and has probably seventy thousand population. It is shaped something like a leaf, hung, as it were, upon the long projecting peninsula between Newark Bay and New York harbor, the Kill von Kull stretching westward to divide it from this peninsula, which at that part is the town and port of Bayonne, running off into Bergen Point at the lower end of Bergen Hill. It was from Bergen Point that General Washington in 1787 was rowed in a barge to New York, to be inaugurated the first President of the United States. From Elizabethport, on the western side of Newark Bay, the Arthur Kill stretches, a narrow strait, far southward, broadening somewhat into Staten Island Sound, and debouching at Perth Amboy into the western end of Raritan Bay. Perth Amboy was the terminus of the original line of the Camden and Amboy Railroad. It was the capital of the Colonial Province of New Jersey two centuries ago, and its eligible position at the confluence of Staten Island Sound and the Raritan River and Bay, the point of union of the various interior water ways, made it at that early period very ambitious. In fact, "Perthtown, or Ompoge on Ambo" (the Indian name for the point, which meant "round and hollow"),

then rivalled New York in commercial importance. Its name came from the Earl of Perth, one of the grantees of lands in East Jersey. Early travellers flocked thither, praising its merits; and even William Penn was persuaded to go over and look at it, oracularly declaring, "I have never seen such before in my life," whatever that might have meant. But New York, with its great harbor, ultimately overshadowed Amboy, and it has since dropped out, even as a way-station on the route between the two leading cities. It has about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and its trade chiefly consists in shipping coal and fire-clay, brought out by the railroads.

The loyal Jerseyman will never forgive New York for having captured Staten Island. After the English came to New York in 1664, under the grant of King Charles II. to the Duke of York of all the country from Canada down to Virginia, the Duke granted to Berkeley and Carteret the portion lying between the Hudson and Delaware Rivers. This grant grieved the New Yorkers, for they said it gave away the best lands around their harbor, so they tried to get it all back, and managed to capture Staten Island. Some sharp fellow invented the fiction, on which they resolutely insisted, that the Arthur Kill was really the Hudson River; and, taking possession, they never gave it up. A legal contest was fought for over one hundred and fifty years, and it was not

until 1833 that a treaty between the two States declared the Kills to be their boundary. Staten Island is about sixteen miles long, and from its eastern slopes has a noble outlook over the Lower New York Bay towards the ocean. Fine beaches line these coasts, which rise sharply into hills inland, and most of the eligible sites are crowned with villas. It was at Stapleton, on Staten Island, that Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, the head of the great family, was born in 1794, and he laid the foundation of his great fortune, at the age of sixteen years, by sailing a ferryboat to New York, six miles away. Upon a plateau in the centre of the island is the village of New Dorp, the original settlement of the Vanderbilts, a farm of about four hundred acres. Here the Commodore came in his youth, and here his son, William H. Vanderbilt, was born and lived for many years, an agricultural laborer for his father. Here also is a little Moravian church they attended, and upon a terraced hill behind it, the highest part of the island, is the spacious gray granite mausoleum, within which rest the two great millionaires, father and son, with some of their children. In the old churchyard are the graves of many other Vanderbilts and their collaterals. At Port Richmond, over on the Kill, the most considerable town on the island, and formerly the county-seat, is the house, now a hotel, in which Aaron Burr died in 1836.

SOME NEW JERSEY TOWNS.

Westward from Bergen Hill and the Palisades are the meadows which stretch down to Newark Bay, and meandering through them to form it are the Hackensack and Passaic Rivers. The name of Hackensack means, in the original Indian dialect, the "lowlands," and it was given by them also to the channel around Bergen Point, by which the waters of Newark Bay reach New York harbor. This river drains the western slopes of the Palisades. Passaic means "the valley," and the name seems to have referred to the country through which that stream flows. The Passaic River, which is ninety miles long, comes from the mountains of Northern New Jersey and flows a tortuous course to Paterson, fifteen miles northwest of Jersey City, where there is an admirable water power which has created a manufacturing town of over one hundred thousand people, having extensive silk and cotton mills and locomotive factories. The river describes a curve, forming the boundary of the city for more than nine miles, on all sides excepting the south, and its rapids and falls descend seventy-two feet, the falls being a most picturesque cataract with fifty feet perpendicular descent. The town was named after Governor William Paterson of New Jersey, who signed its incorporation act July 4, 1792, the manufacturing corporation projecting it having been formed under the auspices of Alexander Hamilton.

The Passaic flows onward past Newark nine miles west of Jersey City, another extensive and prosperous manufacturing city of two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, turning out goods of all kinds with an annual value of over $100,000,000. This city spreads far across the flat surface above Newark Bay and adjoining the Passaic, and to the northward its suburbs run up into the attractive hills of Orange. Market Street is a fine highway through the business section, while a large area is covered by comfortable and handsome residences, among which passes Broad Street, its finest avenue, one hundred and thirty-two feet wide, shaded by majestic trees, bordered with many ornamental buildings, and skirting three attractive parks embowered with elms. Newark is a great iron and steel centre, makes fine jewelry, good carriages and excellent leather, and also brews much lager beer. Yet few would suppose it had a strictly Puritan origin. In 1666, hearing the praises of East Jersey, a body of discontented men of Connecticut, headed by their pastor, Abraham Pierson, journeyed to the Passaic meadows and bought these lands from the Hackensack Indians "for one hundred and thirty pounds, twelve blankets and twelve guns." In early life the pastor had preached at Newark in England, for which he had quite an affection, and he gave the Jersey settlement its name. When Philadelphia was founded, the fame of Newark spread down there as a producer of excellent cider and seductive Jersey

apple jack. Its most famous son of modern times was General Phil Kearney.

Five miles beyond Newark the diminutive Elizabeth River flows down to the Kills, and here is the city of Elizabeth, with fifty thousand people, noted as one of the handsomest of the Jersey towns. Like Newark and Paterson, it is really an outlying suburb of New York, providing homes for much of the overflow of population, who rush into the metropolis for business every morning, and back again every evening. Under the name of Elizabethport it spreads down to the Arthur Kill, and over there are most of its factories and extensive coal-shipping piers. The original settlement dates from 1665, when it was named in honor of Lady Elizabeth, wife of Sir George Carteret, one of the grantees of East Jersey. The early inhabitants were largely Puritans, and its chief establishment is the extensive works of the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Here was founded the College of New Jersey, afterwards removed to Princeton, and a tablet marking the original site was unveiled in 1897. A few miles beyond, another little river flows down to the Kills, first named after old Rahwack, the Indian sachem whose tribe owned the land thereabouts, and here is another thriving town, Rahway, which is noted for its carriages. At Menlo Park, nearby, the electrical inventor, Thomas A. Edison, sustained by New York capital, toiled for years in seclusion to perfect his discoveries, and developed

the germ that has grown to such vast proportions. The "Wizard of Menlo Park" afterwards located his chief laboratory and his home at Newark. Then, crossing what are known as the "Short Hills" westward, past many villages, among them Metuchen, once the domain of Metuching, the Indian "King of the Rolling Land," we come to the Raritan River, thirty-one miles from Jersey City.

Here debouches the Delaware and Raritan Canal at New Brunswick, a city of twenty-five thousand people. The Raritan flows through the red shales and sandstones of Central New Jersey, generally a chocolate-colored stream, and goes off to form Raritan Bay, fifteen miles below. Factories cluster on the New Brunswick lowlands along the river and canal, but there is a handsome town built upon the higher grounds, encircling the lower and older portions like a crescent. The Dutch came here from the Hudson River early in the eighteenth century and found a village which had been started by some fishermen from Long Island. They organized the town, naming it in honor of the Ducal House of Brunswick. Its most prominent feature is Rutgers College, housed in red sandstone buildings upon attractive grounds, alongside the railway, a venerated foundation of the Dutch Reformed Church, originally chartered by King George III. as "Queen's College," but afterwards receiving the name of Rutgers from a benefactor in 1826. It has an important ad-

junct in the New Jersey Agricultural College. There is also the Dutch Reformed Theological Seminary, the first established in America, and dating from 1771, its main building, also named from its chief benefactor, being Hertzog Hall. An early traveller, visiting New Brunswick in 1748, described it as "a pretty little town with four churches;" and these quaint buildings are still there, the ancient Christ Church being surrounded with the graves of the first settlers. Eighteen miles to the southeast the Revolutionary battle of Monmouth was fought in June, 1778, and a monument commemorates it at Freehold (Monmouth Court-house). Sir Henry Clinton, having evacuated Philadelphia, was marching towards New Brunswick, intending to embark on the Raritan for New York. Washington, coming from Valley Forge in pursuit, gave him battle. The day was very hot, and the result was an uncertainty, General Charles Lee's misconduct, for which Washington reprimanded him on the field, preventing a victory, and at night the British withdrew quietly. Lee was afterwards court-martialed and suspended from command for a year. Monmouth was the scene of "Molly Pitcher's" famous exploit. She was Mary Hays of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, wife of John Hays, a soldier in the First Pennsylvania Artillery. Molly was with the army, and engaged in bringing water to the battery, which was behind a hedgerow, her husband managing one of the cannon. The British made a charge,

UP THE HUDSON FROM WEST POINT

and a shot killing him, the officers, having no one to manage the gun, ordered it withdrawn. Molly saw her husband fall and heard the order; dropping her bucket, she seized the rammer and served the gun with skill and dexterity. Next morning General Greene presented her to General Washington, who conferred upon her the office of Sergeant. She afterwards lived at Carlisle Barracks, and died there in 1823.

GREATER NEW YORK.

The Dutch city of New Amsterdam, which became New York by the English conquest in 1664, was of slow growth. It had hardly more than twenty thousand inhabitants at the time of the Revolution, being less than either Boston or Philadelphia, and a map made in 1767 shows that the town scarcely extended beyond Wall Street. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were sixty thousand people, and its rapid growth began through large immigration after the War of 1812, and was stimulated by the completion of the Erie Canal in 1825, which gave it greatly increased foreign trade. By the new Charter of "Greater New York" coming into operation in 1897, the city was made, next to London, the largest in the world, being expanded beyond Manhattan Island, so as to include all the outlying cities. It now consists of five boroughs, Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond, having an area of three hundred and twenty square miles, and a popu-

lation exceeding three and one-half millions. If Jersey City and the other New Jersey settlements on the west side of the Hudson were added, the population would be four millions. This great city is about thirty-five miles long from north to south, and nineteen miles wide. The long and narrow island of Manhattan stretches thirteen miles, while it is not much over two miles broad in the widest part, and sometimes narrows to a few hundred yards, particularly in the northern portion. The Harlem River and the winding strait of Spuyten Duyvel separate northern Manhattan from the mainland. The island is very rocky, excepting the southern part, which is alluvial, and at the upper end the cliffs rise precipitously from the Hudson over two hundred and thirty feet into Washington Heights, and the surface descends sharply on the eastern side to the Harlem flats. It does not take the visitor long to recognize, however, that the capacious harbor, the converging rivers and numerous adjacent arms of the sea combine all the requisites of a great port, and they could not have been better planned if human hands had fashioned them. There is a vast wharf-frontage, for over fifty miles of shore-line are available for shipping, thus accommodating an almost limitless commerce. This has made the metropolis and continues its wonderful growth.

At the lower end of Manhattan is the Battery Park, of about twenty acres, with the elevated rail-

ways coming over it from both sides of the city, and joining at the lower point of the island in a terminal station at the South Ferry. Here were located the old forts for the city defense, but the park superseded them after the War of 1812, and in the earlier years of the nineteenth century this was the fashionable resort for an airing. The old circular fort, Castle Garden, now the Aquarium, was formerly a popular place of amusement, and here, under the auspices of the great manager, Barnum, Jenny Lind made her first appearance in America in 1850. The Park contains a statue of John Ericsson. The lower point of the island is Whitehall Slip, and here is the Government Barge Office, an appanage of the Custom House. To the northward of the Battery is the Bowling Green, the space between them having been the site of the original Dutch palisade fort which guarded New Amsterdam. A row of fine residences was built here, which afterwards became the favorite locality for steamship offices, and the new Custom House is now being constructed on their site. This Bowling Green, a triangular space of about a half-acre, was in the early days surrounded by the homes of the proudest Knickerbockers. For seven years during the Revolution, and until the evacuation, November 25, 1783, this was the British headquarters. Here lived Cornwallis, Howe and Clinton, Benedict Arnold occupied No. 5 Broadway, and Washington's headquarters was in No. 1, on the west side, now oc-

cupied by the towering Washington Building, rising nearly three hundred feet to the top of the cupola. To the eastward is the spacious Produce Exchange, in Italian Renaissance, with its huge square tower, part of the ground on which it stands having been the site of the house where Robert Fulton lived and died. Talleyrand also once lived on Bowling Green. In the centre is the statue of Abraham de Peyster, an original Knickerbocker, erected in 1895. There was a leaden statue of King George III. here at the opening of the Revolution, but it was pulled down when the Declaration of Independence was promulgated in 1776, carried to Litchfield, Connecticut, and melted into bullets for the Continental soldiers, so that it was facetiously said at the time that "King George's troops will probably have his melted Majesty fired at them."

BROADWAY.

The two smaller streets on either side of the Bowling Green, Whitehall and State Street, unite to the northward and form Broadway. This is the chief highway of New York, and one of the most famous in the world, extending in various forms all the way to Yonkers, a distance of nineteen miles. The long and narrow formation of Manhattan Island puts Broadway longitudinally in the centre of the city, and necessarily throws into it an enormous traffic. One can hardly make any extended movements in New York without getting into Broadway. Hence the noted

street has its show, always on exhibition, of the restless rush of life in the modern Babylon. The architecture of its great buildings, which tower far skyward, excites admiration, and its perpetual din of traffic, with the moving crowds and jam of vehicles, is the type of New York activity. This wonderful street is eighty feet wide between the buildings, and extends of that width from the Bowling Green five miles to Central Park at Fifty-ninth Street; and from its upper end, beyond this, the "Grand Boulevard," one hundred and fifty feet wide, with pretty little parks in the centre, is prolonged northward. In its course, which inclines somewhat to the westward, Broadway diagonally crosses Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Avenues, and at the Central Park boundary intersects Eighth Avenue. Here is the "Merchant's Gate," entering the Park from Broadway, the opposite entrance from Fifth Avenue being known as the "Scholar's Gate." The intermediate entrances at Sixth and Seventh Avenues are the "Artist's Gate" and the "Artisan's Gate."

A survey of Broadway gives the best idea of the characteristics of New York. Its lower course is a succession of wealthy financial and business establishments and huge office buildings, and the adjacent streets on either side are similarly occupied. Banks, trusts, insurance offices, and manufacturers' and merchants' counting-rooms, railroad and steamship offices are everywhere. But in the midst of all this

display of worldly wealth and grandeur is the quiet graveyard at the head of Wall Street, wherein stands the famous Trinity Church. Its chimes, morning and evening, summon the restless brokers and business men to attend divine service, though few may take heed. It is a wealthy parish, with over $500,000 annual revenue, maintaining a magnificent choir and various charities, and owns valuable buildings all about. The old graveyard stretches along Broadway, and in Church Street, behind, the elevated railway trains rush by every few minutes. It is part of the valuable domain of Trinity Church that "the heirs of Anneke Jans" have long been trying to recover. Anneke Jans Bogardus was an interesting Dutch lady who died in Albany in 1663, having outlived two husbands. The first husband owned the whole of the Hudson River front of New York between Chambers and Canal Streets, with a wide strip running back to Broadway. Her heirs sold this to the British Colonial Government, and it was known as the "King's Farm," being afterwards given as an endowment to Trinity Church. This is what the present generation of heirs want to recover, but thus far have gained more notoriety than cash by the effort.

In 1696 the first Trinity Church was built, being afterwards burnt, while a second church was built and taken down, to be replaced by the present fine Gothic brownstone edifice, whose magnificent spire

rises two hundred and eighty-four feet. This church was dedicated in 1846, and its chancel contains a splendid reredos of marble, glass and precious stones, the memorial of William B. Astor, while the bronze doors are a memorial of his father, John Jacob Astor. The churchyard is chiefly a mass of worn and battered gravestones, resting in the busiest part of New York, the oldest stone being dated 1681, for it has been a burial-place more than two centuries. Near its northern border is the Gothic "Martyrs' Monument," erected over the bones of the patriots who died in the British prison-ships, moored over on the Brooklyn shore during the Revolution. There are hints, however, that it was not so much the reverent memory of these heroes that prompted the erection of the monument as the desire of the vestry to stop the proposed opening of a street through the yard. There is also a remembrance that, while these patriots were in prison dying, among their relentless foes was the Trinity rector, Dr. Inglis. When General Washington came into New York in 1776 he desired to worship at the church, and sent an officer to Dr. Inglis, on Sunday morning, to request that he omit reading the usual prayers for the king and the royal family. The rector refused, and afterwards said: "It is in your power to shut up the churches, but you cannot make the clergy depart from their duty." Among the noted graves is that of Charlotte Temple, under a flat stone, having a cavity out of

which the inscription plate has been twice stolen. Her romantic career and miserable end, resulting in a duel, have been made the basis of a novel. William Bradford's grave is here, one of Penn's companions in founding Philadelphia; but he removed to New York, published the first newspaper there, and for fifty years was the official printer. A brownstone mausoleum covers the remains of Captain James Lawrence of the frigate "Chesapeake," killed in action in 1813, when his ship was taken by the British ship "Shannon," his dying words being, "Don't give up the ship." Here also are buried Alexander Hamilton, Robert Fulton, Albert Gallatin and other famous men, almost the latest grave being that of General Philip Kearney, killed in the Civil War.

SOME FAMOUS BUILDINGS.

The great number of immensely tall office-buildings on lower Broadway, literally "sky-scrapers," so encompass the street as to give it the appearance of a deep canyon as one gazes along it between them. The Bowling Green Building out-tops the Washington Building, and there are the Welles, Standard Oil and Aldrich Court Buildings, the latter marked by a tablet of the Holland Society, being erected on the site of "the first habitation of white men on Manhattan Island." Opposite it is one of the most curious appearing of these tall structures, the Tower

Building, nearly two hundred feet high and only twenty-five feet wide. Just above, the tall light sandstone building of the Manhattan Life Company is surmounted by a cupola three hundred and fifty feet high. The Empire Building rises twenty stories, and the American Surety Building at the corner of Pine Street, nearly opposite Trinity churchyard, twenty-three stories, three hundred and six feet, being surmounted by the various weather-gauging instruments of "Old Probabilities." Here are also the magnificent buildings of the Union Trust and the Equitable Life Companies.

Opposite Trinity Church, Wall Street leads off from Broadway, with winding course and varying width, down to the East River, following the line of the ancient Dutch palisade wall which it has replaced. Here is the financial centre and the domain of the bankers. One block down, Broad Street enters from the south, and the narrower Nassau Street goes out to the north. At this corner, on the one hand, is the white marble Drexel Building, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's office, and on the other the United States Treasury and Assay Office. The huge Manhattan Trust Building also is there, rising three hundred and thirty feet, and opposite is the Stock Exchange, while across Broad Street from the latter is the Mills Building, the home of many bankers and brokers. In Nassau Street is the magnificent building of the Mutual Life Insurance Company. These financial

structures at Broad and Wall Streets are regarded as the most valuable real estate in the world. The Treasury and Assay Office contain most of the gold owned by the Government, and in the latter the kegs of gold are made up that are shipped to Europe. It holds millions of gold bars that make annual excursions in fast steamers across the ocean and back again, to adjust our varying foreign exchange balances. The Treasury is a white marble building fronted by an imposing colonnade and a broad flight of steps, and here is a bronze statue of Washington on the spot where he was inaugurated the first President of the United States in 1789, the location being then occupied by the old Federal Hall, where the first Congress met. Farther down Wall Street, the next corner is William Street, where there is a massive dark granite building with an elaborate Ionic colonnade. The interior contains a large rotunda surmounted by a dome supported by eight immense columns of Italian marble. This building was originally constructed for the Merchants' Exchange, and it afterwards became the Custom House. It is hereafter to be the office of the National City Bank, the largest financial institution of New York. Wall Street goes on to the river, where there is a ferry to Brooklyn. Down William Street is the broad, low, granite building, with a columned portico, of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, another financial institution of renown.

It is evident, as Broadway is traversed northward between the huge office-letting structures, reared skyward, and among them the little, narrow, crooked streets, pouring their traffic into the main stream, carrying a vast, surging mass of humanity, that the crowded-in New Yorker, deprived of lateral expansion, thus seeks needed relief by mounting upward. Fulton Street here stretches across the island from river to river, the turmoil from its conflicting streams of traffic showing the full tide of restless development in lower Broadway. Above is the white marble Park Bank and the enormous St. Paul Building, rising three hundred and eight feet, twenty-six stories high. Opposite is the sombre church of St. Paul, with a tall spire, the oldest church-building in New York, built in 1756, containing the memorial of General Montgomery, who fell at the storming of Quebec in 1775, and in the graveyard a monument to Emmet, the Irish patriot. Just beyond is the triangular City Hall Park, with Park Row diagonally entering Broadway. Here can be got an idea of the rush and restlessness of New York, for two enormous streams of traffic pour together into lower Broadway, at probably the worst street-crossing in the world.

THE CITY HALL PARK.

The New York City Hall Park was the ancient "Commons," or public pasturage, and it now contains the headquarters of the city government, and

may be regarded as the political and business centre. It is enclosed by Broadway, Park Row and Chatham Street, a triangular space, formerly a sort of garden around the City Hall, but now well occupied by other buildings. At the southern extremity is the Post-office, which cost $7,000,000, a grand granite structure in Doric and Renaissance, with a fine dome and tower, which are a landmark for miles. Around this Park, and in the many streets radiating from it, are a vast aggregation of corporate institutions and great buildings devoted to all kinds of business. Here are the offices of newspapers, banks, trusts, insurance companies, railways, lawyers, politicians, exchanges, etc., with lunch-rooms and restaurants of every grade, liberally provided to feed or stimulate the multitude. The famous hotel of a past generation, the Astor House, rich in historical associations, stands on the opposite side of Broadway from the Post-office. Along Park Row are the great newspapers, and here is Printing House Square, adorned with statues of Benjamin Franklin and Horace Greeley, appropriate in this region deluged with printer's ink. Here is the Ivins Syndicate Building, finished in 1898, the loftiest structure in New York, twenty-nine stories, its towers rising three hundred and eighty-two feet. The tall and narrow Tribune Building, of red brick with white facings, has its clock tower reared two hundred and eighty-five feet, while beyond is the Pulitzer Building, of brownstone,

with a gilded dome, its apex rising three hundred and seventy-five feet. The building of the American Tract Society on Nassau Street is twenty-three stories and three hundred and six feet high, with a restaurant on the top. Park Row runs into Chatham Square, over which the Brooklyn Bridge terminal comes out, with elevated and surface railroads all about. This is a location of cheap shops and concert halls, and is prolonged into the Bowery, an avenue of the humbler classes, lined with shops, theatres and saloons, generally crowded, and having four sets of street cars running on the surface, besides the elevated roads above. The ancient Dutch farms on this part of the island were known as the "Bauereies," whence came the name of the street.

Chambers Street bounds the City Hall Park on the north, and upon it faces the Court-house, a massive Corinthian building of white marble, finished in 1867, famous as the structure which the "Tweed Ring" of that time used to extract about $15,000,000 from the city treasury on fraudulent bills, or more than five times the actual cost of the work. It stands on part of the site of an old fort, which in the Revolution was the British outpost commanding the approach to the city by the Northern or Bloomingdale Road, now Broadway. The City Hall, to the southward, is a less pretentious and much older building, constructed in the Italian style, of white marble with freestone at the back to the northward, it being sup-

posed at the time of its completion, 1812, that "no one of importance would ever live to the north of the building," then a broad expanse of farms. Here is the office of the Mayor and the meeting-place of the Board of Aldermen, and its chief apartment is the "Governor's Room," adorned with portraits of various Governors of New York and Revolutionary patriots, and having among its treasures Washington's desk and chair which he used when first President of the United States, and also the chairs of the First Congress. To the southwest of the City Hall a fine statue of Nathan Hale, an early victim of the Revolution, executed by the British in New York in 1776, faces Broadway.

Near Chambers Street and the northern end of the Park a noted building stands on the opposite side of Broadway, a modest brownstone structure without any pretension nor of much height, but containing a famous bank, whose phenomenal success is everywhere known. This is the Chemical Bank, originally started as a chemical manufacturing company with banking privileges. The chemistry seems to have been a failure and soon abandoned, but the banking talents were so well developed that the shares of $100 par value have sold for over forty times that sum. The capital is only $300,000, but it has amassed a surplus over twenty times the amount, and is the strongest bank in New York. Among the large shareholders are said to be three

New York ladies who married foreign titles—the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough (who was Miss Pine, afterwards Mrs. Hamersley, and now Lady Beresford), the Duchess de Dino (Miss Sampson), and the Comtesse de Trobriand (Miss Jones). It is here that the noted Mrs. Hetty Green generally conducts her financing, a lady of immense fortune and peculiar ideas, who has been one of the greatest money accumulators of New York. Across Chambers Street, and occupying an entire block, is the building that originally was "Stewart's Store," where the late Alexander T. Stewart made most of his success in the dry-goods trade, now converted into a vast office building for all kinds of business. This was the outpost of the "Dry Goods District," for Broadway northward for several blocks, including a wide belt of adjacent streets, now deals with all kinds of products of the mill and loom, clothing and similar articles. Here are located the agents and factors for many mills at home and abroad, and their traffic sometimes exceeds a thousand millions of dollars a year. The pulse of the American dry-goods trade throbs in this locality, weakening or strengthening as poor or good crops give the farmers and working-people a surplus to spend upon dress. Mr. Stewart once said that if every woman decided to pass a single season without a new bonnet it would sufficiently diminish trade to bankrupt this whole district. Canal Street crosses New York through the northern portion of the dis-

trict, a broad highway, formerly a water course draining an extensive swamp across Broadway to the Hudson River. In this locality, east of Broadway, are two famous regions—the "Five Points," now, however, much improved, and "Chinatown." The latter, in Mott Street, has its Joss House, restaurant, theatre and opium joints, and is picturesque with swinging lights and banners. In Leonard Street, standing where once was part of the swamp, is the noted Tombs City Prison, thus named because originally it was a sombre gray building in the gloomy Egyptian style, but this was recently replaced by a modern structure. The Criminal Courts adjoining are connected with it by a bridge.

PETER COOPER AND PETER STUYVESANT.

At Bond Street, in advancing up Broadway, are encountered the booksellers, this with adjacent streets being the home of much of that trade. In Lafayette Place is the spacious Astor Library, and in the wide Astor Place is the handsome new building of the Mercantile Library. The former is now a part of the New York Public Library. A half-century ago the site of the Mercantile Library was occupied by the "Astor Place Opera House," then a leading theatre, and in the adjacent streets occurred the "Macready riots" in 1849. The rivalries of Edwin Forrest and Macready resulted in an effort by the partisans of the former to prevent the latter from playing in the Opera

House on the night of May 10th. The Forrest faction attacked the building with stones, and the police being unable to control them, troops were called out, and, firing several volleys along Astor Place, they suppressed the riot and dispersed the mob, but at a cost of about sixty killed and wounded. At the end of Astor Place and its junction with Third Avenue is the Cooper Institute, occupying an entire block, a large brownstone building with a fine front, founded and endowed in 1857, at a total cost of about $1,000,000, by Peter Cooper, for the free education of men and women in science and art. His statue stands in front. It also received in 1900 additional gifts from his executors and $300,000 from Andrew Carnegie. Peter Cooper was a wealthy manufacturer and merchant of the broadest philanthropy. At a recent anniversary of the Institute his son-in-law, Abram S. Hewitt, speaking of him, said: "Fifty years ago three men, all of whom started in life as poor boys, got together and talked over various ways by which they could be of benefit to the public. They were Peter Cooper, Ezra Cornell and Matthew Vassar. The latter said he would found a school for girls, and he founded Vassar College. Mr. Cornell said he would found a school for boys, and he founded Cornell University. Peter Cooper said he would found a school for both girls and boys, and he founded Cooper Union. But Mr. Cooper's school differs from the others, in that here, any boy or girl may receive

an education absolutely free of charge." Opposite the Cooper Institute is an immense red building, the "Bible House," the home of the American Bible Society, where the Scriptures are printed by the millions, in all languages, for distribution throughout the world—over eighty different languages and dialects being used.

Diagonally northeast from Astor Place runs Stuyvesant Street, formerly the country lane leading out to the ancient farmhouse of old Governor Stuyvesant, surnamed "Peter the Headstrong." Here was built "St. Mark's Church in the Bowerie" in the last century, then a mile out of town, and the quaint little Stuyvesant House still stood, at that time, perched on a high bank near the church, having, with its odd-looking overhanging upper story, been built of small yellow bricks brought out from Holland. In the days of New Amsterdam this region was Governor Stuyvesant's "Bauerie," and to it he retired when compelled to surrender to the English in 1664. He lived in this secluded spot for eighteen years, dying in 1682, and his brown gravestone occupies a place in the wall of the church. He was the last of the Dutch Governors, energetic, aristocratic and overbearing, and described by Irving as a man "of such immense activity and decision of mind that he never sought nor accepted the advice of others;" Irving further saying that he was a "tough, sturdy, valiant, weather-beaten, mettlesome,

obstinate leather-sided, lion hearted, generous, spirited old Governor."

Returning to Broadway, for a mile or more it, with the adjacent streets, is the great retail shopping district. Here on the pleasant afternoons are throngs of shoppers. A short distance above, Broadway bends to the left, displaying Grace Church, with its rich marble façade, beautiful spire, and adjoining rectory, chantry and church house, an unique ecclesiastical group, dating from 1846, when it was far "up town," but now almost covered-in by the huge surrounding stores. Fourteenth Street crosses beyond, and here is Union Square, a pretty oval park of about four acres, adorned by an ornamental fountain and statues of Washington, Lafayette and Lincoln. Large buildings and stores surround the square, the chief being Tiffany's noted jewelry establishment. Fourteenth Street is a wide avenue, with an extensive shipping trade. To the eastward of Broadway is the Academy of Music and the noted Tammany Hall. This is the seat of the "Tammany Society," established in 1789 for benevolent purposes, but now controlled by the Democratic political organization ruling New York. The Hall is a capacious brick structure with stone facings, surmounted by a statue of its presiding genius, the old chief and warrior of the Lenni Lenapes, St. Tammany, who with outstretched hand beneficently looks down upon the street. The sturdy Indian, however, was probably more used to the mild and just methods

of William Penn and his Quakers on the Delaware than to the political schemes on the Hudson, of which fate seems to have made him a patron saint.

MADISON SQUARE.

Broadway reaches Madison Square at Twenty-third Street, another wide highway crossing the city, and also intersects Fifth Avenue, which is the western side of the Square. This junction has a park of about six acres, surrounded by large hotels and noted buildings, and alongside the triangular intersection of Broadway and Fifth Avenue is a handsome granite monument to General Worth, a hero of the War with Mexico. The plateau on which it stands is usually availed of as the site for the official reviewing stage for processions. This Square is the great centre of elaborate civic and military displays, and has, with its surroundings and the light stone of the adjacent buildings, an air that is decidedly Parisian, it occupying much the same position for New York as the Place de la Concorde in Paris, or Trafalgar Square in London. In Madison Square are statues of Admiral Farragut (the finest statue in New York), William H. Seward, President Arthur and Roscoe Conkling. At the northwest corner of the Square was for many years Delmonico's famous restaurant, since moved farther up town. Its owner, after feeding wealthy New Yorkers on the choicest viands for several decades, finally lost his mind, and in a fit of aber-

ration wandered over into the wilderness in New Jersey, and becoming lost in the woods, actually died of starvation. The new Appellate Court of New York is on the eastern side of the Square ; at the northeast corner is the Madison Square Garden, and at the southeast corner the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, where the great clerical censor of New York, Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, occupies the pulpit. Madison Square may be regarded as the social centre of modern New York. Far to the northward Fifth Avenue stretches, with its rows of palatial brownstone residences, and towards the north-northwest Broadway extends for two miles to Central Park, passing many hotels, theatres, and the tall "French flats" that have been devised for residences in the crowded city where the land surface is so scarce. It also passes, at the intersection of Sixth Avenue, the Greeley and Herald Squares, with statues of Horace Greeley and William E. Dodge, and the *New York Herald* Building. A short distance beyond is the Metropolitan Opera House, the finest theatre in the city, rebuilt after a fire in 1893. Broadway at Fifty-ninth Street reaches the southwest corner of Central Park and intersects Eighth Avenue, and here is the Columbus Monument, a tall shaft surmounted by a marble statue, erected in 1892. Broadway then becomes the magnificent "Grand Broadway Boulevard," with rows of trees, prolonged far northward.

FIFTH AVENUE.

Fifth Avenue, one hundred feet wide, is probably the New York street that is most talked about, for they say the main object of working so hard to get rich in the metropolis is to be able to live in a fine mansion on Fifth Avenue. This great highway extends northward almost in the centre of Manhattan Island, but it has an humble beginning, starting from the original "Potter's Field," where for many years the outcast and the unknown were buried and over a hundred thousand corpses are believed to have been interred. When the city spread beyond this cemetery it was decided to make the place a park, and thus was formed Washington Square on Fourth Street, a short distance west of Broadway, an enclosure of about nine acres. From this Square Fifth Avenue is laid in a straight line six miles northward, to the Harlem River. The fine Washington Centennial Memorial Arch spans the avenue at the southern end, near the Square, marking the Centenary of Washington's inauguration as President. In the lower portions the famous avenue has been largely invaded by business establishments, but above, it is the finest residential street in the world, there being four or five miles of architectural magnificence, in which for two miles it borders Central Park. The street displays the best dwelling and church architecture, the progress northward into the newer por-

tion showing how the styles have changed. All railways have been carefully excluded from this street. At the southern end the older houses are generally of brick, gradually developing into the use of brownstone facings, and then into almost uniform rows of elaborate brownstone buildings, with imposing porticos reached by high and broad flights of steps. The rich yet gloomy brown is somewhat monotonous, but as Central Park is approached this is broken, as all styles of designs and materials are used. Fifth Avenue has the great "Methodist Book Concern" at Twentieth Street, and in this neighborhood are also several of the leading book houses. The wealthy and exclusive Union Club is at Twenty-first Street, with the Lotus Club in a more modest house adjacent.

Northward from Madison Square the great street stretches up the aristocratic grade of Murray Hill, with its rows of stately buildings. Parallel and a short distance eastward is Madison Avenue, also a street of fashionable residence, and second only to Fifth Avenue in grandeur. At Twenty-ninth Street is the plain and substantial granite Dutch Reformed Church, and to the eastward is an odd-looking little church that has attained a wide reputation. It is a picturesque aggregation of low brick buildings, set back in a small enclosure between Fifth and Madison Avenues, and looking like a quaint mediæval structure. Some years ago a pompous rector, when asked to read the last prayers over the dead body of an

actor, sent the sorrowing friends to this church, saying he could not thus pray for the ungodly, but they might be willing to do it at the little church around the corner. The public quickly caught on, through newspaper aid, and the result was that this attractive Church of the Transfiguration performed the last rites in presence of an overflowing congregation, and its official title has since been overshadowed by the popular one of "the Little Church Around the Corner." It is much attended by the theatrical fraternity, and contains a handsome memorial window to Edwin Booth.

Mounting the gentle grade of Murray Hill, we come to Thirty-fourth Street, the locality typifying the two greatest fortunes amassed in America before the advent of the Vanderbilts. The whole block between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Streets is occupied by the towering Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, built of brick and sandstone in German Renaissance, and occupying the land originally the home of the Astors, while across Thirty-fourth Street is the white marble Stewart palace. The ancestor of the Astor family, John Jacob Astor, accumulated the largest fortune known in this country before the Civil War, his estates representing the early growth of New York, and the wealth coming from the advancing value of land as the city expanded. He was a poor German peasant-boy who came from the village of Waldorf, near Heidelberg, to London, and worked

there prior to 1783, making musical instruments for his brother. In that year, at the age of about twenty, he sailed for America with $500 worth of instruments, meeting a furrier on the ship, who suggested that he trade the instruments for American furs. This he did in New York, and returning to London, sold the furs at a large profit. Coming back to New York, he established a fur-trade with England, and built ships for his business. He prospered, and at the beginning of the nineteenth century was worth $250,000. Then he began buying land and houses in New York, built many buildings, and was so shrewd in real-estate investments that they often increased a hundredfold. He was liberal and charitable, and dying in 1848, his estate, then the largest in the country, was estimated at $25,000,000. His chief public benefaction was the Astor Library, which his son, William B. Astor, also aided, so that besides the buildings it has an endowment of about $1,800,000. The great Astor estates, now represented by the fourth generation, are estimated at over $200,000,000.

The splendid palace at the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street was built by Alexander T. Stewart when at the height of his fame as the leading New York merchant. Intended to eclipse anything then known in New York, he expended $3,000,000 upon the building and its decoration, so that this house outshone all other New York

residences until the Vanderbilt palaces were erected farther out Fifth Avenue. Its latest occupant has been the Manhattan Club. Stewart's fortune was accumulated through the facilities at New York for successful trading, though much of his wealth was afterwards invested in large buildings in profitable business localities, and notably in great hotels. Stewart, like Astor, began his career with almost nothing, but at a later period. He was born at Belfast, Ireland, in 1802, studied at Trinity College, Dublin, but before taking his degree migrated to New York as a teacher in 1818. He got into the dry-goods trade in a small way near the City Hall Park, and his business grew until he acquired all the adjacent buildings, and put up the store at Chambers Street, and afterwards the retail store farther up Broadway. Enlarging in every direction, his business became the greatest in the country, with branches in the leading cities. He was an extensive importer, and owned various factories making the fabrics he sold. His business methods were profitable but unpopular, involving the remorseless crushing of rivals, so that he had few friends and many enemies. Yet he was charitable, sending a shipload of provisions to relieve the Irish famine in 1846, and he made large public gifts to aid suffering. When he died he was building on Fourth Avenue an enormous structure intended as a "Home for Working Girls," on which $1,400,000 were expended. It was opened soon after

his death, but with such stringent regulations that a rebellion soon arose among the intended beneficiaries, and it had to be closed. There was a shrewd suspicion that the difficulty came by design, for the building was soon reopened as a hotel. Stewart had scarcely moved into his marble palace when he died, his body being put temporarily into a vault in the churchyard of old "St. Mark's Church in the Bowerie," awaiting removal to the magnificent mausoleum preparing for it at Garden City, Long Island. Then came the horrible news that the corpse had been stolen to avenge business tyranny. The childless widow lived in gloomy grandeur in the palace until her death, rarely seeing visitors, and having watchmen pacing the sidewalk at all hours. Stewart left no direct descendants, and his great business has gone, like his estate, to strangers.

THE VANDERBILTS.

The construction of the white marble Stewart palace was the first serious innovation made upon the rich brownstone fronts of Fifth Avenue, the possession of which was a necessary adjunct to social standing in New York before the Civil War. The material, quarried generally in Connecticut, was in such extensive use that it gave a distinctive coloring to New York, its sombreness and uniformity of architecture making most of the residential streets corridors of gloom. For years, as a local authority de-

scribed it, "our new houses and blocks were all turned out from the same moulds, and apparently congealed from the same coffee-colored liquid." The builders, since the war, have made large inroads with other materials, thus giving more individuality to the finer buildings of later construction. To the eastward, Fourth Avenue is tunnelled for several blocks under Murray Hill, to carry street railways up to the Grand Central Station at Forty-second Street, the open spaces above, giving the tunnel light and air, being surrounded by pleasant little parks, so that the widened street, called Park Avenue, is an attractive residential region, the view being closed to the northward by the louvre domes of the Vanderbilt railway station.

Continuing out Fifth Avenue, the "Old Brick Church" of the Presbyterians, built solid and substantial, with a tall spire, stands about on the most elevated portion of Murray Hill, the congregation dating from 1767. A short distance beyond, at Thirty-ninth Street, is the finest club-house in New York, the elaborate brick and brownstone Union League Club, its spacious windows disclosing the luxurious apartments within. Just above is the historic Vanderbilt house, where the old Commodore lived—a wide, brownstone dwelling, having alongside a carriage entrance into a small courtyard. The Vanderbilt fortunes, the greatest accumulated, represent the financially expansive facilities of modern New York

as manipulated by corporation management and the Stock Exchange. Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, born on Staten Island in 1794, in 1817, at the age of twenty-three, owned a few small vessels, and estimated his wealth at $9000. He became a steamboat captain, and went into the transportation business between New York and Philadelphia, afterwards broadening his operations, and in 1848 owning most of the profitable steamboat lines leading from New York. When the California emigration fever began, he started ocean steamers in connection with the transit across the Isthmus of Panama. This business grew, and at the height of his steamship career the Commodore owned sixty-six vessels. The finest, named the Vanderbilt, which cost him $800,000, he gave the Government for a war vessel, to chase the rebel privateers. As American vessel-owning became unprofitable, he determined to abandon it and devote himself to railway management, having already bought largely of railway stocks. When he thus changed, he estimated his fortune at $40,000,000. He got control of various railroads leading east, north and west from New York, buying the shares at low prices, his excellent methods improving their earning powers, so that their value greatly enhanced. The greatest of these corporations was the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. When the Commodore died his estate was estimated at $75,000,000, left almost wholly to his son William

H. Vanderbilt. When the latter died it had reached $200,000,000, bequeathed chiefly to his two eldest sons, Cornelius, who died in 1899, and William K. Vanderbilt. The family are now housed in a row of palaces farther out the avenue near Central Park, and there are fabulous estimates of their colossal fortunes, which are the greatest in America, and probably in the world.

Upon the west side of Fifth Avenue the New York Public Library is being erected on the site of the old Croton Reservoir, which occupied the summit of Murray Hill, and behind it is the pretty little Bryant Park, extending to Sixth Avenue. This Library comes from the consolidation of the Astor and Lenox Libraries, augmented by the Samuel J. Tilden Trust Fund, amounting to about $2,500,000. North of this, Forty-second Street crosses the city, having the Grand Central Station of the Vanderbilt lines opposite Fourth Avenue, the only railway station in New York, though other roads are expecting to come in by tunnels under the rivers. At Forty-third Street and Fifth Avenue is the finest American synagogue, the Jewish Temple Emanu-El, a magnificent specimen of Saracenic architecture, the interior being rich in Oriental decoration. Creeping plants tastefully overrun the lower portions of its two great towers. There are numerous fine churches on this portion of the avenue, two of which are rather more famous than the others. When the old Dutch Governor Peter

Minuit bought Manhattan Island from the Indians, he founded an orthodox Dutch church in 1628. This church is now a costly brownstone structure in Decorated Gothic at the corner of Forty-eighth Street, having a crocketed spire two hundred and seventy feet high. Its inscription tells us it is the "Collegiate Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of the City of New York, organized under Peter Minuit, Director General of the New Netherlands, in 1628, chartered by William, King of England, 1696." The present church was built in 1872. Occupying the entire block at Fiftieth Street is the magnificent white marble Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Patrick, in Decorated Gothic, with two spires rising three hundred and thirty-two feet. This noble church much resembles the great Cathedral at Cologne, particularly in the interior. Behind it, fronting on Madison Avenue, is the Archbishop's white marble residence, and adjacent is the old building of Columbia College, the original King's College of New York, founded in 1754 by a fund started from the proceeds of various lotteries, which then raised $17,215. It now has new buildings elsewhere.

In the neighborhood of these churches there must not be overlooked, in this part of Fifth Avenue, the residence of Helen Gould, a square-built house with an elaborate portico, at the corner of Fifty-seventh Street. This was originally the home of one of the most extraordinary men ever developed in New

York—Jay Gould. He was an orphan boy in Northeastern Pennsylvania, who became a clerk in a country store, a surveyor and map-maker, and finally was employed in a tannery, and to sell its leather first took him to New York. Finally he removed there, and soon became a leading Wall Street stock operator. Nobody ever made such daring ventures; he became the "great bear" on the market, wrecking, pulling down, ruining; controlling newspapers, courts, legislatures, and being even accused of trying to bribe a President. Then, as he acquired wealth, he became an extensive investor in railways and telegraphs, and died, leaving a fortune estimated at $80,000,000. He is buried in a magnificent mausoleum, a miniature of the Pantheon, in Woodlawn Cemetery, in the northern suburbs, and his daughter Helen is trying, by her beneficent charities, to make the best use she can of the share of the money she inherited. Westward from Fifty-first Street are the famous Vanderbilt palaces where most of the sons and daughters of William H. Vanderbilt reside, five grand residences which cost $15,000,000 to build and furnish. Standing among them is the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, said to be the largest and wealthiest in the world of this denomination, where the late pastor, Dr. John Hall, is described as preaching to $250,000,000 every Sunday. This is the most splendid portion of Fifth Avenue, with grand residences all about, and as Central Park is ap-

proached, there are also enormous apartment-houses and huge hotels. The avenue reaches the Park at Fifty-ninth Street, and for two miles its grand buildings face that attractive pleasure-ground. At Seventieth Street is the Lenox Library, the benefaction of James Lenox, and at Eighty-second Street the Metropolitan Museum of Art, containing some of the finest collections in the world, and patterned largely after the British Museum. Its treasures of art and science, antiquities and museums, are valued at $9,000,000, and it has an elaborate building fronting on Fifth Avenue, within the Park.

CENTRAL PARK.

New York is very proud of its great pleasure-ground, the Central Park, upon which has been lavished all that art and money could accomplish. This Park is a parallelogram in the centre of Manhattan Island, a half-mile wide and two and a half miles long, covering eight hundred and forty-three acres, though nearly one-fourth of this space is occupied by the Croton water reservoirs. The original surface was either marsh or rock, very rough, and with topography generally the reverse of that needed for a park. It took prodigious labor and an enormous outlay to overcome the difficulties, but skillful engineering and landscape gardening have made the most of the unsightly surface, so that it has become one of the handsomest parks in the world, its beauties increas-

ing as the growing trees mature. Entering at the "Scholar's Gate" from Fifth Avenue, the road within the Park leads by a gently winding course past vista views and pretty lakes to the Mall, or general promenade. Here, on pleasant days, thousands gather to listen to the music. To the westward are broad green surfaces giving a tranquil landscape, and looking northward through the avenue of elms upon the Mall, a little gray stone tower called the Observatory closes the view far away over another pretty lake. At the end of the Mall a terrace is crossed bordering this lake, the ground sloping to its edges. Here a fountain plashes on one side, and on the other is the concert ground, overlooked by the Pergola, a shaded Gallery. Across the lake, on the Observatory side, is the Ramble, a rocky, forest-covered slope with paths winding through it, and on the highest point a massive Belvedere. There are a menagerie and an aviary, and the children have playgrounds and varied amusements. Beyond this enchanting region the road winds past statues and ever-changing beauties of garden and landscape, and comes out in a space alongside the smaller reservoir, where stands Cleopatra's Needle, brought from Egypt and set up near the Museum of Art. Then the road passes alongside the larger reservoir, with barely enough room to get through between it and Fifth Avenue, though both are admirably masked. The northern portion of the Park has greater natural attractions and less

ornamentation, the land ascending to a fine lookout on the western side, where there is a grand view over the Harlem River, displaying the tall arches of the "High Bridge" bringing the Croton Aqueduct across, and the tower alongside, which makes a high level reservoir. The expanding city, however, is extending its buildings over large surfaces north and west of the Park.

One Hundred and Tenth Street is the northern boundary of Central Park. Upon the western side of the Park, in Manhattan Square, is being gradually constructed the American Museum of Natural History, with elaborate buildings and collections already exceeding $3,000,000 in value. Near the northwestern corner of the Park, extending to One Hundred and Twenty-third Street, is the long and narrow Morningside Park, a high elevation held by massive retaining walls on the hill-slope, and ascended by flights of steps. Morningside Avenue, its western boundary, has at One Hundred and Twelfth Street what will be the largest ecclesiastical edifice in the United States, the new Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, of which the corner-stone was laid in 1892, and building slowly progresses. The splendid St. Luke's Hospital adjoins to the northward, while to the northwest, on an elevated site overlooking the Hudson River, are the fine new buildings of Columbia College in an enclosure of about twenty acres. This great University has buildings and collections

valued at $7,000,000, an endowment of $12,000,000, and is attended by about two thousand students. Farther westward, upon the high ground at the edge of the Hudson River, stretches the stately Riverside Park for about three miles, making a magnificent drive, along which many handsome residences are being constructed. Near its northern end is the tomb of General Grant, a white granite mausoleum ninety feet square and surmounted by a cupola, which was finished in 1897 and cost $600,000. The interior arrangement is like Napoleon's tomb in Paris, the body, contained in a red porphyry sarcophagus, being placed in an open crypt below the centre of the dome. Beyond Central Park, the broad public roads known as the Boulevards traverse the island northward, and many elaborate structures are being erected along them.

SPUYTEN DUYVEL AND CROTON.

The Spuyten Duyvel Creek, the strait connecting the Harlem with the Hudson, winds through a deeply-cut gorge around the northern end of Manhattan and makes it an island. Knickerbocker, the veracious historian of early Dutch New York, tells how it got its name. Old Governor Stuyvesant, he says, had a wonderful trumpeter, Anthony von Corlaer, who persisted in swimming across during a violent storm, and lost his life. Thus of it, Knickerbocker writes: "The wind was high, the elements were in an uproar, and no Charon could be found to ferry the ad-

venturous sounder of brass across the water. For a short time he vapored like an impatient ghost upon the brink, and then, bethinking himself of the urgency of his errand (to arouse the people to arms), he took a hearty embrace of his stone bottle, swore most valorously that he would swim across in spite of the devil—*en spyt den duyvel*—and daringly plunged into the stream. Luckless Anthony! Scarcely had he buffeted half-way over when he was observed to struggle violently, as if battling with the spirit of the waters. Instinctively he put his trumpet to his mouth, and giving a vehement blast, sank forever to the bottom. The clangor of his trumpet, like that of the ivory horn of the renowned Paladin Orlando, when expiring on the glorious field of Roncesvalles, rang far and wide through the country, alarming the neighbors around, who hurried in amazement to the spot. There, an old Dutch burgher, famed for his veracity, and who had been a witness to the fact, related to them the melancholy affair, with the fearful addition (to which I am slow in giving belief) that he saw the Duyvel, in the shape of a huge moss-bunker (a species of inferior fish), seize the sturdy Anthony by the leg and drag him beneath the waves. Certain it is, the place, with the adjoining promontory which projects into the Hudson, has been called *Spyt den Duyvel* ever since."

The narrow and elevated northern prolongation of

Manhattan is the picturesque district of Washington Heights. Here is the attractive Trinity Church Cemetery, laid out on the battlefield of Harlem Heights, a hotly contested Revolutionary conflict, fought on September 16, 1776, and some distance northward, on the highest point of the island, elevated two hundred and sixty feet above the Hudson River, there are still seen the remains of Fort Washington, which was bravely but unsuccessfully defended against British attacks in the following November, and had to be abandoned. Across the Harlem River is the ancient suburb of Morrisania. Here was Washington's headquarters during those conflicts, and here lived Lewis Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and his half-brother, Gouverneur Morris, a noted New York statesman, who bore a striking resemblance to General Washington. The historic old house at Morrisania was afterwards acquired by Madame Jumel, and when Aaron Burr, in his old age and poverty, met this wealthy widow, he courted and married her in 1833, he being then seventy-eight years old. Here they lived for a brief period "during the days of his octogenarian love," as the annalist has it, but soon quarrelled and separated. The house is now preserved as a Revolutionary Museum. Not far away was the Grange, the home of Alexander Hamilton, who planted there a group of thirteen trees named after the thirteen original States of the Union,

in which all flourished, as we are credibly informed, excepting the "South Carolina tree," which persisted in growing up very crooked. Upon the top of Washington Heights and the precipitous slopes of the Spuyten Duyvel and Harlem there are many fine villas, and down in the bottom of the gorge the New York Central Railroad seeks its route out to the Hudson River bank. The historic old King's Bridge spans the Harlem, deep down in the valley, while all along the river is the fine new drive, the "Speedway," upon which the New Yorkers display the qualities of their fastest horses.

The splendid Washington Bridge, built of steel at a cost of $2,700,000, carries one of the Boulevards across the Harlem at a height of one hundred and fifty feet; but the great landmark is the High Bridge which brings the Croton Aqueduct over, its tall granite piers and graceful arches displaying singular beauty from every point of view. This aqueduct is forty miles long, and has been well described as "a structure worthy of the Roman Empire." It originally cost $12,500,000, subsequent improvements absorbing millions more. The Croton River, coming down through Westchester County, falls into the Hudson about twenty-five miles above the city, and its headwaters are dammed, making artificial lakes gathering the supply. The Aqueduct was finished in 1842, and, going through tunnels and rock-cuttings, has a cross-section of about fifty-four feet and an in-

clination of one foot to the mile, or thirty-three feet in the distance to the Harlem River. About one hundred and fifteen millions of gallons go through it daily, moving at the rate of a mile and a half per hour. Three huge pipes carry the water across the High Bridge at one hundred and sixteen feet elevation. There are eight arches in the river crossing, their openings being eighty feet wide and one hundred feet high, to allow the passage of vessels, and seven narrower arches of fifty feet span on the banks. At the New York end of this picturesque bridge is the tall tower, rising two hundred and sixty-five feet, which has water pumped into its surmounting tank to supply the highest parts of the island. New York, however, long since outgrew the capacity of this famous aqueduct, so that a new one of much greater size was tunnelled underground and finished in 1890, which is fourteen feet high, and bored at an average depth of one hundred and fifty feet below the surface, and is carried three hundred feet under the Harlem River bed, its estimated daily capacity being three hundred millions of gallons. The receiving reservoirs in Central Park hold over a thousand millions of gallons. An imposing gate-house at One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street admits this supply into the northern city mains. The great Quaker Bridge dam across the Croton is two hundred and seventy-seven feet high and thirteen hundred and fifty feet long, making the most enormous artificial

reservoir in the world, holding forty thousand millions of gallons. It has cost New York over $70,000,000 to thus insure an ample water supply, free of all risk from drought.

THE BRONX AND THE NEW PARKS.

Across Harlem River, to the north and east, is the attractive region of the Bronx, much of the surface being yet in its primitive condition as maintained in the old estates that have come down from the early days of the Knickerbockers. Here are being laid out several new and large parks. Van Cortlandt Park, near the Hudson, about four miles north of the High Bridge, covers about eleven hundred acres, Pelham Bay Park, on the shore of Long Island Sound, nine miles from the Harlem, seventeen hundred and fifty acres, and the Bronx Park, between them, six hundred and fifty acres. These three great pleasure-grounds are being gradually developed, and the plan is to connect them with magnificent tree-lined avenues six hundred feet wide. The western verge of Van Cortlandt Park finely overlooks the Hudson, and it is intended largely for military uses, with parade-grounds and rifle-ranges. It has an attractive lake; and the quaint old mansion where lived the Van Cortlandts, whose successive generations owned the estate, built in 1748, is preserved as a Museum of Colonial Relics. To the eastward, a shallow and almost aimless little stream, flowing from

above White Plains down to Long Island Sound, with many pools and rapids, and occasionally broadening into mirror-like lakes, was long the eastern boundary of New York City. This is the Bronx River, coming through a green, well-watered and shaded valley, a half to three-quarters of a mile wide, and a considerable part of this bewitching region makes the Bronx Park,

> "Where gentle Bronx, clear, winding, flows
> The shadowy banks between;
> Where blossomed bell or wilding rose
> Adorns the brightest green."

The wildness and seclusion of this place, its natural charms and romantic character, make one almost believe that New York cannot possibly be near such an attractive wilderness. Nature seems to have especially designed it for a park, and art cannot improve it. Huge rocks and giant trees flourish here, among them the Delancey pine, one hundred and fifty feet high and straight as an arrow, standing in a prominent position and having a huge branch reaching upward upon one side, with interlacing boughs, making it appear not unlike a gigantic harp. The Delanceys once owned the place. A "balanced boulder" is nearby, weighing hundreds of tons, yet very easily rocked. The Bronx in one portion flows deep down between high, rocky walls, where the thin-armed white birches wave their slender limbs a hundred feet above the water. Here was an early home of the

Lorillards, now a Museum and large Botanical Garden. Here are also the grounds of the New York Zoological Society, the animals roaming in extensive enclosures, where they are placed, as far as possible, in their native surroundings.

The peninsula of Throgg's Neck is the northern headland at the entrance of East River into Long Island Sound. Beyond this, the waters deeply indent the New York shore, and there is thrust out the green peninsula of Pelham Neck. This is some distance beyond the Bronx. Eastchester Bay is on the southern side of the neck; Pelham Bay beyond it; and immediately in front City Island, reached by a long drawbridge. To the north is Hunter's Island, connected by another bridge. Hunter's Island and more than two square miles of the hills and meadows adjacent on the mainland make the new park of Pelham Bay. Various old mansions scattered over this domain were the homes of the Hunters, Lorillards and other prominent families. The island belonged to many generations of Hunters, and near the bridge a large gateway has "Hunter's Island" carved on one of the marble gate-posts. Years ago another wealthy man bought the island, and these words offending him, he brought a marble-mason out from New York, who chiselled them off, and carved instead the words "Higgins's Island." But after Higgins had his day and was gathered unto his fathers, the next owner, revering rather the antiquity

of the place, had "Higgins" eliminated and "Hunter's Island" restored, though the gate-post became quite thin under this treatment. On the western edge of Pelham Bay Park is Hutchinson's River, flowing down into Eastchester Bay, and recalling the days of the Salem witchcraft. Poor Anne Hutchinson fled here to escape burning as a witch, and on City Island built a hut on a little cape still called Anne Hook. She lived there peacefully for a year, harming nobody and declining every invitation to stir from her humble abode. One day a young girl went to visit Anne, but found the hut in ashes, and before the door lay the poor woman, where she had been tomahawked and scalped by the Indians. No one has built a house on Anne Hook since, and many have been the tales told of ghostly Indian revels on bleak and rainy nights around the site of the burning hut. On the mainland were Indian villages, and here have been found relics, and in 1899 there was exhumed the skeleton of an Indian warrior.

EAST RIVER AND HELL GATE.

The Harlem River, flowing into the East River, divides Manhattan from Ward's Island, and this, with Randall's Island to the north and Blackwell's Island to the south, forms the group of "East River Islands" upon which are the penal and charitable institutions of the great city. The chief of these are on Blackwell's Island, a long, narrow strip stretching

nearly two miles in the centre of East River, and barely more than two hundred yards wide. It covers one hundred and twenty acres, and has the penitentiary, almshouses, workhouses and hospitals, the spacious buildings being of granite quarried there by the convicts. Over on the New York City shore is the extensive Bellevue Hospital. In cases of vagrancy and minor crimes, the offender is said to be "sent up to the Island." Ward's Island has a surface of two hundred acres, and here are the Lunatic Asylum and Emigrant Hospital. Randall's Island has the institutions for children and idiots, while upon Hart's Island, out in Long Island Sound, are industrial schools and the pauper cemetery. The buildings are all upon a most elaborate scale, and it costs over $2,000,000 for their annual maintenance. A steamboat ride along East River, with these extensive establishments and their well-kept grounds passing in review, is a most interesting suburban excursion.

The Long Island shore to the southward of Ward's Island is thrust out in a way that curves and contracts the East River passage, which, turning eastward just below where the Harlem River comes in, goes through the famous Hell Gate to reach the Sound. Formerly, the swift tidal currents boiled and eddied through this dangerous pass, Hallett's Point, jutting out from Long Island, narrowing the channel, and Pot Rock, Flood Rock, the Gridiron and other reefs making navigation perilous. Many were the

wrecks here, and frequent ineffective efforts were made to improve the passage. The Government finally undertook the work in 1866 under a comprehensive plan projected by General Newton. His first task was the removal of the Hallett's Point reef, a mass of rock projecting three hundred feet into the stream and throwing the whole tidal current coming in from the Sound against the great opposing rock called the Gridiron. He first sunk a shaft upon the Point and excavated the inland side so that it made a perpendicular wall which was curved around, and designed for the future edge of the river. From the shaft, tunnels were bored into the reef under the river in radiating directions, being connected by concentric galleries. The design was to remove as much rock as possible without letting the water in from overhead, and then to blow the rocky roof and supporting columns into fragments and remove them at leisure. This work began in 1869, the shaft being sunk thirty-two feet below mean low water and the tunnels drilled out, inclining downward under the river. In 1876 the task was finished, and thousands of separate dynamite blasts had been placed in the roof and supporting columns, ready for the explosion on Sunday, September 24th. This being the greatest artificial explosion ever attempted, there was much trepidation shown in New York for fear of the shock, while everywhere the keenest interest was taken in the result. The blast was entirely successful, being

discharged by General Newton's little child, who touched the electric key. The calculation had been so accurately made that the great reef was pulverized, and the fragments fell into the spaces excavated beneath without causing more than a slight tremor in the adjacent region. By a similar system and more extensive work, Flood Rock was afterwards removed from mid-channel, the second great blast reducing it to fragments, being discharged in October, 1885. The terrors of Hell Gate are gone, though the tide still flows swiftly through the strait.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

The growth of population on Long Island has caused various new bridges and tunnels to be projected for crossing East River. One new bridge is to cross at Blackwell's Island, with a pier on the island. Another now nearly completed, and estimated to cost $10,000,000, crosses from Grand Street to Broadway in Brooklyn. The Long Island Railroad is arranging to bore a tunnel under East River, to be operated by electricity, to bring its trains into New York. The East River being the locality for most of the foreign shipping, the bridges are at high elevations, the great Brooklyn Bridge, which crosses from City Hall Park, being one hundred and thirty-five feet above the water. Its massive piers are among the tallest structures about New York, rising two hundred and sixty-eight feet. This, the largest

suspension bridge in the world, was begun in 1870 and opened for traffic in 1885. The piers stand upon caissons sunk into the rocky bed of the river, which is forty-five feet below the surface on the Brooklyn side and ninety feet below on the New York side. Their towers carry four sixteen-inch wire cables that sustain the bridge, which is built eighty-five feet wide, giving ample accommodation for two railways, two wagon roads also carrying electric cars, and a wide raised footway in the centre. The bridge cost nearly $15,000,000, the distance between the piers is about sixteen hundred feet, and its entire length between the anchorages of the cables is three thousand four hundred and seventy-five feet. The cable anchorages are enormous masses, each containing about thirty-five thousand cubic yards of solid masonry. The whole length of the bridge and its elaborate approaches is considerably over a mile. Its projector was John A. Roebling, who died during the early work, and its builder, his son Washington Roebling, who caught the dreaded "caisson disease" while superintending labor under water, and for years afterward an invalid, watched the progress of the later work from his chamber window on Brooklyn Heights nearby. The bridge has carried an enormous traffic, taxing its capacity to the utmost, and its passengers average over a million a week. The view from its raised footway is one of the most superb sights of New York, disclosing both cities,

LOWER NEW YORK AND THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

and the extensive wharves and commerce of East River, the Navy Yard just above, and for miles over the surrounding region and down through the harbor to the distant blue hills of Staten Island.

THE CITY OF CHURCHES.

The Borough of Brooklyn, which has grown from the overflow of New York, whose people are said to go over there "chiefly to sleep or be buried," is popularly known as the "City of Churches." A large portion of the working population of the metropolis, as well as the merchants and business men, make it their home and dormitory, while there are beautiful cemeteries in the suburbs peopled largely by dead New Yorkers. Greenwood, overlooking New York harbor from Gowanus Heights in South Brooklyn, is regarded as one of the finest American cemeteries. In no other city can be found such an aggregation of churches, developed in a past generation, and under the ministry of a regiment of distinguished clergymen, then led by Beecher and Storrs, so that the popular title was well bestowed. Brooklyn is entirely the growth of the nineteenth century, a growth due to the inability of New York to spread, excepting far northward. It stretches several miles along East River and three or four miles inland, and grows rapidly. When the century began, however, it was hard work to find three thousand people there, and, strangely enough, they had to cross over to New

York to go to church. Just about the time old Peter Minuit was buying Manhattan from the Indians, a band of Walloons first settled in Brooklyn. Their descendants drove cows across East River to Governor's Island to graze, the Buttermilk Channel between them being then shallow enough for fording, though it is now scoured out deep enough to float the largest vessels, the docks located where the cows then crossed now accommodating an enormous commerce. At first a little ferry from Fulton Street to Peck Slip, New York, accommodated the straggling village, and it has grown into more than a dozen steam ferries of the largest capacity, which (besides the bridge) will carry daily a half-million people across at one cent apiece, this fleet of packet-boats being the greatest transporters of humanity in the world.

The Indians called the region around Wallabout Bay, and Gowanus Mercychawick, meaning "the sandy place." When the Walloons came along, they began settling on the shores of the bay, which they called Waal-bogt, afterwards gradually changed to its present name of Wallabout. In 1646 the town was organized by Governor Kieft as Breuckelen, he appointing Jan Eversen Bout and Huyck Aertsen as "schepens" or superintendents to preserve the peace and regulate the community. During the Revolution the British prison-ships were moored in the Wallabout, and it is estimated that eleven thousand five hundred Americans, chiefly seamen, died upon them,

the shores of the bay being full of dead men's bones, which the tides for many years washed out from the sand. In 1808 these bones were finally collected and put in a vault near the Navy Yard, which had been established on the bay. This is the chief naval station of the United States, covering about eighty-eight acres, including all the available space. There is attached a large naval hospital, while between the two is the immense Wallabout Market, covering forty-five acres, the largest in Brooklyn, its buildings being brick structures in the old Dutch style.

Fulton Street is the chief highway of Brooklyn, beginning almost under the shadow of the great Bridge. It is a broad and attractive street, stretching six miles to the eastern edge of the city, and about one mile from the river it passes the various city buildings, including the Post-office, Court-house and Borough Hall, all handsome structures. In front of the Borough Hall is a fine statue of Brooklyn's most famous clergyman, Henry Ward Beecher. From Fulton Street radiate several of the highways leading into the fashionable residential quarter,—Brooklyn or Columbia Heights,—overlooking East River, where the tree-bordered streets are lined with costly and attractive dwellings. Here in Orange Street, in a very quiet spot, is Brooklyn's most noted edifice, a plain, wide, unornamented brick building, with the inscription, "Plymouth Church, 1849." Here preached for nearly forty years, until he died in

1887, Beecher, the great Puritan, whose family was so noted. His father, Lyman Beecher, like the son, fought slavery and intemperance in Boston, Litchfield and Cincinnati, and was an impressive pulpit orator. The old man was eccentric, however, and after being wrought up by the excitement of preaching, is said to have gone home and let himself down by playing on the fiddle and dancing a double-shuffle in the parlor. He had thirteen children, nearly all famous, and has been described as "the father of more brains than any other man in America." Four sons were clergymen and two daughters noted authoresses. Henry Ward, who ruled Brooklyn, and Harriet, who wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, were among the great leaders of the anti-slavery movement.

Clinton Street leaves Fulton a little beyond Orange, and passes southward through Brooklyn Heights, being the chief street of the fashionable district. Embowered in trees, handsome churches and residences border it, and Pierrepont, Remsen, Montague and other noted streets extend at right angles from it to the edge of the bluff, where the Heights fall sharply off to the river. Here, at seventy feet elevation, and overlooking the lower level of buildings and piers at the water's edge, are the terraces where the finest residences are located, having a magnificent outlook upon the harbor and New York City beyond. The ships land their cargoes within almost a stone's throw of the palaces.

In this district there are several large apartment-houses and various clubs, a statue of Alexander Hamilton adorning the front of the Hamilton Club at Remsen and Clinton Streets. Upon Remsen Street is another noted building, the Congregational "Church of the Pilgrims," a spacious graystone edifice with towers, its most prominent tower and spire being a commanding landmark for vessels sailing up New York Bay. There is let into the outer wall of this church, about six feet above the pavement, a small piece of the original "Plymouth Rock" whereon the Pilgrims in 1620 landed in Massachusetts Bay—a dark, rough-hewn fragment, projecting with irregular surface a few inches from the wall. As an author, lecturer and preacher, the veteran pastor for over a half-century, Dr. Richard Salter Storrs, acquired wide renown. Upon Clinton Street is the elegant Pointed Gothic brownstone St. Ann's Episcopal Church, famous for its choir, and on Montague Street the Holy Trinity Church, its spire rising two hundred and seventy-five feet. But almost everywhere are churches, there being about five hundred in Brooklyn. The noted Pratt Institute is one of the best known charities of the city, founded and endowed by Charles Pratt, an oil prince, as a technical school, its spacious and well-equipped buildings caring for thirty-four hundred students. The object of this noble institution is "to promote manual and industrial education, and to inculcate habits of industry and thrift."

GREENWOOD CEMETERY AND PROSPECT PARK.

A border of tombs almost surrounds Brooklyn, for in the suburbs are the great cemeteries which are the burial-places of both cities. In lovely situations upon the surrounding hills are Greenwood, Cypress Hills, Evergreen, Holy Cross, Calvary, Mount Olivet, The Citizens' Union, Washington and other cemeteries, occupying many hundreds of acres. Of these, the noted Greenwood is the chief, covering some four hundred acres on Gowanus Heights, south of the city. This is a high ridge dividing Brooklyn from the lowlands on the south side of Long Island, and it has elevations giving charming views. The route to it crosses various railroads leading to Coney Island, which is the ultimate objective point of most Brooklyn lines of transit. A neat lawn-bordered road leads up to the magnificent cemetery entrance on Fifth Avenue, an elaborate and much ornamental brownstone structure rising into a central pinnacle over a hundred feet high. This entrance covers two fine gateways, with representations of Gospel scenes, the principal being the Raising of Lazarus and the Resurrection. The grounds display great beauty, the ridgy, rounded hills spreading in all directions, the surface being an alternation of hills and vales, vaults terracing the hillsides, with elaborate mausoleums above and frequent little lakes nestling in the pleasant valleys. Vast sums have been expended on

some of the grander tombs, which are upon a scale of great magnificence. The attractive rural names of the walks and avenues, the delicious flowers and foliage, the balmy air, the lakes, valleys and points of beautiful outlook giving grand views over New York Bay and the surrounding country, make Greenwood a park as well as a cemetery, and it is generally admitted to be without a peer. Many costly pantheons and chapels cover the remains of well-known people, and one mausoleum is a large marble church. A three-sided monument of peculiar construction standing on a knoll marks the resting-place of Samuel F. B. Morse, the telegrapher. Horace Greeley's tomb has his bust in bronze on a pedestal. A colossal statue surmounts the grave of the great De Witt Clinton, the Governor of New York who built the Erie Canal and thus secured the commercial supremacy of the city. The romantic career of Lola Montez ended in Greenwood. Commodore Garrison, who was at one time Vanderbilt's rival in steamship management, is interred in a mosque. The tomb of the Steinways is a large granite building. A magnificent marble canopy crowns the Scribner tomb, having beneath it an angel of mercy. There is an appropriate monument to Roger Williams. Here are also buried Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing-machine, Peter Cooper, Henry Ward Beecher, James Gordon Bennett, Henry George and others of fame. The Fire-

men, the Pilots and the New York Volunteers all have grand monuments, the statue sentinels of the latter overlooking the bay. Among these magnificent sepulchres, probably the most magnificent is that of Charlotte Canda, an heiress, who died in early youth, her fortune being expended upon her tomb.

There is a high lookout upon the eastern border of this attractive place, where the flat land at the base of the ridge spreads for miles away to the sea. The Coney Island hotels, by the ocean side, are dim in the distance, and far over the water the Navesink Highlands close the view beyond Sandy Hook. The many railroads leading to Coney Island can be traced out, as on a map, across the level land. Over on the western side of the cemetery is another lookout, having a broad view of Brooklyn and the harbor, extending to the hills of Staten Island and the distant Jersey lowlands beyond. This is the verge of Gowanus Heights, with the busy commerce of the port spread at its base. It is this magnificent scene which the marble sentinels overlook who are guarding the Volunteers' Monument erected by the city of New York.

Between Greenwood Cemetery and Prospect Park there are various railways, all going to Coney Island, and also the Ocean Parkway, leading thither, a splendid boulevard, two hundred feet wide, and planted with six rows of trees, being flanked on

either side by a broad cycle-path. It is laid in a straight line from the southwestern corner of the Park for three miles to the great seaside resort. Prospect Park covers nearly a square mile on an elevated ridge on the edge of Brooklyn, and it has great natural attractions which did not need much change to improve the landscape, while the fine old trees that have been there for centuries are in magnificent maturity. Its woods and meadows, winding roads, lakes and views, combine many charms. On Lookout Hill, rising two hundred feet, the most commanding point, with a view almost entirely around the compass, there is a monument on the slope in memory of the Maryland troops who fell in the Revolutionary battle of Long Island, fought in August, 1776, on these heights. The Park is ornamented with several statues, including one of Abraham Lincoln, and there is a bust of John Howard Payne, the author of *Home, Sweet Home.* It has an extensive lake, a deer preserve, children's playgrounds, and a concert grove and promenade. The main entrance is a fine elliptical plaza with a splendid fountain, and adorned by a Memorial Arch to the Soldiers and Sailors of the Civil War, and a statue of James Stranahan, a venerable citizen of Brooklyn, foremost in all its good works, who died in 1898. The Brooklyn Institute, an academy of art and science with a large membership, has a large building in the Park

CONEY ISLAND.

Pretty much all routes through Brooklyn, as already indicated, lead to Coney Island, the barren strip of white sand, clinging to the southern edge of Long Island, about ten miles from New York, which is the objective point of the populace when in sweltering summer weather they crave a breath of sea air. The antiquarians of the island insist that it was the earliest portion of these adjacent coasts discovered, and tell how Verrazani came along about 1529 and found this sand-strip, and how Hudson, nearly a century later, held conferences with the Indians on the island. But however that may be, its wonderful development as a summer resort has only come since the Civil War. It has a hard and gently-sloping beach facing the Atlantic, and can be so easily and cheaply reached, by so many routes on land and water, that it is no wonder, on hot afternoons and holidays, the people of New York and Brooklyn go down there by the hundreds of thousands. Coney Island is about five miles long, and from a quarter-mile to a mile in width, being separated from the adjacent low-lying mainland only by a little crooked creek and some lagoons. It has two bays deeply indented behind it, Gravesend Bay on the west and Sheepshead Bay on the east. The name is derived from Cooney Island, meaning the "Rabbit Island," rabbits having been the chief inhabitants in earlier

days. The Coney Island season of about a hundred days, from June until September, is an almost uninterrupted festival, and nothing can exceed the jollity on these beaches, when a hot summer sun drives the people down to the shore to seek relief and have a good time. They spread over the miles of sand-strip, with scores of bands of music of varying merit in full blast, minstrel shows, miniature theatres, Punch and Judy, merry-go-rounds and carrousels, big snakes, fat women, giant, dwarf, midget and pugilistic exhibitions, shooting-galleries, concerts, circuses, fortune-tellers, swings, toboggan slides, scenic railways, and myriads of other attractions; lakes of beer on tap, with ample liquids of greater strength; and everywhere a good-humored crowd, sight-seeing and enjoying themselves, eating, drinking, and very numerously consuming the great Coney Island delicacy, "clam-chowder." To the clam, which is universal and popular, the visitors pay special tribute. This famous bivalve is the *Mya Arenaria* of the New England coast, said to have been for years the chief food of the Pilgrim fathers. Being found in abundance in all the neighboring waters, it is served in every style, according to taste. As the Coney Island "Song of the Clam" has it:

> "Who better than I? in chowder or pie,
> Baked, roasted, raw or fried?
> I hold the key to society,
> And am always welcome inside."

The long and narrow Coney Island sand-strip may be divided into four distinctive sections—a succession of villages chiefly composed of restaurants, lodging-houses and hotels, built along the edge of the beach, and usually on a single road behind it. In the past generation the rougher classes best knew its western end or Norton's Point, a resort of long standing. The middle of the island is a locality of higher grade—West Brighton Beach. Here great iron piers project into the ocean, being availed of for steamboat landings, restaurants and amusement places, while beneath are bathing establishments. Electricity and fireworks are used extensively to add to the attractions, and there is also a tall Observatory. The broad Ocean Parkway, coming down from Prospect Park and Brooklyn, terminates at West Brighton Beach. East of this is a partially vacant, semi-marshy space, beyond which is Brighton Beach, there being a roadway and elevated railroad connecting them. Brighton is the third section, and about a half-mile farther east is the fourth and most exclusive section—Manhattan Beach. Here are the more elaborate and costly Coney Island hotels. In all this district the power of the ocean is shown in the effect of great storms, which wash away roads, railways and buildings, and shift enormous amounts of the sands from one locality, piling them up in front of another. Huge hotels have had to be moved, in some cases bodily, a thousand feet back inland from the ocean

front, to save them, and immense bulkheads constructed for protection; but sometimes the waves play havoc with these. Very much of the money spent by the visitors has to be devoted to saving the place and preventing the wreck of the great buildings. But this does not worry the visitors so much as it does the landlords. On a hot day the vast crowds arriving on the trains are poured into the hotels, and swarm out upon the grounds fronting them, where the bands play. Here the orchestras give concerts to enormous audiences. The piazzas are filled with supper-parties, the music amphitheatres are crowded, and thousands saunter over the lawns. As evening advances, the blaze of electric illumination and brilliancy of fireworks are added, and the music, bustling crowds and general hilarity give the air of a splendid festival. The bathing establishments are crowded, and many go into the surf under the brilliant illumination. Not a tree will grow, so that the view over the sea is unobstructed, and out in front is the pathway of ocean commerce into New York harbor, with the twinkling, guiding lights of Sandy Hook and its attendant lightships beyond. What a guardian to the mariner is the lighthouse:

"'Tis like a patient, faithful soul
That, having reached its saintly goal,
And seeing others far astray
In storms of darkness and dismay,
Shines out o'er life's tempestuous sea,
A beacon to some sheltered lee,—
The haven of eternity."

The tall Observatory, on its airy steel framework, rises three hundred feet to overlook the wonderful scene. When the top is reached, the first impression made is by the dissonant clangor of the many bands of music below, heard with singular clearness and much more intensity of sound than on the ground. This discord ascends from all sorts of structures, generally having flat pitch-and-gravel roofs, forming a variegated carpet far below. Coney Island stretches along the ocean's edge, with the lines of foaming surf slowly rolling in. To the eastward, at Brighton and Manhattan Beaches, it bends backward like a bow, with semicircular indentations where the sea has made its inroads. To the westward, the curve of the beach is reversed, and the extreme point of the island ends in a knob having a distinctive hook bent back on the northern side. Behind the long and narrow strip of sand there are patches of grass, and much marsh and meadow, spreading away to the northward, and meandering through the marsh can be traced the crooked little tidal creek and series of lagoons separating Coney from the mainland. Far away northward runs the broad tree-bordered Ocean Parkway, with the hills of Prospect Park and the tombs and foliage of Greenwood Cemetery hiding Brooklyn, and closing the view at the distant horizon. Various railways stretch in the same direction, some crossing the bogs on extended trestle-bridges. Many carriages are moving and thousands of people walk-

ing about in the streets and open spaces beneath us, while upon the ocean side the piers extend out in front, with their steamboats sailing to or from the Narrows to the northward, around the knob and hook at Norton's Point. Far south over the water are the distant Navesink Highlands behind Sandy Hook and the low adjacent New Jersey Coast, gradually blending into the Staten Island hills to the westward. Around from the south to the east is the broad and limitless expanse of ocean, where, in the words of Heinrich Heine:

> "The cloudlets are lazily sailing
> O'er the blue Atlantic sea."

Far to the eastward, seen across the broad Jamaica Bay, are more low sandy beaches, each with its popular resort, though all pale before the crowning glories of Coney Island. There is Rockaway, with its iron pier and railway connecting with the mainland to the northeast, also Arverne and Edgemere, the distant cottage-studded Long Beach, and the hazy sand-beaches of Far Rockaway. And as we gaze over this wondrous scene down by the water side, the freshening wind gives a pleasant foretaste of old ocean, and recalls the invocation of Barry Cornwall:

> "The sea! the sea! the open sea!
> The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
> Without a mark, without a bound,
> It runneth the earth's wide regions round.

"I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.

"I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more."

THE ENVIRONMENT OF LONG ISLAND SOUND.

IX.

THE ENVIRONMENT OF LONG ISLAND SOUND.

The Isle of Nassau—Captain Adraien Blok—Roodt Eylandt—Block Island—Great South Bay—Great South Beach—Jamaica Bay—Hempstead Bay—Fire Island and its Lighthouse—Shinnecock—Quogue—East Hampton—Lyman Beecher—John Howard Payne—Garden City—Jericho—Elias Hicks—Flushing Bay—Throgg's Neck—Willett's Point—Little Neck Bay—Great Neck—Sands Point—Harbor Hill—William Cullen Bryant—Oyster Bay—Lloyds' Neck—Nathan Hale—Ronkonkoma Lake—The Wampum Makers—Mamaroneck—Byram River—The Wooden-Nutmeg State—Brother Jonathan—Greenwich—Old Put's Hill—Stamford—Colonel Abraham Davenport—The Dark Day—Norwalk—Sasco Swamp—Fairfield—Pequannock River—Bridgeport—Phineas T. Barnum—Joyce Heth—General Tom Thumb—Jenny Lind—Old Stratford—Milford—New Haven—Quinnepiack—John Davenport—Yale College—Killingworth—Elihu Yale—Steamboat Fulton—East and West Rocks—The Regicides—Wallingford—James Hillhouse—Savin Rock—Saybrook Point—Guilford—Connecticut River—The Sachem's Head—Thimble Islands—Saybrook Platform—Old Saybrook—Thames River—New London—Groton—Silas Deane—Fort Hill—Pequot Hill—Defeat of the Pequots—Pawcatuck—Stonington—Watch Hill Point—Westerly—Orient Point—Plum Island—Plum Gut—Shelter Island—The Gull Islands—The Horse Race—Fisher's Island—Gardiner's Island—Lyon Gardiner—Captain Kidd and his Buried Treasures—Sag Harbor—Montauk Indians—Money Pond—Fort Pond Bay—Montauk Point and its Lighthouse—Ultima Thule—Isle of Manisees—Block Islanders—Whittier—Palatine Wreck.

THE ISLE OF NASSAU.

THE first white man who sailed upon Long Island Sound was the bluff old Dutch navigator, Captain Adraien Blok. Desirous of adventure and spoil, he built upon the shore of the Battery, in 1614, the first ship ever constructed at New York, a blunt-pointed Dutch sloop-yacht of sixteen tons, which he named the "Onrest." The four little huts he had upon the shore to house his builders and crew were among the first structures of the early Manhattan colony. Fitting her out, he braved the terrors of the Hell Gate passage and started on a voyage of discovery on Long Island Sound, which he explored throughout. He found the mouth of the principal river of New England, the Connecticut, and coasting around Point Judith, entered Narragansett Bay, and cast anchor before an island with such conspicuously red-clay shores that he called it Roodt Eylandt, or the Red Island, on which Newport now stands. Then he ventured out to sea and found the bluff shores of Block Island, to which he gave his own name. Sated with exploration and loaded with spoil exchanged with the Indians, he then returned to New York and told of his wonderful adventures. His was the first vessel, manned by white men, known to have sailed upon the "Mediterranean of America," as Long Island Sound is popularly called. This grand inland sea is generally from twenty to thirty miles wide, and is

enclosed by Long Island, the ancient Isle of Nassau of the Dutch, stretching for one hundred and thirty miles eastward from New York harbor, and being likened to a fish lying upon the water. It has a generally bluff northern shore along the Sound, and the southern coast, which is low and level almost to the eastern extremity, lies nearly due east and west, the island finally breaking into a chain of narrow peninsulas and islands facing the rising sun. The southern border is a continuous line of broad lagoons, separated from the Atlantic by long and narrow sand-bars. The chief lagoon is the Great South Bay, eighty miles long, fronted by the curious formation of the Great South Beach, stretching its entire length, and from one to five miles wide. Upon the outer beaches, and within the lagoons, are a succession of noted seashore resorts. Eastward, beyond Jamaica Bay and Rockaway, is Long Beach, and behind it Hempstead Bay. Then come Jones' Beach and Oak Island, with Massapequa, Amityville and Lindenhurst behind them. Then we are at Babylon and Bayshore, with the Great South Bay fronted by Fire Island, and beyond it the long sand-strip of the Great South Beach. The famous lighthouse of Fire Island, the guiding beacon to New York, one hundred and sixty-eight feet high, is flanked by summer hotels, and its flashing electric light of twenty-three million candle-power is the most powerful on the Atlantic Coast. The Great South Bay spreads far eastward past

Patchogue to Moriches, and then comes Quogue and the Hamptons, where the level land rises into the Shinnecock hills. At the eastern extremity are Amagansett and Montauk. It is a long coast, fringed with lights to point the mariner's way into New York harbor.

They tell us that when the "Onrest" came into the Sound there were thirteen tribes of Indians on Long Island, and that it was the mint for the aborigines, these tribes being the great makers of wampum, the Indian money, for which its beaches and bays furnished the materials. The Montauks, on the eastern end, were the most formidable, and were usually carrying on wars with the Pequots, across the Sound in New England. Out on Shinnecock Neck is the reservation where live the small remnant of the Shinnecock tribe, there being barely a hundred of them, each family in a little house on a little farm it tills. Around Jamaica Bay once lived the Jameko tribe, all now disappeared. At quaintly named Quogue, Daniel Webster used to go fishing and bathing. The hill tops of the Hamptons have perched upon them the picturesque old Dutch windmills which are so attractive to the artists, and at East Hampton still stands the venerable gabled house where lived Lyman Beecher in his earlier ministry, and where his elder children, Catharine and Edward Beecher, were born. Here also passed his boyhood, before he began wandering over the earth,

the author of *Home, Sweet Home*, John Howard Payne, his father being the village schoolmaster. Payne's quaint little shingled cottage is East Hampton's most sacred memorial. The inhabitants of East Hampton are so much in love with their healthy home, which dates from 1648, that on its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, celebrated in 1898, the announcement was made that they "like East Hampton in a thick fog better than any other place in full sunshine." Eastward from Jamaica, in the western centre of Long Island, are Creedmoor, the noted rifle range, Hempstead, where the New York troops were mobilized in 1898 for the Spanish War, and Garden City, the model suburban town laid out by Alexander T. Stewart, containing a handsome Episcopal Cathedral. Not far away is Hicksville, and to the northward the ancient town of Jericho. This was a tract bought from the Indians by Robert, the brother of Roger Williams, in 1650, which afterwards became a place of Quaker settlement, and here lived and preached for sixty years the famous Elias Hicks, the founder of one of the Quaker sects. He was an opponent of war and of slavery, and rode all over the country as a missionary preacher.

THE NORTHERN LONG ISLAND SHORE.

The steamboat entering Long Island Sound from New York, after passing Hell Gate and crossing Flushing Bay, emerges from the strait of East River

between Throgg's Neck and Whitestone. Upon the end of Throgg's Neck, the jutting point has the gray-stone ramparts and surmounting earthworks of its ancient guardian, Fort Schuyler. Thrust forward from the Long Island shore, as if to meet it, is the protruding headland of Willett's Point, the Government torpedo station. Here also is an old stone fort down by the waterside, with the extensive ramparts of a modern fort on the bluff above. These are the defensive works commanding the approach to New York from Long Island Sound. In the neighboring havens are favorite anchorages for yachts. Beyond are the expansive waters of the Sound, and far off southward, thrust into the land, are the deep recesses of Little Neck Bay, made famous by its clams, and protected to the eastward by the curiously bifurcated peninsula of Great Neck. The northern Long Island shore is very irregular, and rises into hills. Bold peninsulas and deep bays form it, the surface being corrugated into hillocks and valleys, and penetrated by narrow, shallow harbors. The waves of the Sound have eroded the shores into steep and often precipitous bluffs of gravel, sometimes rising a hundred feet above the water, where narrow beaches, strewn with boulders, border them. At Sands Point is a great peninsula protruding in high sandy bluffs, and behind it is the highest mountain on Long Island, Harbor Hill, rising three hundred and fifty feet above the village of Roslyn, at the head of the

deeply indented Hempstead Harbor, where lived at his home of Cedarmere, for many years, William Cullen Bryant, who now sleeps in the little cemetery.

Oyster Bay is deeply indented into the land to the eastward, surrounded by villas and attractive homes, and beyond protrudes the broad, high headland of Lloyds' Neck. This was strongly fortified by the British in the Revolution, and King William IV., then the youthful Duke of Clarence, was at one time an officer of the garrison. It was attacked and captured by the Americans who came over from Connecticut in 1779, the garrison being taken prisoners. Subsequently the British again took possession, and the French from Newport attacked them in 1781, but were repulsed. The hero of Oyster Bay is Captain Nathan Hale of Connecticut, whose statue stands in New York City Hall Park. He had been sent by Washington in 1776, across the Sound, to examine the British defenses of Brooklyn, and, returning, was captured by some Tories at Oyster Bay, and the next day hanged in New York as a spy. Though but twenty-one years old, he met his fate bravely, saying: "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country." The British destroyed his farewell letters, the provost-marshal saying "that the rebels should not know they had a man in their army who could die with so much firmness." Oyster Bay was bought in 1653 from the Matinecock

Indians by a Pilgrim colony from Sandwich, Massachusetts, and a treaty made at Hartford established it as the boundary between the Dutch of New York and the English of New England. To the eastward are Huntingdon, Setauket and Port Jefferson, popular resorts, and inland are Jerusalem and Islip, the latter settled and named in the seventeenth century by emigrants from old Islip, Oxfordshire, England. Here is the famous Ronkonkoma Lake, so named by the Indians from the white sand of its shores. It is a pretty sheet of fresh water among the forests, about a mile in diameter, of great depth, and has neither inlet nor outlet, though its surface level regularly rises and falls every four years. Here lived the chief wampum makers, the Secatogue and Patchogue tribes. Their wampum mainly consisted of the thick blue part of clam shells, ground into the form of bugle beads, and strung upon cards a foot long.

ENTERING NEW ENGLAND.

Coming out of New York on the northern shore of Long Island Sound, the land is found to be profusely sprinkled with outcropping rocks, a development so universal that to one place the Indians gave the name of Mamaroneck, meaning "the place of rolling-stones." These rocks are gathered into piles for fences, which cross the surface in all directions, and it requires serious effort to till the stony land. About twenty-five miles from New York is the Byram

River, the Connecticut boundary, the old saying being that New England stretches "from Quoddy Head to Byram River." This original Yankee land, though the smallest section of the United States, has made the deepest impress upon the American character. They have not enjoyed the agricultural advantages of other sections, the bleak climate, poor soil and lavish distribution of rocks and sterility making farming hard work with meagre results, so that the chief Yankee energy has been devoted to the development of manufactures, literature, commerce and the fisheries; this wonderful race who have had to practically live by their wits having admirably succeeded. Crossing Byram River brings us into the "Land of Steady Habits," Connecticut, the "Wooden-Nutmeg State," the special home of "Yankee Notions," which gave the country the original personation of "Brother Jonathan" in Governor Jonathan Trumbull, who was so useful to General Washington. Consulting him in many emergencies, Washington was wont to remark, "Let us hear what Brother Jonathan says," a phrase finally popularly adopted by making him the national impersonation.

Connecticut has the great Puritan College of the country—Yale—ruled by the Congregationalists. It has varied manufactures, to which its abundant water-powers contribute, and in which nearly all its people are engaged, its methods being largely the in-

ventions of its own sons, of whom three are prominent—Eli Whitney of the cotton-gin, Samuel Colt of the revolver, and Charles Goodyear of india-rubber fame. When De Tocqueville was in America, he was much impressed by the development of the inventive genius, education and political force of the State, which he described as a little yellow spot on the map, and at a dinner he proposed a toast, saying, in his quaint, broken English: "And now for my grand sentiment: Connect-de-coot—de leetle yellow spot dat make de clock-peddler, de school-master and de Senator; de first give you time, de second tell you what to do with him, and de third make your law and civilization." Connecticut gets more patents proportionately than any other State, one to eight hundred inhabitants being annually granted; it makes clocks for all the world, and leads in india-rubber and elastic goods, in hardware and myriads of "Yankee notions," besides being well in the front for sewing-machines, arms and war material. It is named after the chief New England river, and its rugged surface is diversified by long ridges of hills and deep valleys, running generally from north to south, being the prolongation of mountain ranges and intervales that are beyond the northern border. The picturesque Housatonic comes from the Massachusetts Berkshire hills down through the western counties; the centre is crossed by the Connecticut Valley, which has great fertility and beautiful scenery, while in the eastern

section the Quinnebaug River makes a deep valley, and, flowing into the Thames, seeks the Sound at New London. These many hills make many streams, all having water-powers, around which cluster numerous busy factories.

The southwestern town of Connecticut is Greenwich, and in front Greenwich Point is thrust out into the Sound, while, as the Yankee land is entered by railway, on a high hill stands the Puritan outpost, seen from afar—a stately graystone Congregational Church with its tall spire. The ancient Greenwich village was built on the hillside at Horse Neck, and it was here, in 1779, that General Putnam swiftly galloped down the rude rocky stairway leading from the old church, to get away from the British dragoons, on what has since been known as "Old Put's Hill," and they were too much astonished either to chase or shoot him. Beyond is Stamford, a busy factory town, where lived in the eighteenth century Colonel Abraham Davenport, described as "a man of stern integrity and generous benevolence." He was a legislator, and when, on May 19, 1780, the memorable "Dark Day" came in New England, some one, fearing it was the day of judgment, proposed that the House adjourn. Davenport opposed it, saying, "The day of judgment is either approaching, or it is not; if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty; I wish therefore that candles may be brought." This scene has been immortalized by

Whittier. The town of Norwalk is beyond, another nest of busy mills, spreading upward on the hill-slopes from the Sound. The original settlers bought from the Indians in 1640 a tract extending "one day's north walk" from the Sound, and hence the name. Fine oysters are gathered in the spacious bay, and the people make shoes and hats, locks and door-knobs. On the lowlands to the eastward the Pequot Indian nation, once ruling all this part of New England, the name meaning "the destroyers," was finally overpowered in 1637 by the Colonial troops in the Sasco Swamp, now a cultivated farm, with almost the only highly fertile land seen in the immediate region. Most of the Pequots were captured and sold as slaves in the West Indies. Beyond is tranquil Fairfield, embowered in trees and introduced by a rubber-factory, its green-bordered streets lined with cottages, and church-spires rising among the groves, while along the shore it has the finest beach on Long Island Sound.

BRIDGEPORT, OLD STRATFORD AND MILFORD.

Pequannock, the "dark river" of the Indians, flows out of the hills to an inlet of the Sound, where the enormous mills of the active city of Bridgeport have gathered a population of over fifty thousand people, in a hive containing some of the world's greatest establishments for constructing sewing-machines and firearms, building carriages, and making

cutlery, corsets and soaps, while other goods also occupy attention. The grand Seaside Park esplanade overlooks the harbor, and towards the north the city stretches up the slopes into Golden Hill, named from its glittering mica deposits, where magnificent streets display splendid buildings. When the Pequots were exterminated in 1637, colonists founded this town, gradually crowding the Paugusset Indians, who owned the land, into a small reservation on Golden Hill. The great establishments to-day are the Wheeler and Wilson and Howe Sewing-Machine Works, Sharp's Rifle Factory and the Union Metallic Cartridge Company; and Bridgeport is also the headquarters of the chief American circus. The stately and high-towered mansion of Waldemere fronts the park, and was the home of Bridgeport's best-known townsman, the veteran showman, Phineas T. Barnum. Born in Connecticut, at Bethel, in 1810, he died at Bridgeport in 1891. He first developed the financial advantages of amusing the public, and possibly humbugging them on a grand scale, and by working upon his oft-quoted theory that "the people liked to be humbugged," twice amassed a large fortune. In early life he wandered over the country earning a precarious livelihood in various occupations, and in Philadelphia in 1834 began his career as a showman. He bought for $1000 a colored slave-woman, Joyce Heth, represented to be the nurse of George Washington and one hundred

and sixty-one years old. From her exhibition his receipts reached $1500 a week, and she died the next year. In 1842 he began exhibiting Charles S. Stratton, "General Tom Thumb," a native of Bridgeport, born in 1832, whose size and growth were as usual until his seventh month, when he had a stature of twenty-eight inches, and ceased to grow. Barnum exhibited him in the United States, France and England, and attracted world-wide notoriety. Barnum started the American fashion of paying extravagant sums to opera-singers, in 1849 engaging Jenny Lind to sing at one hundred and fifty concerts in America for $1000 a night, the gross receipts of a nine months' tour being $712,000. He subsequently had his fortune swept away through endorsing $1,000,000 notes for a manufacturing establishment that went down in the panic of 1857. His fortunes were revived, however; he had museums in the leading cities, and in his later life had the "Greatest Show on Earth," which set out every spring from Bridgeport. Tom Thumb in 1863 married Lavinia Warren of Middleboro', Massachusetts, a dwarf like himself, and he died in 1882.

To the eastward a short distance, and in sharp contrast with active Bridgeport, is quiet old Stratford, with Stratford Point protruding in front into the Sound, at the entrance of the stately and placid Housatonic, which comes down through the meadowland just beyond the village. Here there are neither

watering-place hotel nor busy factory to disturb the ancient order of things, encumber the greensward, or encroach upon the sleepy and comfortable houses, where one may dream away in the twilight, under the shade of grand trees that are even older than the town. Stratford is much the same now as when settled by a Puritan colony from Massachusetts in 1639, the leader and pastor being Adam Blackman, whom Cotton Mather called "a Nazarite purer than snow and whiter than milk." Across the patches of marshland, adjoining the Housatonic, is Milford, its half-mile-long stretch of village green neatly enclosed, and its houses upon the bank of the silvery Wap-o-wang, back of which spread the wide streets lined by rows of overarching elms. A colony from Milford in England settled here in 1639 and soon crowded the Indians off the land, establishing the primitive church, which was the usual beginning of New England settlements. Then, true to the American instinct, they proceeded to hold a convention, the result being the adoption of the following platform:

Voted, That the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.

Voted, That the earth is given to the saints.

Voted, That we are the saints.

They had a good deal of trouble afterwards, both with the Dutch from New York and the Indians, but the saints ultimately possessed the earth in peace,

and their successors are now making straw hats for the country.

THE CITY OF ELMS.

The city of New Haven, the most populous in Connecticut, having a hundred thousand people, is built upon a plain, surrounded by hills, at the head of a deep bay extending several miles northward from Long Island Sound. The magnificent elms, arching over the streets and the Public Green, and grandly rising in stately rows, make the earliest and the deepest impression upon the visitor. In one of his most eloquent passages, Henry Ward Beecher said that the elms of New England are as much a part of her beauty as the columns of the Parthenon were the glory of its architecture. The grand foliage-arched avenues of New Haven are unsurpassed elsewhere, so that they are the crowning glory as well as the constant care of the townsfolk. Among the finest is the avenue separating the Yale College grounds from the Public Green—a magnificent Gothic aisle of the richest foliage-covered interlacing boughs. The Indian name for the region round about New Haven was Quinnepiack, and the placid Quinnepiack River, coming from the northward, flows through a deep valley past the towering East Rock into the harbor. Old John Davenport was the leader and first pastor of the infant colony that settled here. He was a powerful Anglican parish pastor of London who had joined the Puritans, and in 1637

was forced to leave for New England with many of his people. They spent a year in Boston, but in April, 1638, sailed around Cape Cod to the Sound, and landed at Quinnepiack, where they laid out a town plan with nine squares for buildings, surrounding a large central square, the Public Green. At the foundation, Davenport delivered a most impressive sermon from the text, "Wisdom hath builded her house; she hath hewn out her seven pillars;" and from this came the original scheme of government for the colony by the seven leading church members, who were known as the "seven pillars." The colony got on well with the Indians, who revered Davenport, calling him "so big study man." They bought the whole tract of one hundred and thirty square miles from the Indians for thirteen coats. At first, however, they did not prosper, their trading ventures proving unfortunate, and they determined to abandon the place and remove elsewhere, selecting Jamaica, and afterwards Galloway in Ireland. The ship carrying their prospectors to Ireland sailed in January, 1647, but was never heard from afterwards, save when, as the legend has it, "the spectre of the ship sailed into the harbor in the teeth of a head-wind, and when in full view of the anxious people, it slowly melted into thin air and vanished." Then they decided to remain, and getting on better, in 1665 united their plantation with that of Connecticut at Hartford, under the condition that each

should be a capital, a compact observed until 1874, when Hartford was made the sole capital. The British in July, 1779, attacked and partly burnt and plundered the town, the Americans galling them by desultory attacks as they passed through the streets. They captured Rev. Naphtali Daggett, President of Yale College, musket in hand, and with repeated bayonet-thrusts forced him to guide them. When he was wearied and sore from wounds they asked, "Will you fight again?" He sturdily answered, "I rather believe I shall if I have an opportunity." Being forced to pray for the King, he did it thus: "O Lord, bless thy servant King George, and grant him wisdom, for thou knowest, O Lord, he needs it."

The great fame of New Haven comes from Yale College, having two hundred and fifty instructors and over twenty-five hundred students, the orthodox Congregational University of New England, which for two centuries has exerted a most advantageous and widely diffused influence upon the American intellectual character, and around it and its multitude of buildings of every kind clusters the town. In the year 1700 ten clergymen planned to have a college in the colony of Connecticut, and for the purpose contributed as many books as they could spare for its library. In 1701 it was chartered, and began in a very small way at Saybrook, at the mouth of Connecticut River, during the first year having only one

student. The pastor of the adjacent village of Killingworth was placed in charge, and for several years the students went there to him, though the commencements were held at Saybrook, and in 1707 the college was located at Saybrook. Subsequently, for a more convenient location, it was removed to New Haven, the first commencement being held there in 1718, and its first building being named Yale College, in honor of Elihu Yale, a native of the town, born in 1648, who went abroad, and afterwards became Governor of the East India Company. He made at different times gifts of books and money amounting to about five hundred pounds sterling, the benefactions being of greater value because of their timeliness. His name was afterwards adopted in the incorporation of the university. Timothy Dwight and Theodore D. Woolsey were perhaps the greatest Presidents of Yale, and among its graduates were Jonathan Edwards, Eli Whitney, Samuel F. B. Morse, Benjamin Silliman, Noah Webster, John C. Calhoun, J. Fenimore Cooper, James Kent, William M. Evarts, John Pierpont and Samuel J. Tilden. The College buildings are of various ages and styles of architecture, the original ones being the plain "Old Brick Row" on College Street, northwest of the Public Green, behind which what was formerly a large open space has been gradually covered with more modern structures. The line of ancient buildings facing the Green has a venerable and scholarly

aspect, stretching broadly across the greensward, fronted by noble elms arranged in quadruple lines along the street. One of these houses, Connecticut Hall, was built with money raised by a lottery, and from the proceeds of a French prize-ship in the colonial wars, when Connecticut aided the King by equipping a frigate. There are on the campus statues of the first rector, Abraham Pierson, President Woolsey and Professor Silliman. Various elaborate buildings are also upon adjacent grounds, such as the Peabody Museum, the Sheffield Scientific School, of four halls; the Divinity Halls, Observatory, Laboratory and Gymnasium, while the entrance to the campus from the Public Green is by an imposing tower-gateway known as Phelps Hall. The Peabody Museum has one of the best natural-history collections in the country, and the College Library approximates three hundred thousand volumes. Besides the Academic Department, Yale has schools of Science, Law, Medicine, Theology and the Fine Arts, and its properties and endowments exceed $10,000,000, the grounds occupying nine acres.

NEW HAVEN ATTRACTIONS.

But New Haven is much more than Yale College. It is a great hive of industry, manufacturing all kinds of "Yankee notions," with agricultural machinery, corsets, scales, organs, pianos, carriages, hardware and other things, and it has a large com-

merce along the coast and with the West Indies. It was to New Haven that the first steamboat navigating Long Island Sound went from New York in March, 1815, the Fulton, which occupied eleven hours in going there, and fifteen hours in returning two days later, being delayed by fog, subsequently, however, making the trip in less time. This boat was constructed by Robert Fulton, and carried a figure-head of him on her bow. She was one hundred and thirty-four feet long, and of three hundred and twenty-seven tons, built with a keel like a ship, having a sloop bow, and being rigged with one mast and sails to accelerate her speed. She was managed by Elihu S. Bunker, and her ability to pass through Hell Gate against a tide running six miles an hour was regarded as one of the marvels of that time. The New York *Evening Post* of March 25, 1815, describing her, said, "We have been assured that this establishment has cost $90,000, and we believe it may with truth be affirmed that there is not in the whole world such accommodations afloat as the Fulton affords. Indeed, it is hardly possible to conceive that anything of the kind can exceed her in elegance and convenience." Many were the races she had with the "packet-sloops" that plied on the Sound and often beat her, when the wind was fair.

There are tastefully adorned suburbs surrounding New Haven, where the hills afford charming prospects. The two great attractions, however, are the

bold and impressive promontories known as the East and West Rocks, which are high buttresses of trap-rock, lifting themselves from the plain on each side of the town in magnificent opposition, and rising four hundred feet. The geologists say they were driven up through the other strata, and some people think these grim precipices in remote ages may have sentinelled the outflow of the Connecticut River, between their broad and solid bases, to the Sound. Each tremendous cliff is the termination of a long mountain range coming down from the far North. The Green Mountain prolongation, stretching through ridges southward from Vermont, is represented in the West Rock, while the East Rock terminates the Mount Tom range, through which the Connecticut River breaks its passage in Massachusetts, and part of which rises a thousand feet in the "Blue Hills of Southington," which are the most elevated portion of Connecticut. Thus projected out upon the plain, almost to Long Island Sound, the summits of these two huge rocks afford grand views. In the Judge's Cave, a small cleft in a group of boulders on the West Rock, the three regicides, Goffe, Whalley and Dixwell were in hiding for some time in 1661, and the three streets leading out to this rock from the city are named after them. It is recorded that a man living about a mile away took them food until one night a catamount looked in on them, and "blazed his eyes in such a frightful manner as

greatly to terrify them." Dixwell's bones repose upon the Public Green at the back of the "Centre Church," which stands in the row of three churches occupying the middle of the Green that was the graveyard of colonial New Haven, and Whalley is buried nearby.

There is a grand approach to the East Rock, which is elevated high above the marshy valley of Mill River, winding about its base, and upon the topmost crag is a noble monument reared to the soldiers who fell in the Civil War. The whole surface of the East Rock is a park, and upon the face of the cliff the perpendicular strata of reddish-brown trap stand bolt upright. From this elevated outpost there is a charming view over the town spreading upon the flat plain, and the little harbor stretching down to the Sound; and beyond, across the silvery waters, can be traced the hazy hills of Long Island, twenty-five miles away. Two little crooked rivers come out of the deep valleys on either side of the great rock, winding through the town to the harbor, while all about, the country is dotted with flourishing villages. Among them is Wallingford, to which the railway leads northeast amid meadows and brickyards until it reaches the high hill, whose church-towers watch over the population, largely composed of plated-ware makers. When this town was founded, John Davenport came out from New Haven and preached the initial sermon from the appropriate text, "My beloved hath a vineyard on a very fruitful hill."

Hillhouse Avenue, a broad and beautiful elm-shaded street bordered by fine mansions, leads out to the "Sachem's Wood," which was the home of the Hillhouses, of whom James Hillhouse was the great Connecticut Senator after the Revolution. His remains repose in the old Grove Street Burying-Ground, where rest many other famous men of the Academic City, among them Timothy Dwight, Lyman Beecher, Samuel F. B. Morse, Benjamin Silliman, Elbridge Gerry, Roger Sherman, of whom Jefferson wrote that he "never said a foolish thing in his life," Eli Whitney, and Noah Webster, who, before he compiled his famous dictionary, had published the "Elementary Spelling Book," which had a sale of fifty millions of copies. The New Haven City Hall, fronting the Green, is one of the finest municipal buildings in New England. The three churches occupying the centre of the Green are the North, the Centre, and Trinity churches, the first two Congregationalist and the last Episcopal, the row presenting a curiously quaint and ancient appearance. The favorite resort of the people of New Haven is Savin Rock, a promontory four miles away, pushing a rocky front to the Sound at the end of a long sandy beach, and having a good view, being located westward from the harbor entrance.

OLD SAYBROOK.

The Connecticut River flows into Long Island Sound thirty-three miles east of New Haven at Say-

brook Point. Between is the venerable village of Guilford, where Fitz Greene Halleck was born, and where the three regicides were also for some time hidden. Out in front is the bold and picturesque Sachem's Head, which got its name from a tragedy of the Pequot War in 1637. The Mohican chief Uncas pursued a Pequot warrior out on this point, and shooting him, put his head in the fork of an oak tree, where it remained many years. The group of Thimble Islands are off shore, having been repeatedly dug over by deluded individuals searching for the buried treasures of Captain Kidd. Saybrook Point was the place of earliest settlement in Connecticut. The first English patent for lands on these coasts was granted to Lord Saye and Seal and Lord Brooke, and the colony was given their double name. The original settlement was planned with great care, as it was expected to become the home of noted men, and a fort was built on an isolated hill at the river's mouth. According to the British historian, it was to Saybrook that Cromwell, Pym, Hampden and Haselrig, with their party of malcontents, intended to emigrate when they were stopped by the order of King Charles I. Had this migration been made, it might have greatly changed the subsequent momentous events in England ending with the execution of that king. A little westward of the old colonial fort guarding the river entrance, a public square was laid out, where, according to the town plan, their houses

were to have been built. The first Yale College at Saybrook was a narrow one-story house eighty feet long, and looking much like a ropewalk, which was afterwards removed, with the college, to New Haven. Its founders were pious men, who in 1708 drew up the celebrated "Saybrook Platform," with a declaration that "the churches must have a public profession of faith, agreeable to which the instruction of the college shall be conducted."

The ancient fort at Saybrook, built by Plymouth people in 1635, stood upon a steep and solitary knoll near the Connecticut River, which in 1872 was carried off bodily by a railroad to make embankments across the adjacent lowlands. The earliest governor of the colony came out in 1636, Colonel Fenwick, afterwards one of the regicide judges. Old Saybrook is now a quiet village, chiefly spread along one handsome wide street, canopied over by the arching branches of its stately elms, under which the distant vista view looks almost like a scene through a veritable foliage tunnel. The broad Connecticut flows in front, back and forth with the tide from the Sound, its restfulness in keeping with the ancient town, as yet uninvaded by business bustle or manufacturing energy. The Saybrook fort repelled the Pequots in 1637; and afterwards, in the Connecticut boundary disputes with the Dutch at New York, the latter, according to the veracious chronicler, marched against it "brimful of wrath and cabbage," but seeing it

would be stoutly defended, he adds that "they thought best to desist before attacking." The British captured it in 1814, and ascending the river in a sudden raid, destroyed a large number of vessels.

THE THAMES TO THE PAWCATUCK.

The river Thames, coming down out of the hills and receiving the Quinnebaug, flows into the Sound twenty miles east of the Connecticut, and here is the pleasant city of New London, with about fifteen thousand people. Thus the early settlers renewed in the New England colony the names of old London and Father Thames, replacing the original Indian titles of Pequot for the town and Mohegan for the river. New London is built on a hillside, famous for comfortable old mansions and noble trees on the hilly streets, running down the declivity to the harbor, in the upper part of which is a navy yard. On either side of the harbor entrance are the gray walls and grassy mounds of the ancient defensive works, Forts Griswold and Trumbull, which got their chief scars during the Revolution. The most sacred New London memory is of Nathan Hale, who lived there, his little house being preserved as a relic. The Thames is a fine estuary, and upon it are sailed the great Yale and Harvard boat-races. New London was the headquarters of the Connecticut navy during the Revolution, a fleet of twenty-six vessels. After Arnold's treason, he came in September, 1780, with

ships and a large force of troops, captured Fort Trumbull and burnt the town. Afterwards they attacked Fort Griswold across the river, losing large numbers in storming it, and when the garrison had surrendered they were massacred. A fine granite Obelisk contains the names of the slain, and bears the inscription: "Zebulon and Naphtali were a people that jeoparded their lives till death in the high places of the Lord." The people of New London go down to the Sound for recreation and clam-bakes, the wide-spreading beaches having numerous hotels and summer cottages. All this region in the early times was the home of the Niantic Indians, a clan of the Narragansetts, their sachem being Ninigret, the brother of Canonicus and uncle of Miantonomoh, whose names are preserved in powerful American warships.

Beyond the Thames is Groton, known as the home of Silas Deane, the early American diplomatist, a hilly township, with little good soil. On its verge are Fort Hill, where Sassacus, the sachem of the Pequots, had his royal fortress, and Mystic, with the popular resort of Mystic Island just off shore. To the northward of Mystic is Pequot Hill, where Colonel Mason attacked that tribe in May, 1637. He had marched out of Rhode Island with ninety English and over four hundred Mohicans and Narragansetts under the sachems Uncas and Miantonomoh, but when they arrived at the Pequot stronghold, the In-

dian allies were afraid to attack and drew off. Nothing daunted, Mason and his colonial soldiers prepared to do the work alone, and as a preliminary knelt down in prayer. At the sight of this, another sachem, Wequash, who had been their guide, was amazed and asked an explanation, and when he understood it, became so impressed that he was converted, afterwards preaching throughout New England. Mason and his men assaulted the stronghold in the darkness, and got inside the palisades, but being overwhelmed by the superior numbers, fell back after setting fire to the wigwams. The fire compelled the Pequots to flee, and then the English and friendly Indians surrounded the hill and shot down the fugitives, there being six hundred Pequots shot or burnt, this being the death-blow to the tribe. Old Cotton Mather, who recorded it, wrote: "It was a fearful sight to see them frying in the fire, and the streams of blood quenching the same, and horrible was the stink and scent thereof; but the victory seemed a sweet sacrifice, and they gave the praise thereof to God." Sassacus, from Fort Hill, sent reinforcements, but they were too late, although they harassed Mason's retreat, and Sassacus was soon forced also to flee, the remnant of the Pequot tribe being killed or captured in Sasco Swamp.

This region was Pawcatuck, and its chief town now is Stonington, built on a fine harbor, near the Rhode Island boundary, which is protected by the

protruding arm of Watch Hill Point, the whole coast thereabout being filled with summer hotels and cottages. Stonington is on a narrow rocky peninsula, and of this town, in the early part of the nineteenth century, President Dwight of Yale College wrote, referring to its reputation, that "Stonington and all its vicinity suffers in religion from the nearness of Rhode Island." The place was bombarded for three days, in 1814, by a British fleet, but all attempts to land were successfully repulsed. Watch Hill Point is a high bold promontory, with sand beaches stretching both ways and hooking around westward so as to enclose Stonington harbor. To the eastward is Westerly on the Pawcatuck River, noted for its fine granite quarries and textile factories.

EASTERN LONG ISLAND.

From the Long Island shore, opposite the mouth of Connecticut River, there protrudes northeastward an elongated and almost bisected peninsula, ending in Orient Point. The eastern end of Long Island divides into two arms, this being the northern one, having at its outer extremity Plum Island, the passage between being the famous "Plum Gut," a short cut occasionally taken by cunning yachtsmen racing around Long Island. Orient Point was originally the "Oyster Pond Point," its name having been modernized, and Plum Island, covering more than a square mile, is said to have been bought from the Indians by

MISSION, SAN ANTONIO.

the first colonists in 1667 for a hundred fish-hooks and a barrel of biscuit. A succession of islands stretches out from it over northeastward towards the Rhode Island shore, and these guard the entrance to the Sound. The southern arm of Long Island extends much farther eastward than the northern one, and ends in Montauk Point. Enclosed between these branching peninsulas is Shelter Island, thus appropriately named from its well protected harbors. It is a delicious island, about four by six miles in extent, picturesque and irregular in outline, having cliffs and promontories dropping off into tiny coves and bays with little beaches, their shores rich with the attractions that shells and sea mosses give. In the interior are rolling hills and fresh-water ponds. Out in front on either hand are the blue waters of Peconic and Gardiner's Bays, with the broad Atlantic beyond. This island was the home of the Manhasset Indians, and that was its early name. To its hospitable shores fled some of the persecuted Quakers of New England, when driven out by the Puritans, the settlement being made as early as 1652. The records tell that in the eighteenth century George Whitefield came and preached here with such fervor and success that he was constrained to ask, "And is Shelter Island become a Patmos?" It is in a delightful location, and from the breezy hill-tops which have a grand outlook over the azure waters there can be seen a vision

"—— of islands that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Amongst the evening clouds."

The array of islands guarding the entrance to the Sound beyond Plum Island begins with Great Gull and Little Gull Islands, the latter marking the edge of the "Horse Race," as the rapid tidal current in and out of the Sound between Little Gull and Fisher's Island is called. This Race is off the mouth of the Thames River, beyond which is Fisher's Island, nearer the Connecticut shore, an island nine miles long, and forming a sort of barrier protecting the Thames entrance from the ocean storms. This elongated island, covering about twelve square miles, was originally "Ye Governour's Farme of Fyscher's Island," owned by Governor John Winthrop of Connecticut, to whom it was granted in 1668, remaining in his family for two centuries, when a wealthy New Yorker bought it for a stock-farm. The adjacent waters are now a favorite locality for United States naval evolutions. To the eastward of Shelter Island, and lying in front of Gardiner's Bay, is Gardiner's Island, covering about six square miles, and having a long protruding northern point stretching up towards Plum Island. This island was the Indian Monchonock, and Lyon Gardiner, the first Englishman who settled anywhere in the State of New York, came along in 1639, and bought it from them for some rum and blankets, a gun and a large black dog,

and his descendants have since been the owners. He was a veteran of Cromwell's wars, and always had the confidence of the Indians. Gardiner's Island was a favorite resort of the noted freebooter Captain Kidd, and while thousands of people at many places have at various times searched for his buried treasures, this is the only place that anything was ever found. Kidd was the son of a Scottish clergyman, became a mariner, and was sent from New York in an armed vessel to chase the pirates off the coast. Succeeding admirably, he was placed at the head of a new ship, the "Adventure," with one hundred and fifty men, and sent to chastise the freebooters in the East Indies. But after rounding the Cape of Good Hope and entering the Indian Ocean he turned pirate himself, crossing the Indian and Pacific Oceans, rounding Cape Horn, sailing up the Atlantic, and sweeping the West Indies. In two years he circumnavigated the world, became the most famous pirate in history, and landed at Gardiner's Island, burying his treasures. He was afterwards captured in Boston and sent to London, where he was hanged in 1701 on a charge of murder. The Earl of Bellamont, Governor of Massachusetts, took from Kidd part of his plunder, and learning the hiding-place on Gardiner's Island, had the locality dug up, recovering gold, silver, jewels and merchandise, valued at $70,000. Kidd's exploits are commemorated in a song which is of world-wide renown, thus beginning:

"I'll sing you a song that you'll wonder to hear,
Of a freebooter, lucky and bold—
Of old Captain Kidd—of the man without fear,
How himself to the devil he sold.

"His ship was a trim one as ever did swim,
His comrades were hearty and brave,—
Twelve pistols he carried, that freebooter grim,
And he fearlessly ploughed the wild wave."

To the southward of Shelter Island, on the southern peninsula of Long Island, is the well-protected roadstead of Sag Harbor, formerly a famous whaling port, but most of its maritime glory has departed. Massachusetts fishermen first settled the place, and it had at one time a fleet of over forty whale ships, earning $1,000,000 a year; but the California gold-hunting fever in 1849–50 is said to have diverted its mariners and began the paralysis of this industry, which subsequently died out almost everywhere. It has about two thousand people, and its admirable situation has made it an attractive summer resort, while it is also developing some manufactures. On the peninsula to the southward are perched various old-time windmills, with their broad gyrating sails, in the wide-spreading land of the Hamptons. Far to the eastward the peninsula stretches out to Montauk Point, the end of Long Island. Here is the reservation of the remnant of the Montauk Indians, their name meaning the "Fort Country," as they were the most powerful tribe on the island, and made some defenses in their hilly region. The Sachem Wyandance who

was at their head when the white men came, in the seventeenth century, was wise and sagacious, and became their firm ally, fighting the Pequots and their other enemies. In all the adjacent waters vast numbers of menhaden are caught. Here was located the camp, in 1898, where the American troops returning from the torrid heats and malaria of the Cuban-Spanish war recuperated, over thirty thousand men being cared for previously to discharge. Captain Kidd was at one time around here also, and is supposed to have sunk bags of treasure in one of the little lakes, which has since been called Money Pond, but none was ever found there. Fort Pond Bay, a spacious harbor on the northern side of Montauk Point, has been often suggested as a haven for transatlantic steamers, being safe and commodious. The plan suggested is to bring the passengers by fast railway trains from New York. Out on the eastern rocky buttress of Montauk Point is the tall white lighthouse tower, containing a most powerful Fresnel light, the gift of the French Government, visible for twenty miles at sea, its intense white light varied by occasional flashes. This is the guiding beacon of the eastern extremity of Long Island, and the solid buttress on which it stands Mrs Sigourney calls—

> "Ultima Thule of this ancient isle,
> Against whose breast the everlasting surge,
> Long travelling on and ominous of wrath,
> Forever beats."

THE ISLE OF MANISEES.

Fifteen miles northeast of Montauk Point, out in the ocean, is Block Island, lying midway between the extremity of Long Island and Point Judith, on the western side of the entrance to Narragansett Bay. It is about eight miles long, with a prominent white light for a beacon on each end, north and south, and is a curious isolated place amid the rolling waves of the Atlantic. Its balmy climate and equable temperature have made it a favorite summer resort, being popularly called the "Bermuda of the North," while some of its admirers say it is destined to become the American Isle of Wight. It was known to the Indians as Manisees, the "Isle of the Little God," and when the whites first came, its aboriginal people were great wampum makers. The Puritans campaigned on the island, defeating the Indians, and in 1638 they sent sixty feet of wampum to Boston for tribute, but the English did not permanently settle there till 1661. It is an elongated island, with high bold shores, abrupt hills, narrow valleys and sundry ponds, one, the "Great Salt Pond," near its centre, being of considerable size. The surface, however, is entirely destitute of trees, and the only harbor is behind the protecting refuge of a breakwater, built some time ago by the Government. As the ocean waves are always buffeting and washing away the shores, its ultimate total disappearance is predicted, but this im-

pending fate is said not to seriously alarm the inhabitants, who are, by the way, almost all Baptists. Until recently, so little was actually known of these Block Island folk, who were nearly all born there, and relatives, that a strong belief was prevalent on the adjacent mainland that the genuine native Block Islanders had only one eye apiece. They are strange and antiquated, and many of the old people have never been off the island. Some of them recall as a wonderful journey taken years ago, in early youth, how they ventured so far away from home as to sail "across to the Continent," as they call the remainder of the United States. They gather sea-weed, which brings them quite a revenue, and dig peat, which is largely used for fuel. Their little stone-walled fields, ancient windmills and lily-strewn ponds are picturesque, and their ancestors are buried in the ancient burying-ground, which visitors find interesting, and then climb Beacon Hill to get a view that is unique in being an almost complete circle of the sea. This attractive place, swept by ocean breezes, is the eastern outpost of Long Island, and no better idea of it has ever been given than by Whittier's poem on the Palatine wreck, opening by describing Block Island:

"Leagues north, as fly the gull and auk,
Point Judith watches with eye of hawk;
Leagues south, thy beacon flames, Montauk!

"Lonely and wind-shorn, wood-forsaken,
With never a tree for Spring to waken,
For tryst of lovers or farewells taken,

"Circled by waters that never freeze,
Beaten by billow and swept by breeze,
Lieth the island of Manisees,

"Set at the mouth of the Sound to hold
The coast lights up on its turret old,
Yellow with moss and sea-fog mould.

"Dreary the land when gust and sleet
At its doors and windows howl and beat,
And Winter laughs at its fires of peat!

"But in summer-time, when pool and pond,
Held in the laps of valleys fond,
Are blue as the glimpses of sea beyond;

"When the hills are sweet with brier-rose,
And, hid in the warm, soft dells, unclose
Flowers the mainland rarely knows;

"When boats to their morning fishing go,
And, held to the wind and slanting low,
Whitening and darkening, the small sails show,—

"Then is that lonely island fair;
And the pale health-seeker findeth there
The wine of life in its pleasant air.

"No greener valleys the sun invite,
On smoother beaches no sea-birds light,
No blue waves shatter to foam more white!"[3]

ASCENDING THE HUDSON RIVER.

X.

ASCENDING THE HUDSON RIVER.

Hudson River Scenery—Fort Washington—Fort Lee—The Palisades—Piermont—Greenwood Lake—Tuxedo Lake—Fout Hill—Yonkers—Philipse Manor—Mary Philipse—Hastings—Dobbs's Ferry—Tappan Zee—The Flying Dutchman—Tarrytown—André and Arnold—Tappan—Irvington—Sunnyside—Washington Irving—The Sleepy Hollow—Ichabod Crane—Point-no-Point—Rockland Lake—Sing-Sing—Croton Point—Haverstraw Bay—Stony Point—Treason Hill Verplanck's Point—The Highlands—The Donderberg and its Goblin — Peekskill — Anthony's Nose — Iona Island—West Point—Forts Clinton and Montgomery—Sugar Loaf Mountain—Buttermilk Falls—Constitution Island—Susan Warner—General Kosciusko—Beverly House—Arnold's Treason—Old Cro' Nest—Flirtation Walk—The Storm King—Mount Taurus—Joseph Rodman Drake—The Culprit Fay—Cornwall—Fishkill — Newburg Bay — Newburg and Washington's Headquarters—Ural Knapp—The Tower of Victory—Enoch Crosby, the Spy—The Devil's Dance Chamber—The Long Reach—Poughkeepsie—Lakes Mohonk and Minnewaska—Vassar College—Crom Elbow—Rondout—Kingston—Esopus—Rhinebeck and Rhinecliff—Ellerslie—Rokeby—Wilderscliff—Montgomery Place—Plattekill Clove—Saugerties—Livingston Manor—Clermont—Chancellor Livingston—Fulton's First Steamboat—Catskill Mountains—Natty Bumppo—Rip Van Winkle—Slide Mountain—Kaaterskill Clove—Kaaterskill Falls—Haines's Falls—The Big Indian—City of Hudson—The Dutch—New Lebanon—The Shakers—Mother Ann Lee—Kinderhook—Stuyvesant Landing—Martin Van Buren—Schodack—The Mohicans—Beeren Island—The Overslaugh—The Patroons—The Van Rensselaers—The Anti-Rent War—Albany—New York State Capitol—Albany Medical Col-

lege—Calvin Edson—Albany Academy—Prof. Joseph Henry—Dudley Observatory—Van Rensselaer Mansion—Vanderheyden Palace—Lydius House—Balthazar Lydius—Anneke Jans Bogardus—Albany Regency—Schuyler Mansion—Erie Canal Basin—Troy—The Monitor—Mohawk River—Stillwater—Schuylerville—Burgoyne's Defeat—General Fraser's Death—Round Lake—Ballston Spa—Saratoga Lake and Town—High Rock Spring—Sir William Johnson—Saratoga Hotels—Saratoga Springs—Congress Spring—Hathorn Spring—Mount McGregor—Fort Edward—Israel Putnam—Jenny McCrea—Baker's Falls—Sandy Hill—Quackenboss' Adventure—Glen's Falls—Last of the Mohicans—Hawkeye—Sources of the Hudson—The Adirondack Wilderness—Hendrick Spring—The Tear of the Clouds—Indian Pass—Tahawas, the Sky-Piercer—Schroon Lake—The Battenkill.

THE HUDSON RIVER SCENERY.

THE noble Hudson is one of the most admired of American rivers. It does not possess the vine-clad slopes and ruined castles and quaint old towns of the Rhine, but it is a greater river in its breadth and volume and the commerce it carries. It has scenery fully as attractive in the Palisades and Highlands, the Helderbergs and Catskills, and on a scale of far more grandeur, while the infinite variety of its shores and villas and the many flourishing river towns are to most observers more pleasing. A journey along the Hudson presents ever varying pictures of rural beauty, in mountain, landscape, field and village; at times almost indescribably grand, and again entrancing in the autumn's gorgeous coloring of the forest-clad slopes, and the brilliant picture under our clear American skies. George William Curtis, voicing the

opinion of most of our countrymen, is enthusiastic about the Hudson, saying: "The Danube has in part glimpses of such grandeur, the Elbe sometimes has such delicately pencilled effects, but no European river is so lordly in its bearing, none flows in such state to the sea. Of all our rivers that I know, the Hudson with this grandeur has the most exquisite episodes. Its morning and evening reaches are like the lakes of a dream." The Hudson may not have as many weird and elfish legends as so many historic centuries and the mythical preceding era have gathered upon the annals of the Rhine, but its beauties, tragedies and folklore have been a favorite theme, and the romantic and poetic fancies of Irving, Drake and Cooper, with many others, have given it plenty of fascinating literature and picturesque incident. Oliver Wendell Holmes thus sings the praises of the Hudson:

"I wandered afar from the land of my birth,
I saw the old rivers renowned upon Earth;
But fancy still painted that wide-flowing stream,
With the many-hued pencil of infancy's dream.

"I saw the green banks of the castle-crowned Rhine,
Where the grapes drink the moonlight and change into wine,
I stood by the Avon, whose waves, as they glide,
Still whisper his glory who sleeps by their side.

"But my heart would still yearn for the sound of the waves,
That sing as they flow by my forefathers' graves;
If manhood yet honors my cheek with a tear,
I care not who sees it—nor blush for it here.

"In love to the deep-bosomed stream of the West,
I fling this loose blossom to float on its breast;
Nor let the dear love of its children grow cold,
Till the channel is dry where its waters have rolled."

THE PALISADES.

In ascending the Hudson from New York, there are passed on either hand the heights which were covered in early Revolutionary days with the defenses of New York, Fort Washington and Fort Lee, but beyond the names no trace of either fort remains. The British captured both in the latter part of 1776, and afterwards held them. Fort Lee is now a favorite picnic ground. Above it rises the great wall of the Palisades, the wonderful formation built up of columned trap rock that extends along the western river bank for twenty miles up to Piermont, this rocky buttress making the northern limit of New Jersey on the Hudson River. Occasionally a patch of trees grows upon the tops or sides of the Palisades, while the broken rocks and *débris* that have fallen down make a sloping surface from about half-way up their height to the water's edge. These columns rise in varying heights from three to five hundred feet. This grand escarpment of the Palisades is a giant wall along the river bank, sometimes cut down by deep and narrow ravines, through which the people behind them get brief peeps at the picturesque stream far below. Their general surface makes a sort of long and narrow table-land, barely a half-mile

to a mile wide, dividing the Hudson from the valley of the Hackensack to the westward, the top being usually quite level, and in most cases having a growth of trees. These desolate-looking Palisades are a barrier dividing two sections of country seeming in sharp contrast. To the westward, the inhabitants lead simple pastoral lives in a region of farm land and dairies. To the eastward, the opposite shore of the Hudson is a succession of villas and fashionable summer resorts, whither the New York people come out, seeking a little rest and freshness after the season's dissipation. From the tops of the Palisades are admirable views both east and west, displaying some of the finest sunrises and sunsets seen along the great river. Extensive blasting operations, to get the building-stone and paving material for which they form valuable quarries, are marring the beauty of the Palisades, but legal arrangements are maturing for their preservation. Their highest elevation, the Indian Head, not far above Fort Lee, rising five hundred and ten feet, has been ruined by these blasts, which at times will break off many thousand tons of rock at a single explosion.

The rocky buttress of Piermont, the termination of the Palisades on the Hudson, gets its name from a pier, a mile long, which is extended from the shore at the foot of the mountain out to deep water, and a branch of the Erie railway terminates here. This line runs inland northwestward through a fine coun-

try. Over there is Greenwood Lake, known as the "miniature Lake George," a beautiful river-like body of water, ten miles long and a mile wide, almost entirely enclosed in the mountains, and presenting extremely picturesque scenery. This lake is at a thousand feet elevation, with clear and deep spring water, and in the neighborhood are the smaller but as charming Lakes Wawayanda, Macopin and Sterling. The long look over mountain and vale causing an expression of surprise in broken English from an Indian gazing upon the attractive prospect, is said to have named the first of these pretty little lakes;—"Away, way, yonder," he said, but it sounded like "Wa-wa-yanda," and the name has since clung to it. Not far away, among these mountains, is Tuxedo Lake, the fashionable resort of the Tuxedo Park Association, also reached by the Erie railway. This club of wealthy New Yorkers has made a paradise among the Allegheny foothills, with game-preserves, golf-links, club-house, and many cottages for the members.

Above Spuyten Duyvel Creek the western Hudson River shore presents the monotonous front of these Palisades, stretching for miles apparently without a sign of active life; but the eastern bank is a far different picture of undulating hills, with gentle slopes to the water's edge, and covered in every eligible position with an endless variety of villas, presenting every phase of artistic taste and the development of

abundant wealth. These summer homes upon the Hudson are among the crowning glories of the ever-changing river scene. Here is the famous Font Hill, now the Convent of Mount St. Vincent. In 1850 the tragedian Edwin Forrest built it for his home, a mediæval graystone castle, with moat and drawbridge and six battlemented towers; but he held it only a few years, when he quarrelled with his wife, and sold the estate for $100,000 to the Sisters of Charity of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul for their Mother House, which had to remove from the site of Central Park in New York. The cross now surmounts the tallest castle tower, and it is surrounded by noble trees which have grown higher than the turrets, while on the hill behind, and almost overshadowing the little castle, is a huge red-brick convent building. Lawns slope down to the shore, and there are superb river views, with the grand wall of the Palisades rising high in front.

Yonkers is seventeen miles above New York, a galaxy of castellated and ornamental mansions fringing the town about, upon the amphitheatre of hills surrounding the flat depression on which it is mainly built. The little Neperhan or Sawmill River pours down a series of rapids through it before reaching the Hudson, with factories bordering the banks, while the great Vanderbilt railway, the New York Central, with a half-dozen sets of rails, runs along the front of the town. Here are now forty thousand

people, in sharp contrast with the time when Hendrick Hudson, exploring the river, anchored in front of the little Indian village of Napperhamok, or the "Rapid Water." Curiosity brought them out in canoes to examine his ship, the "Half Moon," and he bought oysters and beans, saying he found them "a loving people who attained great age." The Dutch early bought land from these Indians for a settlement, and it became the domain of Patroon Vanderdonck, who set the town going under the name of Yonk-heer, or the "young master," meaning the heir of the family. Then the English came along and it became the "Philipse Manor," the old stone manor house built in 1682 being the antiquarian attraction, and used now as a sort of City Hall, a Soldiers' Monument standing in front. This was a manor of twenty-four thousand acres stretching along the river from Spuyten Duyvel up to the Croton. The third of the English lords of the manor was Fredericke Philipse, who was a shrewd aristocrat, and during the Revolution tried the difficult political game of a neutral, desirous of keeping on the winning side. But neither party trusted him, and although Washington had been his guest in the famous old manor house, yet he was attainted of treason by the State of New York, his great manor confiscated, cut up into small tracts and sold. The romance of Yonkers is the love story of his daughter, Mary Philipse, the "belle of the Hudson Valley."

Tradition tells of her as the first love of Washington, but he wooed in vain, and she married another. Cooper made her the heroine of his novel *The Spy*.

The lands of this manor are among the most prized locations on the Hudson. Magnificent estates cover the sloping eastern bank, with hundreds of villas of all kinds and styles, fortunes being expended upon their elaborate decoration. Highly ornamental grounds upon the hillsides and terraces surround costly houses, built to reproduce palaces, churches, castles, baronial halls and old manors, with some sombre buildings not unlike tombs. There is every conceivable structure the florid imagination of an architect can fashion into a dwelling, some being of great size. They show up prettily among the trees, and some are thrust out upon crags almost overhanging the river, others nestle far back in clefts, and still others are set high upon the slopes. Amid the grand display is the villa-environed and exclusive town of Hastings-on-the-Hudson; and a mile above, and still in the gilded colony, is the village of Dobbs's Ferry. It got its name from the venerable John Dobbs, a Swede, who came over from the Delaware River to run the ferry during the Revolution. Not long ago some of the modern aristocrats of the place got ashamed of their old Dobbs heritage and sought to change the name to Paulding. Then came a sharp controversy, fanned into fever heat by the sensational warriors of the New York newspapers.

Soon, however, the Pauldingites surrendered, old Dobbs was vindicated, and Dobbs's Ferry the place remains. It was here in the Livingston Mansion, in 1783, that Generals Washington, Carleton and Clinton met to finally settle the terms of English recognition of American independence. Two miles above is Irvington, with more elaborate villas. This favored region of the Hudson is the choicest abiding-place of the New York multi-millionaires, and a newspaper scribe on one occasion counted in the space of six miles above Hastings the rural homes of sixty-three men whose aggregate wealth was estimated at more than $500,000,000. The single million fellow no longer cuts a figure in such a galaxy. On an eminence near Irvington stood the country house of the wealthiest of them, loftily situated, a white stone building with a tall tower, having very attractive surroundings. This was the Paulding Manor of Lyndehurst, the home of Jay Gould.

THE TAPPAN ZEE.

Over opposite, the grand terminating buttress of the Palisades, Piermont, compresses the river channel, the rocks then receding, so that to the northward it broadens into the beautiful lake of the Tappan Zee. Here is the boundary dividing New Jersey from New York, and the long ridge, retiring from the river, stretches inland some miles, encircles the town of Nyack, and comes back to the river some

distance above in an abrupt elevated cliff known as Point-no-Point. This lake is over four miles wide, and is the scene of the legend of "The Flying Dutchman of the Tappan Zee." Irving tells us that often in the still twilight of a summer evening, when the sea would be as glass, and the opposite hills threw their shadows half across it, a low sound would be heard, as of the steady vigorous pull of oars, though no boat could be seen. Some said it was a whale-boat of the ancient water-guard, sunk by the British ships during the war, but now permitted to haunt its old cruising-grounds. But the prevalent opinion connected it with the awful fate of "Rambout Van Dam of graceless memory." He was a roystering Dutchman of Spuyten Duyvel, who in a time long past navigated his boat alone one Saturday the whole length of the Tappan Zee to attend a quilting-party at Kakiat, on the western shore. Here he danced until midnight, when he started home. He was warned it was the verge of Sunday morning, but he went off, swearing he would not land until he reached Spuyten Duyvel, if it took him a month of Sundays. He was never seen afterwards, but may still be heard, plying his oars, being "the Flying Dutchman of the Tappan Zee, doomed to ply between Kakiat and Spuyten Duyvel until the day of judgment." There is also another legend of a stout, round, Dutch-built vessel of the olden time, with high bow and stern, sailing up New York harbor in

the teeth of wind and tide. She never returned down the Hudson, but the Dutch skippers plying the river often saw her, sometimes along the Palisades, or off Croton Point, or in the Highlands, but never above them. Sometimes it was by the lightning flashes of a storm upon a pitchy night, and giving glimpses of her careering across the Tappan Zee or the wide waste of Haverstraw Bay. Sometimes on quiet moonlight nights she would lie under a high bluff in the Highlands, all in deep shadow, excepting her topsails glittering in the moonbeams. She appeared always just before or after or during unruly weather, and all the skippers knew her as the "Storm Ship." Some maintained this phantom was the "Flying Dutchman," come from the Cape of Good Hope into more tranquil waters. Others held it to be Hendrick Hudson and the shadowy crew of the "Half Moon" sailing to their revels in the Catskills. We are told by Irving that "she still haunts the Highlands and cruises about Point-no-Point. People living along the river insist they sometimes see her in summer moonlight, and that in a deep still midnight they have heard the chant of her crew as if heaving the lead."

Tappan Village, naming the Tappan Zee, is some distance back from Piermont. Over on the eastern bank, nearly opposite Nyack, is Tarrytown, the "Torwen-Dorp" or "Wheat-Town" of the ancient Dutch, which has gradually changed to the present

name. The genial Irving, never at a loss for a reason for the names of places along the river, tells how the good housewives named it Tarrytown because of their spouses' propensity to linger in the village tavern on market days. It is now one of the most elegant places on the Hudson, notable for its splendid villas. The attractive region about the Tappan Zee is full of Revolutionary memories, and particularly of the great historic tragedy made by the treason of Arnold and the capture of André. Major John André, at the age of twenty-nine, in 1780, was Adjutant General of the British Army, then commanded by Sir Henry Clinton in New York. On September 20th André came to Dobbs's Ferry to meet Arnold, with whom he had been in secret correspondence in reference to the surrender of West Point, where Arnold commanded. The next night he met Arnold at Stony Point, just below the Highlands, and started back with Arnold's passport and documents enabling the British to so direct an attack upon West Point as to capture it. These papers were in Arnold's handwriting, and at his suggestion André concealed them between the soles of his feet and his stockings. André tried to make his way down the eastern side of the Hudson to New York in disguise, taking the Tarrytown road, through what was then known as the "neutral ground," which was overrun by marauders from both armies. When within a half-mile of Tarrytown, at a little stream

since called André's Brook, he was captured by Paulding, Williams and Van Wert, three American scouts, whom he mistook for his own partisans, and they searched him and found the treasonable papers. Rejecting all bribes, they took him across the Hudson to Tappan, then the American army headquarters, where he was condemned and hanged as a spy on October 2d. The old house wherein he was imprisoned still stands in Tappan, and his remains were interred there until 1821, when they were conveyed to Westminster Abbey, London.

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

Near Irvington is Sunnyside, long the home of the famous and genial Washington Irving. In the early days this house was built by a cynical Dutch councillor named Wolfert Acker, who inscribed over the door, "Lust in Rust,"—meaning "pleasure in quiet," —whence the English called it "Wolfert's Roost." As the Spanish Escurial had been modelled after the famous gridiron of the blessed Saint Lawrence, so this loyal councillor is said to have modelled his house after the cocked hat of the doughty Dutch Governor, Peter the Headstrong. The old house with its quaint Dutch gables became in time the castle of Baltus Van Tassel, and being held by Jacob Van Tassel, an active American partisan during the Revolution, the British sacked and burned it. The eastern front is overrun by ivy given Irving by Sir Walter Scott at

Abbotsford, and originally from Melrose Abbey. The great author lived here from 1846 until his death in 1859, and his pen has immortalized the neighborhood. Nearby is the sequestered vale of Slaeperigh Haven, famed in the "Legend of the Sleepy Hollow." Not far from Tarrytown, he writes, there is a little valley, or rather a lap of land among high hills, one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquility. At the opening of this hollow, by the side of a winding lane, stands the ancient Dutch church, which is the oldest religious house in New York State. It is a curious little building with a diminutive spire enclosing a bell with the inscription, "Si . Deus . Pro . Nobis . Contra . Nos . 1685" —If God for us, who against us. It was built of bricks brought out from Holland, and in the ancient and mossy graveyard, almost under the shadow of the old church, Irving is buried. He lies upon a beautiful sunny slope, whence one can look into the Sleepy Hollow, and also far over the lovely Tappan Zee and its pleasant surroundings, a spot he selected for his tomb. Longfellow thus sweetly sings of this modest grave:

"Here lies the gentle humorist, who died
In the bright Indian Summer of his fame

A simple stone, with but a date and name,
Marks his secluded resting place, beside
The river that he loved and glorified.
Here in the autumn of his days he came,
But the dry leaves of his life were all aflame
With tints that brightened and were multiplied.
How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death!
Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer;
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
Of summer, full of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere."

Only a short distance from the church is the old bridge made famous in the legend describing the escapade of the schoolmaster, Ichabod Crane, with his "soft and foolish heart toward the sex." In his love he had a rival in the stalwart and muscular Brom Bones. The legend tells us that Ichabod taught the Dutch urchins of these parts, and at the same time paid court to old farmer Van Tassel's daughter, the fair Katrina. Brom Bones, otherwise Brom Van Brunt, determined to drive him away. One dismal night Ichabod left the Van Tassel mansion in very low spirits. In the hush of midnight he could hear the watchdog bark, distant and vague, from the far opposite shore of the Hudson. Irving tells us a belief existed in a spectre—the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow—supposed to be the spirit of a Hessian trooper whose head had been carried off by a cannon-ball. Nearing the old church, this horrid ghost appeared in pursuit of Ichabod, who was be-

stride an inflexible old horse called Gunpowder. The terrified schoolmaster made all haste to reach the bridge, having passed which, he would be beyond the power of his pursuer. He spurred Gunpowder forward, but looking back, beheld the spectre close behind him, and in the very act of hurling its horrid head at him. The crash came; Ichabod rolled to the ground; the spectre and Gunpowder rushed past him in a whirlwind. Next day, we are told, a shattered pumpkin was found in the road, and not long afterwards Brom Bones led Katrina to the altar, but the luckless Ichabod was never heard of again.

In the hills behind Point-no-Point, on the western verge of the Tappan Zee, at one hundred and sixty feet elevation, is Rockland Lake, a crystal sheet of water which gives New York much of its ice supply, the blocks being sent from the top of the hill on a long slide to the barges that carry it down the river. As they glide along, they look in the distance, under the sunlight, like a string of diamonds. Hook Mountain, separating the lake from the river, is over six hundred feet high, and out of the lake flows the Hackensack River behind the Palisades, through the Jersey meadows to Newark Bay. Just above Tarrytown, on the eastern shore, is Sing-Sing Village, on a pretty slope, the name coming from the Indian Ossining, meaning "a stony place." Here, just back from the shore, is the famous Sing-Sing Prison, the long, low tiers of white stone buildings having the

railway tunnelled through them, and the pleasant village rising on the hillside behind. The convicts built their own prison many years ago, with stone hewn out of an adjacent marble ridge, called Mount Pleasant. Just above, the long forest-covered projection of Teller's or Croton Point, thrust for two miles, or more than half-way across the broad river, from the eastern bank, makes the northern boundary of the Tappan Zee. The West Shore railway, which has come up through the Hackensack Valley from Jersey City, emerges high on the western hills and runs gradually down to the river bank, so that the Hudson above has a railway on either shore. Alongside the Point, the Croton River flows in, the Reservoir being about six miles up that stream. It was off Teller's Point the British sloop "Vulture" anchored, when she brought André up from New York for his interview with Arnold.

ENTERING THE HIGHLANDS.

Beyond Teller's Point is another broadened expanse of the Hudson, Haverstraw Bay, spreading in parts five miles wide, its western shore lined with brickmaking establishments, lime-kilns and the factories which break up the stone quarried in the neighboring hills into Belgian blocks for New York street paving. Far in front, over the spacious bay, looms up the distant range of Hudson River Highlands, an outcrop of the great Kittatinny ridge,

stretching broadly across the country, a part of the same deep blue-gray mountain wall we have already penetrated farther south. Its changing hues and appearance, as approached, remind of Campbell's couplet in the *Pleasures of Hope:*

> "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
> And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

High Torn, just behind the bank below Haverstraw, rises over eight hundred feet, while above is Stony Point, the outcrop of a long line of limestone hills stretching into the river. Between it and the town, standing on a little eminence not far from the shore, was the frame house of Smith the Tory, known as the "Treason House," where André and Arnold had their clandestine meeting to arrange the surrender of West Point, this eminence now being known as "Treason Hill." Across the ferry to Verplanck's Point, on the opposite shore, André went when the meeting was over, and started on his fateful journey down to Tarrytown. The two Points suddenly narrow the Hudson, above Treason Hill, to a half-mile width, and they make the northern boundary of Haverstraw Bay. This is a region filled with Revolutionary memories. These Points commanded the southern river entrance to the Highlands, and behind them, back of the western shore, rises the buttress of the Kittatinny and the outpost of the pass, the massive Donderberg Mountain, eleven hun-

dred feet high. The eastern Point was part of the Van Cortlandt manor, whose heiress, Gertrude, married Philip Verplanck, for whom it was named. Forts were built on both Points to control the river, and the British surprised and captured both of them in June, 1779, giving Washington much annoyance; but General Wayne, in July, by one of the most brilliant movements of the war, surprised and recaptured Stony Point. On the site of the old fort, and built of some of its materials, is now a little lighthouse guiding the river navigation. Over on the opposite shore, behind Verplanck's Point, Baron Steuben drilled the Revolutionary soldiers. This region now is chiefly devoted to the peaceful occupations of burning lime and making bricks.

The Hudson bends towards the northeast along the base of the towering Donderberg,—the Thunder Mountain,—the limestone quarries cut into its cliffs looking much like an old-time fortress. The narrow river contracted in the pass always has gusty winds blowing over it, and this was a weird region in the ancient Dutch *régime*, many a tale of woe and wonder being told by the skippers who sailed that way. Irving records how they used to "talk of a little bulbous-bottomed Dutch goblin in trunk-hose and sugar-loaf hat, with a speaking-trumpet in his hand, which they say keeps the Donder-Berg." He declares "they have heard him in stormy weather, in the midst of the turmoil, giving orders in Low Dutch

for the piping up of a fresh gust of wind, or the rattling off of another thunder-clap; that sometimes he had been seen surrounded by a crew of little imps, in broad breeches and short doublets, tumbling head over heels in the rack and mist, and playing a thousand gambols in the air, or buzzing like a swarm of flies about Anthony's Nose; and that at such times the hurry-scurry of the storm was always greatest." The genial historian supports this statement by testimony. "Skipper Daniel Ouslesticker of Fish Kill, who was never known to tell a lie," declared that in a severe squall he saw the goblin "seated astride of his bowsprit, riding the sloop ashore full butt against Anthony's Nose," but that he was happily exorcised by "Dominie Van Geisen of Esopus, who happened to be on board, and who sang the song of Saint Nicholas, whereupon the goblin threw himself up in the air like a ball, and went off in a whirlwind, carrying away with him the nightcap of the Dominie's wife, which was discovered the next Sunday morning hanging on the weathercock of Esopus Church steeple, at least forty miles off." Such misadventures occurring, the skippers for a long time did not venture past the Donderberg without lowering their peaks in homage, "and it was observed that all such as paid this tribute of respect were suffered to pass unmolested."

The Hudson River Highlands in some peaks rise nearly sixteen hundred feet. The river, coming

from the north, breaks through them in a series of short bends, making narrow reaches, and in the fifteen miles required for the passage presents some of the most attractive American scenery. Beyond Verplanck's Point is the town of Peekskill, with the mountain range trending far away to the northeast, the river flowing along its base, and from the view ahead seeming to come from the lowlands beyond Peekskill. It was not strange, therefore, that in the early seventeenth century one of the Dutch skippers who braved the goblin of the Donderberg, in his explorations should have sailed his sloop up there, got into a shallow creek, and run aground. This was the misfortune of the honest Dutch mariner Jan Peek; but he made the best of it, and seeing that the soil of the valley was fertile, settled there, and the creek became Peek's Kill, and thus named the town. The rich Canopus Valley is to the northeastward, and the mountains blend so well that the sharp right-angled bend the river makes into the Highlands is completely hidden.

ANTHONY'S NOSE.

Thus rise, high over the valley, "the rough turrets of the Highland towers." The Indians believed this mountain region was created by the mighty spirit Manetho, to protect his favorite abodes from the unhallowed eyes of mortals. Their tradition was that the vast mountains of rock were raised be-

fore the Hudson poured its waters through them, and within them was a prison where the omnipotent Manetho confined rebellious spirits. Here, bound by adamantine chains, jammed in rifted pines, or crushed under ponderous crags, they groaned for ages. At length the mighty Hudson burst open their prison-house, rolling its overwhelming tide triumphantly through the stupendous ruins. Entering the pass, it really seems as if the Hudson River channel ought to run up where Jan Peck went, but instead it goes sharply around the ponderous base of the Donderberg Mountain. This is a very narrow gateway, where the swift tidal current makes the "Race," and in an instant the contracted passage is opened between the Donderberg on the left and Anthony's Nose on the right, entering this beautiful Highland district, which Chateaubriand has likened to "a large bouquet tied at its base with azure ribbon." As the narrow strait is traversed, Iona Island, tree-clad and attractive, appears ahead, and the winds usually blow a lively gale, buffeted from one mountain side to the other. The tide runs swiftly around the base of Anthony's Nose, and the romantic Brocken Kill pours down his sloping side, while through the jutting point of the Nose the railway has pierced a tunnel, making on either side a veritable nostril. The huge tree-covered mountain rises grandly to the clouds, while just over the tunnel at the point, a mass of protruding rocks and timber makes a first-class

pimple to ornament the Nose. This is one of the prominent Highland peaks, rising over twelve hundred feet, and is said by some to have been named from a fancied resemblance to the nose of the great St. Anthony, the Egyptian monk of the third century.

Irving, however, has given us the more popular tradition that it was named in memory of luckless Anthony the Trumpeter, who met his fate at Spuyten Duyvel. The veracious historian Knickerbocker writes: "It must be known that the nose of Anthony the Trumpeter was of a very lusty size, strutting boldly from his countenance like a mountain of Golconda, being sumptuously bedecked with rubies and other precious stones—the true regalia of a king of good fellows—which jolly Bacchus grants to all who bouse it heartily at the flagon. Now, thus it happened, that bright and early in the morning the good Anthony, having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter railing of the galley, contemplating it in the glossy wave below. Just at this moment, the illustrious sun, breaking in all his splendor from behind a high bluff of the Highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the nose of the sounder of brass, the reflection of which shot straightway down hissing hot into the water and killed a mighty sturgeon that was sporting beside the vessel. This huge monster, being with infinite labor hoisted on board, furnished a luxurious repast to all the crew, being accounted of excellent

flavor, except about the wound, where it smacked a little of brimstone, and this, on my veracity, was the first time that ever sturgeon was eaten in these parts by Christian people. When this astonishing miracle became known to Peter Stuyvesant, and he tasted of the unknown fish, he, as may well be supposed, marvelled exceedingly, and as a monument thereof, he gave the name of 'Anthony's Nose' to a stout promontory in the neighborhood, and it has continued to be called 'Anthony's Nose' ever since that time."

WEST POINT.

The most famous locality in the Highlands is West Point. "In this beautiful place," wrote Charles Dickens, "the fairest among the fair and lovely Highlands of the North River; shut in by deep green heights and ruined forts, and looking down upon the distant town of Newburg, along a glittering path of sunlit water, with here and there a skiff, whose white sail often bends on some new tack as sudden flaws of wind come down upon her from the gullies in the hills, hemmed in besides, all around, with memories of Washington and events of the Revolutionary war: is the Military School of America." Opposite Anthony's Nose, Montgomery Creek flows in, its mouth broadened into a little bay. Upon the high rocks at the entrance, on either side, stood the great defenders of the lower Highlands during the early Revolution, Forts Clinton and Montgomery, considered impreg-

nable then, and to bar the river passage a ponderous iron chain on timber floats was stretched across the channel to Anthony's Nose. The Continental Congress spent $250,000 on these obstructions, but the British in 1777 surprised and captured the forts, destroyed the chain and burnt the gunboats guarding it. This was a great victory, but barren of results, for Burgoyne's surrender soon afterwards compelled them to abandon this region and retire down towards New York. There are traces of the forts, and a flagstaff on the hill north of the creek marks the site of Fort Montgomery. Just above, on the eastern bank, is the charming and symmetrical cone of the Sugar Loaf Mountain, with several smaller companions, and the vista views along the river, and through some of the deep valleys between these mountains, are magnificent. The little town of Garrison's fringes the shore, the school of the Sisters of St. Francis, formerly a popular hotel, is perched high on the cliff on the western bank; while in front the dome of the West Point Library and the barracks rise in view upon the Point itself, which stretches completely across the view, its extremity hidden by the jutting headlands of the eastern bank. Here comes down in rainy weather the frothy current of the beautiful Buttermilk Falls, for a hundred feet over the rocks into the river, and the West Shore Railroad, winding along the edge of the cliffs, cuts or goes through their extended points, and finally darts

into a long tunnel bored right under the West Point Academy.

The Hudson River, some distance above, bends sharply around the little lighthouse on the end of West Point, its extremity being a moderately sloping rock covered with cedars, the reef going deep down into the water, while on its highest part is a monument to General Kosciusko, who had much to do with constructing the original military works. The flat and elevated surface, some distance inland, plainly visible both from up and down the river, is the Parade Ground, the Academic buildings being constructed around it, while behind them on higher ground is the dome-crowned library. The surface of West Point is not so high as the surrounding mountains, but its advanced position completely commands the river approach both ways, and hence its military importance. Along the water's edge at the Point the rocks are worn smooth, it is said, by so many cadets sitting there in the summer time. Just above is the cove, where they swim and practice at pontoon-bridge building, and back of this cove is the artillery ground, the guns being fired at the huge side of old Cro' Nest Mountain to the northward. Gee's Point is also above, and from its extremity was extended the second big chain across to Constitution Island, used during the later years of the Revolution, to obstruct the passage, also buoyed on timber floats; some of its huge links being still preserved. Constitution Island

was long the home of Susan Warner, the authoress, who died in 1885, and her grave is in West Point Cemetery. Her *Hills of the Shatemuc* is full of Hudson River scenes, but her best-known book was *The Wide, Wide World*, published in 1850.

The military post and academy of West Point is about fifty miles north of New York, the Government domain covering twenty-four hundred acres. The buildings stand on a plain of one hundred and sixty acres, elevated one hundred and fifty-seven feet above the river, with mountains all around, rising in some cases fifteen hundred feet, the highest being old Cro' Nest. South of the Academy, on a commanding hill six hundred feet high, are the ruins of Fort Putnam, the chief work during the Revolution. When that war began in 1775 it was ordered that the passes of the Hudson through the Highlands should be fortified, and Fort Constitution was built on the opposite island. As the higher adjacent hills commanded it, this work was soon abandoned, and three years later West Point was selected and fortified, with Fort Clinton at the Point, and several other formidable works, becoming the "American Gibraltar," the second massive chain being then extended across to the island as an additional protection. It was considered the most important post in the country, and at the time of Arnold's treason in September, 1780, was garrisoned by over three thousand men, and had one hundred and eighteen

cannon in the various works. After peace came, the military defenses fell into ruin; but Washington repeatedly recommended that a military school be established at West Point, and in 1802 it was authorized by Congress, going into operation in 1812. The earthworks of the original Fort Clinton on the point, built by the youthful engineer Thaddeus Kosciusko in 1778, have been restored, and are carefully preserved. This young officer, descended from a noble Polish family, had not completed his studies in the military school of Warsaw when he eloped with a girl of high rank. The enraged father pursued and captured them, and the youthful lover was compelled either to slay the father or abandon the daughter. He chose the latter, and going to Paris met Dr. Franklin, who soon filled him with a desire to help the struggling Americans, and he came over and entered the army as an engineer in 1776. He served with distinction throughout the war, was made a General, and publicly thanked by Congress. He fought afterwards in the Polish Revolution, and retiring to Switzerland, died in 1817. He is buried in the Cathedral Church of Cracow, and near that city a mound one hundred and fifty feet high has been raised to his memory, earth being brought from every battlefield in Poland. The Kosciusko monument of marble was erected in memory of the noble Pole in an angle of Fort Clinton at West Point in 1829.

ARNOLD'S TREASON.

West Point itself saw no fighting, the great event of its early history being Benedict Arnold's treason. Across the river from the Point, and under the shadow of Sugar Loaf Mountain, is Beverly Cove, with a little wharf, where then stood Beverly House, previously the home of a prominent loyalist, Colonel Beverly Robinson of Virginia. Dr. Dwight, afterwards President of Yale College, was Chaplain of a Connecticut regiment at West Point in 1778, and he then climbed the Sugar Loaf, describing its view over the Highlands as "majestic, solemn, wild and melancholy." Arnold, when he plotted for the surrender of the post with André at Treason Hill, below the Highlands, agreed to the treason for $50,000 gold and a Brigadier General's commission in the British army. Believing the plot was working prosperously, Arnold, after the interview, had crossed from the Point over to Beverly House, his headquarters, and three days afterwards breakfasted there on September 24, 1780. Hamilton and Lafayette arrived early that morning and met him, announcing that Washington was at the ferry below and would soon join them. While at the table, Arnold received a letter from an officer down the river with the startling intelligence, "Major André of the British army is a prisoner in my custody." Arnold is said to have acted with wonderful coolness in the presence

of his distinguished company, and although evidence of his own guilt might at any moment have arrived he thoroughly concealed his emotions. Ordering a horse prepared, on the plea that his presence was needed "over the river," he left the table and went up stairs to his wife. He briefly told her they must part, perhaps forever, as his life depended on speedily reaching the British lines. The poor young wife, a bride of less than two years, was horror-stricken, and swooning, sank senseless upon the floor. Arnold dare not summon assistance, but kissed their sleeping infant, and mounting his horse galloped down to the wharf. Here he jumped into his six-oared barge, ordering them to row him swiftly down the Hudson, strengthening their energies by a promised reward of two gallons of rum. The oarsmen worked with a will, not knowing where they were going, and were astonished when he got below the Highlands to find him guiding them to the British sloop "Vulture." They were kept aboard as prisoners by Arnold's orders, and saw him greeted as a friend by their enemies. Even Sir Henry Clinton, when they arrived in New York, despised this meanness and ordered their liberation.

Washington arrived at Beverly House soon after Arnold had left, being anxious to see him, but could not find him. The General took a hasty breakfast and crossed over the river to West Point seeking him, but having no suspicions. He was disappointed

at not finding Arnold there, and talking to Colonel Lamb, commanding Fort Clinton, the latter told him he had not heard from Arnold for two days. Washington's suspicions began to awaken, and crossing back to Beverly House, he was met by Hamilton, with the papers found upon André, revealing Arnold's guilt. He summoned Lafayette and Knox for counsel, and the deepest sorrow evidently stirred Washington's bosom as he asked them the memorable question, "Whom can we trust now?" But soon the condition of the deserted wife, who was frantic with grief and apprehension, aroused his liveliest sympathy. Describing the scene, Hamilton wrote: "The General went up to see her. She upbraided him with being in a plot to murder her child, for she was quite beside herself. One moment she raved; another she melted into tears. Sometimes she pressed her infant to her bosom and lamented its fate, occasioned by the imprudence of its father, in a manner that would have moved insensibility itself." Washington did all in his power to soothe her, believing her innocent of previous knowledge of her husband's guilt. After Arnold had got safely aboard the "Vulture," he wrote to Washington, imploring protection for his wife and child, saying: "She is as good and innocent as an angel, and as incapable of doing wrong." Ample protection was afforded, and they were sent safely to her friends. She was Miss Shippen of Philadelphia, and only eighteen years old

when Arnold, then the Military Governor of Philadelphia, married her in 1778, his second wife. The infant, James Robertson Arnold, afterwards became a distinguished officer in the British army, serving with credit in different parts of the world, and rising to the rank of Lieutenant General, dying in London in 1854. Benedict Arnold was made a Major General by the British, and was given a considerable sum of money; but his life was unhappy, as he was shunned and often insulted, and sinking into obscurity, he died in London in 1801. His treason was deliberately plotted, investigation showing he had been over a year in correspondence with the enemy, and had sought the command at West Point, given him in August, 1780, in order to compass its surrender.

OLD CRO' NEST AND THE STORM KING.

The dark pile of old Cro' Nest, guarding the northern side of West Point, rises fourteen hundred and eighteen feet, one of the noblest mountains of the Highlands. Beyond it, the Storm King and Mount Taurus are the northern portals of the pass, with Pollopell's Island, rocky and tree-clad, lying in the river between, and farther on the distant hazy shores enclosing Newburg Bay. These buttresses of the northern entrance solidly rise as protectors of the pass into the valley:

> "Mountains that like giants stand
> To sentinel enchanted land."

On the northern side of the promontory making the Point, upon a little level plain above the cliffs, overlooking the river, and almost under the shadow of old Cro' Nest, is the West Point Cemetery. Here is buried General Winfield Scott. Upon the Parade Ground is the Battle Monument, erected in 1894, a column seventy-eight feet high, surmounted by a statue of Victory. Down along the most beautiful part of the shore at the Point, and leading to Kosciusko's Garden, a favorite resort of the Polish officer, is the secluded path which generations of impulsive young cadets have known as the "Flirtation Walk." Beginning at the roadway, high on the bluff, overlooking the river, it winds with devious turns down the declivity, and after curving around the promontory near the water's edge, sweeps grandly up the incline again. This trysting-path leads under a lacework of foliage, giving it pleasant and meditative gloom even when the sun shines brightly. Over across the river is the village of Cold Spring, having both above and below the shores rising steeply, and hung upon the edge is the pretty Church of St. Mary's, with its columned portico and surmounting belfry. Nearby the railway running along the shore pierces a tunnel through a rugged protruding rock. Here is the Cold Spring foundry that makes cannon for the army. Almost under the Parade Ground on the northern side is the Siege Battery, where the guns in time of artillery practice carry on a noisy

and reverberating warfare across the Cove against the dark and towering side of old Cro' Nest. This grand mountain, the target for the youthful gunners, inspired the muse of George P. Morris, the lyric poet of the Highlands, whose delightful home was at Undercliff, across the river above, at the foot of Mount Taurus. His eyes perpetually feasted upon the view of this peak, and thus he described it:

> "Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
> Winds through the hills afar,
> Old Cro' Nest like a monarch stands
> Crowned with a single star."

The northern portal of the Highlands is guarded on either hand by the Storm King, rising fifteen hundred and twenty-nine feet, and Mount Taurus, fifteen hundred and eighty-six feet. There are also a galaxy of attendant peaks. Beyond Mount Taurus is Breakneck Hill, rising nearly twelve hundred feet, with a chain of mountains stretching far to the northeast, among them the Old Beacon and the towering Grand Sachem, sixteen hundred and eighty feet high. The Storm King was the old Boter-Berg of the early Dutch, thus named because, to their matter-of-fact minds, the mountain resembled nothing so much as a huge lump of butter. Similarly, the eastern portal of the pass was Bull Mountain originally, but has since been more classically transformed into Mount Taurus. The ancient Knickerbocker

legend records how the primitive inhabitants chased a wild bull around this mountain to the peak beyond it, where he fell and broke his neck, thus naming both of them, though Breakneck Hill yet awaits a more classic transformation.

The geologists tell us that in early ages, like the Minisink of the Delaware, the region north of the Highlands adjacent to the Hudson Valley was a vast lake, extending back to Lake Champlain, which still remains as a fragment of the inland sea, following the melting of the great glacier. To get a southern outlet, the river broke through the mountain barrier and formed the winding and romantic Highland Pass. There is a grand outlook from the summit of the Storm King over this valley to the northward. The river expands into the beautiful Newburg Bay, its most perfect land-locked harbor, and its course can be traced through the "Long Reach" for more than twenty miles, a broad, straight stream between the pleasant banks, up to Crom Elbow, the "Krom Elleboge" of the original Dutch colonists. Villages dot the shores, and fertile fields stretch up on either hand, while hung in mid air, far away across the water, is the distant, slender, spider-like span of the high railway bridge at Poughkeepsie, the route by the "back door" into New England, which has gone through such serious throes of reconstruction. Upon the left hand the Catskills, and upon the right hand the Berkshire Hills of Western Massachusetts, bound

the distant horizon. Behind, and to the southward, the river can be traced as it winds through the Highlands down to Anthony's Nose, while nearer, one can look into the depression on top of the adjoining mountain, within a surrounding amphitheatre of peaks that makes the striking resemblance giving the significant name to the old Cro' Nest.

THE CULPRIT FAY.

Between the Storm King and old Cro' Nest is the deep and beautiful Vale of Tempe, with wild ravines furrowed through it, forming channels for clear mountain streams, and the trees conceal many a delicious dell. In this picturesque nook among the mountains is laid the scene of Joseph Rodman Drake's charming poem of "The Culprit Fay":

"'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night,
The earth is dark but the heavens are bright;
Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon and the stars and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cro' Nest,
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below;
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark,
Like starry twinkles that momently break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack."

The story is told that Drake, then about twenty-one years of age, and James Fenimore Cooper and Fitz-Greene Halleck, who were his close friends, in August, 1816, were strolling through these Highlands. His companions got into a discussion, holding that our American rivers gave no such rare opportunities for poetic fancy as the streams of older lands. Drake disputed this, and, to prove the contrary, composed within three days this exquisite poem, which has largely made his fame. It is a simple yet interesting story. The fairies living in this beautiful valley are called together at midnight to punish one who has broken his vow, and they sentence him to a difficult penance, with all the evil spirits of air and water opposing. The genius of the poet interweaves the poem with every natural attraction the locality affords. Thus are the fairies summoned to the dance:

"Ouphe and goblin! imp and sprite!
Elf of eve and starry fay!
Ye that love the moon's soft light,
Hither, hither, wend your way.
Twine ye in a jocund ring;
Sing and trip it merrily;
Hand to hand and wing to wing,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree."

These Cro' Nest fairies are a dainty race. Owlet's eyes are their lanterns; they repose in cobweb hammocks swung on tufted spears of grass and rocked by midsummer night zephyrs; some lie on beds of

GRANT'S TOMB, RIVERSIDE DRIVE

lichen, with pillows of the breast-plumes of the humming-bird; others nestle in the purple shade of the four-o'clock, or in rock-niches lined with dazzling mica. Velvet-like mushrooms are their tables, where they quaff the dew from the buttercup. Their king's throne is of spicewood and sassafras, supported on tortoise-shell pillars and draped with crimson tulip-leaves. The "culprit" himself, however, in his beautiful outfit and quaint adventures, gives the best imagery of the poem. At the opening of his journey, chagrined and fatigued, he captures a spotted toad for a steed, and bridles her with silk-weed twist, spurring her onward with an osier whip. Arriving at the water's edge, he plunges in, but leeches, fish and other watery foes drive him back with bruised limbs. The use of cobweb lint and the balsam dews of sorrel and henbane relieve his wounds, and being refreshed by the juices of calamus, he embarks in a mussel-shell boat, painted brilliantly without and tinged with pearl within. He gathers a colen-bell for a cup, and sculls into the middle of the stream, laughing at the foes who chatter and grin in the water. There he sits in the moonlight, until a sturgeon, coming by, leaps glistening into the silvery light; and then, like a liliputian Mercury, balancing upon one foot, he lifts the flowery cup and catches the sparkling drop that washes the stain from his wing. He returns to the shore, having sweet nymphs grasping the sides of the boat with their tiny hands

and urging it onward. The next enterprise of the "culprit" is more knightly. He is arrayed as a fairy cavalier, in acorn helmet, plumed with thistle-down, corselet made of a bee's nest, and cloak of butterfly wings. His shield is a lady-bug's shell; his lance a wasp-sting; his spurs of cockle-seed; his bow of vine-twig strung with corn-silk; and his arrows, nettle-shafts. He mounts a fire-fly steed, and waving a blade of blue grass, speeds upward to catch a flying meteor's spark. Again the spirits of evil are let loose, those of air being as bad as those of water. A sylphid queen tries to enchant him with her beauty and kindness; she toys with the butterfly cloak as he tells the dangers he has passed. But he never forgets the object of his pilgrimage, and triumphing over the foes of air, he is escorted with honor by the sylph's lovely retinue; his career is resumed, his flame-wood lamp rekindled, and before a streak of dawn is proclaimed in the eastern sky by the sentry elf, the "Culprit Fay" has made his full penance and been welcomed back to all his original glory. Drake died at the early age of twenty-five, a victim of consumption, and his grave is beside the little river Bronx in New York. To his memory his friend Halleck wrote the noted poem, thus beginning:

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

NEWBURG BAY.

Emerging from the Highlands, the gentle slopes of the town of Cornwall are under the shadow of the Storm King, while the mountain range stretches off to the northeast, with Fishkill village in front, and the Revolutionary signal station of the Old Beacon standing up prominently behind. These mountains were the Indian Matteawan, the "Council of Good Fur." The same name was given the stream draining their sides until the Dutch called it Vis Kill, or Fish Creek, and hence its present name and that of the village. The shores of Newburg Bay seem low, as they are dwarfed by the mountains, and on the western slope an elevated bench of table-land in terraces stretches back to the distant hills. The town of Newburg, which has about twenty-five thousand people, spreads up these terraces, and in front there are storehouses, mills and railway terminals. When Hendrick Hudson sailed his ship "Half Moon" through the Highlands, he was attracted by the site of Newburg, and wrote: "It is as beautiful a land as one can tread upon; a very pleasant place to build a town on." A tribe of the Minsis who had a village known as the Quassaic, meaning "the Place of the Rock," then occupied it, and would not for a half-century permit a settlement. They were driven away, however, and a colony of Lutherans from the Palatinate came here and founded the "Palatine

Parish of Quassaic." They did not flourish, and ultimately some Scots arrived from the Tay, and seeing quite a resemblance to their old home, named the place Newborough. Its most distinguished citizen has probably been General John E. Wool, born here in 1788. At the southern end of this pleasant town, a short distance back from the river, is its chief celebrity, a low, old-fashioned graystone building, appearing to be almost all roof, from which tall chimneys rise. There is a broad lawn and flagstaff in front, and a grove for the background. This is the historic house, maintained by New York State as a relic, which was General Washington's headquarters during the closing campaign of the Revolution. It was built by Jonathan Hasbrouck, a Huguenot, in 1750, and is also known as the Hasbrouck House. In its centre is a large hall, having a huge fireplace on one side, and containing seven doors, but only one window. This was Washington's reception hall, and here he dined with his guests. At the foot of the flagstaff on the lawn is buried the last survivor of Washington's Life Guard, Ural Knapp, who died in 1856 at the age of ninety-seven. This Guard, organized in Boston in 1776, continued as his bodyguard throughout the war, and was selected from all the regiments of the army. Knapp was its sergeant, and at his last public appearance at a banquet in Newburg, the old man made a brief address, concluding with an invitation to the entire

company to attend his funeral; four months later they did so.

The "Tower of Victory" is a fine monument, built on the grounds by the Government, and surmounted by a statue of Washington in the act of sheathing his sword. A bronze tablet with the figure of Peace announces that it was erected "in commemoration of the disbandment, under proclamation of the Continental Congress of October 18, 1783, of the armies by whose patriotic and military virtue our National independence and sovereignty was established." It was at Newburg that Washington was offered the title of King by the officers of the army, but declined it. Over at Fishkill is the old Verplanck House, with its quaint dormer windows, which was the headquarters of Baron Steuben, and here, upon the disbandment of the army, was held the meeting of the officers at which was formed the Society of the Cincinnati, Washington being its first president. The mountainous region east and south and the "neutral ground" were the haunts of Enoch Crosby of Massachusetts, the American spy of the Revolution, whose exploits all about this locality Fenimore Cooper wove into his novel *The Spy, a Tale of the Neutral Ground*, which made the novelist's earliest fame. The ancient Wheaton House, around which much of the tale centred, is still there. The Murderer's Creek comes down to the Hudson through Newburg,—an attractive stream which deserved a

better name, but did not get it until N. P. Willis, who lived at Cornwall, and who converted the Dutch "Butter Hill" into the Storm King, and "Bull Hill" into Mount Taurus, tried his persuasive powers at Newburg and got this stream softened into the pleasant Indian name of Moodna. The neighborhood of Newburg is famous from a scientific standpoint for the finding of the remains of mastodons. One was unearthed there in 1899, making the eleventh found in Orange County, New York, during the past century, some of them being among the finest specimens extant.

At the head of Newburg Bay, on the western shore, is a rocky platform down by the waterside, known as the "Devil's Dance Chamber." When the "Half Moon" came up the river and anchored for the night, this broad flat rock, now almost hidden by cedars, was the scene of a wild midnight revel of the Indians, with all the accessories of song and dance, fire and war-paint, at which the Dutch sailors marvelled exceedingly, calling it the "Duyvel's Dans-Kamer." Here the warlike Minsis of the Quassaic, before going on hunting expeditions or the war-path, would paint themselves grotesquely and dance around a fire with horrible contortions, singing and yelling under direction of the soothsayers or "medicine men." They believed, if this was kept up long enough, the evil spirit would appear, either as a wild beast or a harmless animal; if the former, it fore-

boded ill-fortune and the expedition was abandoned, while the latter was a good omen. These hideous performances afterwards scared old Governor Peter Stuyvesant, according to the veracious Knickerbocker, when he sailed up the river, for the historian says, "Even now I have it on the point of my pen to relate how his crew was most horribly frightened, on going on shore above the Highlands, by a gang of merry, roystering devils, frisking and curvetting on a huge flat rock projecting into the river, and which is called the Duyvel's Dans-Kamer to this very day."

POUGHKEEPSIE AND VASSAR.

The Hudson River's "Long Reach" stretches many miles almost due northward, and on it is Poughkeepsie, with thirty thousand population, midway between New York and Albany. Near here lived stout Theophilus Anthony the blacksmith, who forged the great chains stretched across the Hudson in the Highlands, for which the British burnt his house and carried him a captive down to the New York prison-ships. Here, at Locust Grove, a foliage-covered rocky point protruding into the river, was long the home of Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph. Poughkeepsie spreads broadly upon its group of gentle hills, with the great railway-bridge crossing high overhead, elevated two hundred feet above the water, and nearly a mile and a half long. The Poughkeepsie streets, lined with

fine elms, maples and acacias, rise upon the sloping banks to a height above the bridge level, the town being environed by rocky buttresses. The Indians named the place Apo-keep-sinck, or the "pleasant and safe harbor," and in it they housed their canoes. From this was gradually evolved the present name, through a variety of spellings, of which no less than forty-two different styles are found in the old records of the town. The "safe harbor" of the Indians was between two protruding rocky bluffs, and is now filled with wharves. The rapid Winnakee Brook leaps into it, a stream which the Dutch called the Fall Kill. The northern bordering bluff was their Slange Klippe, or the "Adder Cliff," infested with venomous serpents, and the other is the "Call Rock." Tradition tells that once a band of Mohican warriors who had made a foray into New England brought here some Pequot captives, among them a young chief who was tied to a tree for a sacrifice, when a shriek startled them, and a girl, leaping from the thicket, implored his life. She also was a captive Pequot and his affianced. As the captors debated, the warwhoop was suddenly sounded by hostile Hurons, and they seized their arms for defense. The maiden released her lover, but in the conflict they were separated, and a Huron carried her off. The young chief was almost inconsolable, but he pursued them beyond the river, and conceived a daring plan for rescue. He entered the Huron camp disguised

as a wizard, found the maiden ill, and her Huron captor implored the wizard to save her life. This he essayed to do, she recognized him, and eluding the Huron vigilance, they escaped at nightfall. They made their way to the Hudson, paddled over in a canoe, and though pursued, he brought her into the "safe harbor," concealed her, and then, by the aid of the friendly Indians he found there, beat off the Hurons.

The Dutch often sailed by, and cast longing eyes upon this spot, so favorable for a settlement, but it was nearly a century after Hudson's exploration when the venerable yet venturesome Baltus Van Kleek concluded it was about time to take possession. He landed in the harbor, became the lord of the manor, and in 1705 built near the Winnakee Brook a stout fortress-dwelling, which stood until recently. It was loop-holed for musketry, and in it the New York Legislature met for two sessions during the Revolution. Out in front was the "Call Rock," where old Baltus and his friends used to stand and hail the passing Dutch sloops when they wanted to get the news or journey upon the river. The New York State Convention met at Poughkeepsie in 1788, and ratified the Federal Constitution by the small majority of three, after a protracted debate. From its many elevations, this leading city of the Hudson Valley has a superb outlook, only limited by the Catskills far to the northwest, the Highlands down

the river, and the dark-blue Shawangunk ridge off to the westward, where the attractive lakes Mohonk and Minnewaska, the former at twelve hundred and the latter at eighteen hundred feet elevation, nestle high among the mountain peaks, overshadowed by the bold summits of Paltz Point and Sky Top. Here flows deep in the valley the pretty Wallkill, out to the Rondout and the Hudson, giving the railroad a route into the mountain fastness.

About two miles back from the river, and behind the city, is Vassar College, the foremost educational institution for women in the world. The splendid buildings stand in grounds covering two hundred acres, attractively laid out, and the main building, modelled after the Tuileries, with high surmounting dome, is five hundred feet long. From Sunset Hill, their highest eminence, there is a panorama of the Hudson for forty miles. This college was the gift of Matthew Vassar, a wealthy Poughkeepsie merchant and brewer, of English birth, who desired to make it the most complete foundation of its kind, and gave and bequeathed $1,000,000 besides the land, there being over $400,000 expended upon the buildings. His nephews have since made large additional gifts. Here is provided a complete mathematical, classical and English education for several hundred female students. Its main building is the chief structure of Poughkeepsie. There are art galleries, a museum, library and observatory. The museum

of American birds is the most complete existing, there is a fine gallery of water-colors, and a collection of ancient weapons and armor, including the halberd of King Francis I. The founder, having an ample fortune and no children, devoted the closing years of his life to this beneficent work, the college being begun in 1861 and opened in 1865. He labored assiduously at its development and died at his post of duty. Three years after the opening, when attending the annual meeting of the trustees, while reading his address, he was suddenly stricken with death.

CROM ELBOW TO KINGSTON.

Upon the Hudson River's "Long Reach" is the favorite locality of the winter "ice-boat races," this exhilarating sport in boats on runners speeding over the ice, before the wind, being much enjoyed. A few miles above Poughkeepsie the reach comes to an abrupt termination, in the bent and narrow pass, where the cliffs compress the channel and form the crooked strait known as the Crom Elbow, the Dutch and English words having the same meaning. Above, the western shore for a long distance is lined with apple orchards and vineyards, while the eastern bank for over thirty miles is a succession of villas interspersed with hamlets. Moving northward, the noble Catskill range comes into full view, gradually changing from distant gray to nearer blue, and then to green with the closer approach. Along the river for

many miles, where these magnificent mountains give such a grand front outlook, there are a series of old Knickerbocker estates, many occupied by the descendants of the early settlers. Here was the princely home of the late William B. Dinsmore of Adams Express Company, a business begun in 1840 with two men, a wheelbarrow and a boy, Dinsmore being one of the men and the late John Hoey of Long Branch the boy. Dinsmore built his gorgeous palace on the Hudson—and died. On the western shore is Pell's great apple orchard, shipping the fruit from twenty-five thousand trees all over the world. Some distance above, the Rondout Creek comes out through a deep gorge, having the twin cities of Rondout and Kingston nestling among its bordering hills. They have together over twenty-five thousand people. This was the outlet of the abandoned Delaware and Hudson Canal. Kingston Point, the mouth of the creek, was the place of earliest Dutch settlement in this part of New York, where they called it Wittwyck, or the "Wild Indian Town," and for defense built a redoubt, whence come the name of Rondout.

The historic city of Kingston spreads back to Esopus Creek, a short distance inland, and was the Esopus town of colonial times, the name coming from the Indian dwellers here, meaning "the river." The old "Senate House" of Kingston, built in 1676, was the first meeting-place of the New York Legislature, and it now contains a collection of Dutch and other

relics. The Esopus Indians broke up the original settlements with a terrible massacre, but Huguenot refugees came and re-peopled the place, and during the Revolution Esopus was such a "nest of rebels" that when the British came along in 1777 they burnt it. This punishment was inflicted because it was made the capital and the first New York State Constitution had been framed here during the preceding February. The tale is told that the British landing to burn the town scared a party of Dutch laborers, who briskly scampered off. One of them stepped on a hay-rake, and the handle flying up gave him a sharp rap on the head. Being frightened more than hurt, and sure that a Britisher closely pursued him, he fell on his knees, and imploringly exclaimed, "Mein Gott, I give up; hooray for King Shorge!" Kingston is a great producer of flagstones and manufactory of Rosendale cements, made from a fine-grained, hard, dark-blue stone, which is broken, burnt in kilns with coal, ground, and then prepared for market. Mixed with clean sharp sand, this cement becomes in time entirely impervious to water, and has all the strength of the best natural building stones.

GREAT HISTORIC ESTATES.

The solid old German burgher William Beckman came over from his native Rhine in 1647, and went sailing up the Hudson, his Fatherland memories being delighted at the sight of a noble hill on the

eastern bank, opposite Rondout Creek. He settled there, building a house, and behind the hill started the town of Rhinebeck, a combination of his own name and that of his native river. This well-known Rhinecliff stands up alongside the Hudson, much like a vine-clad slope bordering the great German river, and is adorned with the ancient Beckman House, a stone structure built for a fort and dwelling. Famous estates surround Rhinebeck. Here is Ellerslie, the summer home of Levi P. Morton, formerly Vice-President, fronting the river for a long distance. The Astor estate of Rokeby, which was the home of William B. Astor and his son William Astor, is north of Rhinebeck, the house, surmounted by a tower, standing in a spacious park about a mile back from the river. Rokeby was a noted place in Revolutionary days, the home of General Armstrong, whose daughter married the elder Astor. Here is the Fleetwood estate, with its old house, built in 1700, having the "cannon-room" in front, with a port-hole facing the river. Here are Wilderstein and Grasmere, the home of the Livingston descendants, also Wildercliff, built by Rev. Freeborn Garrettson, one of the founders of the Methodist Church in America, its name signifying the "wild Indian's cliff." Garrettson was educated in Maryland for the Church of England. As a matter of conscience he afterwards espoused the cause of the Methodists, then in their infancy, entered their ministry, freed his slaves,

and preached the gospel of Methodism everywhere, declaring his firm faith in a special Providence, and often proving it in his own person. Once a mob seized him and was taking him to jail, when a sudden and overpowering flash of lightning dispersed them, and he was left unmolested. In 1788 he came to New York in missionary work, and was made Presiding Elder of the district between Long Island Sound and Lake Champlain. Coming to Clermont, among his converts was the sister of Chancellor Livingston, and he married her in 1793, shortly afterwards building his house at Wildercliff. This was long a home for Methodist clergymen, his daughter continuing his hospitality. Another historic estate, just above Rokeby, is Montgomery Place, the home of another Livingston, the widow of General Montgomery, who was in the colonial attack upon Quebec, by Wolfe, and afterwards, in the early days of the Revolution, led a forlorn hope against Quebec, and perished as Wolfe had before him. His young widow lived here a half-century, and her brother's descendants now possess it.

Krueger's Island, on the eastern shore, discloses in a grove a picturesque ruin, with broken arches, specially imported from Italy by a former owner of the island to give it a flavor of antiquity. The Catskills now rise in grander view, the Plattekill Clove comes down out of them, and Esopus Creek from the south flows into the Hudson. The Dutch called this

Zaeger's Kill, which time corrupted into Saugerties, a pleasant factory village built behind the flats at the creek's mouth, and having the Catskills for a splendid background. Opposite, on the eastern bank, is Tivoli, and near here is located the parent estate of these historic homes. Robert Livingston came from Scotland to America in 1672 and married a member of the Schuyler family, who was the widow of a Van Rensselaer. He was a patrician of high degree, of the family of the Earls of Linlithgow, and seeking a home in the American wilderness, settled on the Hudson. He first lived at Albany, and being Secretary to the Indian Commissioners, he acquired extensive tracts of land fronting the river, which afterwards became the basis of great wealth. In 1710 these lands were consolidated under one English patent, giving him a princely domain of one hundred and sixty-two thousand acres for an "annual rent of twenty-eight shillings, lawful money of New York," equalling about $3.50. This "Livingston Manor" gave him a seat in the Colonial Legislature, and he built his manor-house upon a grassy point along the Hudson River bank, at the mouth of "Roeleffe Jansen's Kill," flowing in a few miles north of Tivoli. The greater part of the manor descended to his son Robert, who built a finer mansion there, known as "Old Clermont," which the British burnt during the Revolution. In this house was born the grandson, the famous Chancellor of New York, Robert R. Liv-

ingston, who had so much to do with guiding the course of the State in that momentous era. He built the present Clermont mansion on the river bank above Tivoli. It is on a bluff shore, a grand estate surrounding it, and sloping gradually up to the hill-tops stretching to the horizon behind. This estate extended back originally to the Berkshire hills. The full glory of the Catskills is spread out in panorama before this noted mansion, with the distant hotels perched on the mountain tops.

Chancellor Livingston was sent Minister to France, and when he returned he brought over merino sheep, introducing them into this country. His great honor as a man of science comes from his connection with Fulton's steamboat experiments. He met Fulton in Paris, and was closely connected with the first steamboat on the Hudson, which in fact could not have been built without his aid. By the help of Livingston's money, Fulton in 1807 built this steamboat in New York, naming her the "Clermont" in his honor. The experiment was publicly derided as "Fulton's Folly," but he persevered and succeeded. The "Clermont" was one hundred feet long, twelve feet beam and seven feet depth. In September, 1807, she made the first successful experimental trip from New York to Albany in thirty-six hours, charging the passengers $7.50 fare. She afterwards made regular trips, and on October 5, 1807, the *Albany Gazette* announced: "Mr. Fulton's new steamboat left New

York on the 2d, at ten o'clock A.M., against a strong tide, very rough water, and a violent gale from the north. She made a headway against the most sanguine expectations and without being rocked by the waves." Chancellor Livingston in Jefferson's Administration negotiated the cession of Louisiana by France to the United States, and ripe with honors, he died at Clermont in 1813.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

Opposite these great estates, the Catskill Mountains rise in all their glory, spreading across the western horizon at a distance of eight to ten miles from the Hudson River. They stretch for about fifteen miles, and the range covers some five hundred square miles. The most prominent peaks in the view are Round Top and the High Peak, rising thirty-seven hundred aud thirty-eight hundred feet, and in front of them, on lower elevations, are the summer hotels that have such superb views over the Hudson River valley. The town of Catskill on the river—a flourishing settlement of five thousand people—is the usual point of entrance, and from it a railway extends back to the bases of the mountains. An inclined plane railway over a mile long then ascends the face of the range, sixteen hundred feet high, to the hotels. This "Otis Elevating Railway," which accomplishes its journey in about ten minutes, is said to be the greatest inclined road in the world.

The Indians knew these grand peaks as the Onti Ora, or "Mountains of the Sky," thus named because in some conditions of the atmosphere they appear like a heavy cumulus cloud hanging above the horizon. The weird Indian tradition was that among these mountains was held the treasury of storms and sunshine for the Hudson, presided over by the spirit of an old Indian squaw who dwelt within the range. She kept the day and the night imprisoned, letting out one at a time, and made new moons every month and hung them up in the sky, for they first appeared among these mountains, and then she cut up the old moons into stars. The great Manitou also employed her to manufacture thunder and clouds for the valley. Sometimes she wove the clouds out of cobwebs, gossamers and morning dew, and sent them off, flake by flake, floating in the air, to give light summer showers. Sometimes she would blow up black thunder-storms and send down drenching rains to swell the streams and sweep everything away. All these storms coming from the west appeared to originate in the mountains. The Indians also told of the imps that haunted their dells, luring the hunters to places of peril. When the Dutch colonists came along, they sent expeditions into the mountains, searching for gold and silver, but chiefly found wildcats, causing them to be named the Kaatsbergs, and from this their present title has come to be, in time, the Kaatskills or the Catskills.

These attractive mountains are a group of the Alleghenies, having spurs extending northwest and west, at right angles to the general trend of the range, thus giving them quite a different form from that usual in the Allegheny ridges. They assume also more of the abrupt and rocky character of the Alpine peaks, and instead of the usual folds or fragments of arches commonly seen elsewhere, the Catskill crags are masses of piled-up strata in the original horizontal position. They have a most precipitous declivity facing the east towards the river valley. Deep ravines, which the Dutch called "Cloves," are cut into them by the mountain torrents, descending in places in beautiful cascades, sometimes for hundreds of feet. This aggregation of rocky cliffs and rounded peaks, and the intersecting gorges and smiling verdant valleys, have become a great resort for the summer pleasure-seeker, with myriads of hotels and boarding-places, where it is said that eighty to a hundred thousand people will go in the season. Their eastern verge is drained by the Hudson, while the many brooks and kills flowing out to the westward are gathered into the two branches that form the Delaware River.

From their eastern front, where the huge hotels, built at twenty-four hundred feet elevation, are anchored by ponderous chain cables to keep them from being overthrown by the wind, there is an unrivalled view over the valley. The Hudson River stretches

a silvery streak across the picture, and can be traced nearly a hundred miles from West Point up to Albany. Its distant diminutive steamboats slowly move, and like a shining thread, as the western sun strikes the car-windows and is reflected, a railway train glides along the bank ten miles away, seen so well, and yet so small. The perpendicular mountain wall brings the valley almost beneath one's feet, the buildings looking like children's toy houses, the trees like dwarfed bushes, and the fields, with their alternating green and brown colors, contrasting as the spaces on a chess-board. Wagons crawl like little ants upon the narrow mud-colored lines representing roads. The broad valley, though its surface is rugged and has high hills surmounted by patches of woodland, is so far below that it appears from above as a flat floor. Thus it stretches off to the river, with a sparkling pond here and there, and extending beyond to the eastern horizon the view is enclosed by the dark-blue Berkshire hills in Massachusetts, forty miles away. Behind them, on favored days, rise like a misty haze, off to the northeast, the White Mountains of New Hampshire. It was in this region that James Fenimore Cooper located the "Leather Stocking Tales," for his home at Cooperstown was on the Catskills' western verge. Natty Bumppo climbed up the mountain to get this wonderful view. "What see you when you get there?" asked Edward. "Creation," said Natty, sweeping one hand around

him in a circle, "all creation, lad," and then he continued, "If being the best part of a mile in the air, and having men's farms at your feet, with rivers looking like ribands, and mountains bigger than the 'Vision' seeming to be haystacks of green grass under you, give any satisfaction to a man, I can recommend the spot."

RIP VAN WINKLE AND THE KAATERSKILL.

These Catskill Mountains were purchased from the Indians on July 8, 1678, by a company of Dutch and English gentlemen, who took their title at a solemn conclave held at the Stadt Huis in Albany, where the Indian chief Mahak-Neminea attended with six representatives of his tribe. The Indians seem to have soon disappeared, and the region for a century or more remained mythical and almost unexplored, thus contributing to the many fairy tales that have got mixed up with its history. It was among these wonderful mountains that Washington Irving was thus enabled to discover Rip Van Winkle. Down on the mountain side, upon the margin of a deep dark glen leading up from Catskill Village, stands Rip Van Winkle's ancient little cabin. It is within the vast amphitheatre where Hendrick Hudson's ghostly crew held their revels and beguiled him to drink from the flagon which put him into his sleep of twenty years. It was a curious revel, for with the gravest faces, and in mysterious silence, they rolled

their nine-pin balls, which echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder. The huge cliffs overhanging the dark glen were evidently put there for just such a ghostly scene, and even now the old denizens of the Catskills are said to never hear a summer thunder-storm reverberating among these mountains without concluding that the Dutch ship's company from the "Half Moon" are again playing at their game of nine-pins. There is still pointed out the slab of rock on which Rip took his long sleep, and until recently there is said to have lived in the old cabin an alleged "Van Winkle" who made a pretence to be a descendant of the original Rip, and dispensed to the weary traveller liquids fully as sulphurous as those in the flagon of the ghostly crew. Among these mountains originated many of the quaint Dutch legends that have got so interwoven into the early history of New York that it is hard to separate the fact from the fiction.

It was not until 1823 that the first summer hotel was built in the Catskills, a rude little structure standing where is now the Mountain House, near the summit of the inclined plane railway. The highest peak of the range is Slide Mountain, in the western Catskills, at the head of the Big Indian Valley, rising forty-two hundred and five feet. A large portion of this mountain, including the crest, is a New York State reservation, and from its top six States are in view. These Catskill peaks are built up of huge and

jagged piles of crags and broken stone, through which the torrents have carved the "Cloves." The stratified rocks are easily split into layers, and they furnish the towns along the Hudson with much of the flagging used for footwalks. Enormous boulders, some as big as a house, are liberally strewn about, where they were dropped by the great glacier. Among the grandest of the gorges, which the torrents have cleft, is the Kaaterskill Clove, its stream, after various windings, finally flowing eastward towards the Hudson. As the name Kaatskill comes from the cat, so the Kaaterskill is regarded as derived from an animal of most complete feline development, the "gentleman cat." The steep borders of this Kaaterskill Clove, a wonderful canyon, down in the bottom of which ice and snow remain during the summer, furnish many points of remarkable outlook, giving a startling realization of the vast scale of these mountains. The stream bubbles far below, heard but not seen, and the mountain peaks above are occasionally obscured by passing clouds. Adjoining this canyon is an immense gorge carved out of the hills, into which pours the majestic Kaaterskill Falls, plunging down an abyss of two hundred and sixty feet in two leaps, respectively of one hundred and eighty and eighty feet. The stream is dammed above the cataract, so that in times of drouth the water may be retained and the falls thus be exhibited at intervals by turning on the water, as is the case with various

cataracts in Switzerland. Few waterfalls have had more praises sung than this ribbon of spray, which was a favorite both of Cooper and Bryant. An inscription on the rock at the foot preserves the memory of a faithful dog, who once jumped down to follow a stone, because he thought it his master's bidding.

The unique description of the Kaaterskill Falls by Cooper's Leather Stocking is interesting. He says, "The water comes crooking and winding among the rocks, first so slow that a trout might swim in it, and then starting and running just like any creature that wanted to make a far spring, till it gets to where the mountain divides like the cleft hoof of a deer, leaving a deep hollow for the brook to tumble into. The first pitch is nigh two hundred feet, and the water looks like flakes of driven snow afore it touches the bottom; and then the stream gathers itself together again for a new start, and may be flutters over fifty feet of flat rock before it falls for another hundred, where it jumps about from shelf to shelf, first turning this a-way, and then turning that a-way, striving to get out of the hollow, till it finally comes to the plain. To my judgment, it's the best piece of work I've met with in the woods, and none know how often the hand of God is seen in the wilderness but them that rove it for a man's life." William Cullen Bryant thus sings the praises of the Kaaterskill Falls:

"'Midst greens and shades the Kaaterskill leaps
From cliffs where the wood-flower clings;

All summer he moistens his verdant steeps
With the sweet, light spray of the mountain springs;
And he shakes the woods on the mountain side,
When they drip with the rains of autumn tide.

"But when in the forest bare and old,
The blast of December calls,
He builds, in the star-light clear and cold,
A palace of ice where his torrent falls,
With turret, and arch, and fret-work fair,
And pillars blue as the summer air."

At the head of the Kaaterskill Clove are Haines's Falls in a picturesque environment, the stream making two main leaps of one hundred and fifty and eighty feet, and other plunges lower down, descending in all four hundred and seventy-five feet, within the distance of a quarter of a mile. The water here is also dammed to make a better exhibition. A main railway route into the Catskills is from Kingston up the valley of Esopus Creek, gradually ascending to its sources in the southwestern part of the range. This leads past the highest peak, Slide Mountain, past Shandaken or "the rapid water," and up the Big Indian Valley, at the head of which the summit is crossed between the waters of the Hudson and the Delaware. The "Big Indian" whose memory is thus preserved was Winnisook, a savage seven feet high. He fell in love with a white maiden of the lowlands, who, however, married one Joe Bundy instead, but got along so unhappily that she finally ran away to her dusky lover. Winnisook on one occa-

sion came down to the lowlands with his tribe on a cattle-stealing expedition, and Joe Bundy shot and mortally wounded him, saying, "The best way to civilize the yellow serpent is to let daylight into his black heart." The Big Indian was afterwards found dead standing upright in the hollow of a large pine tree. The inconsolable maiden, overwhelmed with grief, is said to have spent the rest of her life near Winnisook's grave, while the stump of the pine was preserved until the railroad came along and covered it with an embankment. The whole Catskill region is full of charming places, and the vast summer crowds who visit it never tire of the bracing atmosphere, and the magnificent and ever-changing panorama of cloud and sunshine and diversified landscape, exhibited from its magnificent mountain tops.

"'Tis here the eastern sunbeams gild
The hills which rise on either hand;
Till showers of purple mist are spilled
In glittering dewdrops o'er the land."

THE DUTCH AND THE SHAKERS.

When Hendrick Hudson came up the river he found sand-bars above the Catskills, and anchored his "Half Moon" near Mount Merino, at what is now the head of ship navigation upon the Hudson, one hundred and fifteen miles from New York. Just beyond, a high plateau sloping to the shore is covered by the city of Hudson, having a green island in front,

and over opposite the little town of Athens, with a lighthouse in midstream between them. Hudson has ten thousand people, a picturesque city sloping up Prospect Hill, which rises five hundred feet for a noble background, and it once had more ships and commerce than the city of New York. A colony of thrifty Quakers from New England started the settlement, which had many fishermen and whalers, and a large fleet of ships sailing to Europe and the Indies, fifteen loaded vessels having cleared from its wharves in a single day. But Napoleon's wars swept away its fleet and commerce, and the last ship was sold in 1845, so that its commercial greatness is only a tradition; although it has become a seat of considerable manufactures. Its most noted citizen was General Worth, a hero of the Mexican War, whose monument stands on Fifth Avenue, New York. Both sides of the river here are inhabited by the Dutch, and in fact theirs is the universal language of the Hudson from Kingston up to Albany. These Dutch of New York have given the country some notable men, among them General Philip Schuyler, Colonel Van Rensselaer, General Stryker and others of the Revolution, and President Martin Van Buren. They view with pardonable pride the important share they have had in founding and building up the Empire State, and Rev. Dr. Henry A. Van Dyke has poetically and ingeniously described the "Typical Dutchmen" of New York:

"They sailed from the shores of the Zuyder Zee
Across the stormy ocean,
To build for the world a new country
According to their notion:
A land where thought should be free as air
And speech be free as water;
Where man to man should be just and fair,
And Law be Liberty's daughter.

"When the English fleet sailed up the bay,
The small Dutch town was taken;
But the Dutchmen there had come to stay;
Their hold was never shaken.
They could keep right on, and work and wait
For the freedom of the nation;
And we claim to-day that New York State
Is built on a Dutch foundation."

From the Taghkanic range of the Berkshire hills, behind Hudson City, a pretty stream comes down in many falls and cascades to the river just northward, whose charming valley was known among the Dutch as "Het Klauver Rack," or the "Clover Reach," modernized since, however, into the Claverack Creek. The Columbia Springs are in this valley, and farther on is Kinderhook Village, while back on the hills at a thousand feet elevation above the river, most picturesquely located, are the Lebanon Springs. Here is the noted Shaker settlement of New Lebanon, founded by "Mother Ann" in the eighteenth century. The sect has been declining in recent years, however. This is the governing Shaker community, and it has been well said, of these celibates, that "by frugality

and industry they give us many useful things, but they do not produce what the Republic most needs —men and women." They cultivate large tracts of land, produce and sell quantities of herbs, seeds and botanic medicines, and make baskets, brooms and sieves. Ann Lee was the wife of a blacksmith in Manchester, England, and had been the mother of several children. She had what she claimed as Divine revelations, and was confined in a lunatic asylum for reviling matrimony. Being released in 1770, she founded the new sect, announcing, "I am Ann, the Word," and to escape further persecution migrated to New York, where she was made its spiritual head. Converting many, she established at New Lebanon the capital of the Shaker world, which has been called "the rural Vatican which claims a more despotic sway over the mind of man than ever the Roman Pontiff assumed." She claimed her Divine revelation to be that she was the female manifestation of Christ upon earth, the male manifestation having been Jesus, and the Deity being considered a duality, composed of both sexes. The Shakers call themselves the "United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing." They have entire community of property, believe idleness to be sinful, and everyone able to work is employed. In worshipping they "exercise both soul and body," singing and dancing, and at times of fervent excitement making, with regularity and perfect rhythm, rapid bodily evo-

lutions. In these they form in circles around a band of singers, to whose music they "go forth in the dances of them that make merry." Since the death of "Mother Ann" the Shaker community has been ruled by what is known as the "Holy Lead," composed of the first and second elders and elderesses. A peculiar tenet is that persons may join the sect after death, and among these posthumous members are Washington, Lafayette, Pocahontas, Napoleon and Tamerlane; and they hold that woman is supreme over mankind. Near the village and among the Berkshire hills, just over the border in Massachusetts, is their "Mount Sinai," where, according to the tradition, the Shakers hunted Satan throughout a long summer night, finally killing and burying him. They tell us that Washington and Lafayette still keep guard over his grave, mounted on white horses, and can be seen on summer nights by any of the truly faithful who may pass that way.

The village of Kinderhook is in the Claverack Valley, and out in front on the Hudson is its port, Stuyvesant Landing, where the testy old Governor, Peter Stuyvesant the "Headstrong," made his landing when he came up the river to attack the great Patroon, Killian Van Rensselaer. Hendrick Hudson is said to have first named Kinderhook, or "Children's Point," because he saw here a crowd of Indian children watching his vessel. On the Lindenwold estate at Kinderhook, embowered in linden trees,

lived for many years President Martin Van Buren, a descendant of the early Dutch settlers, and the shrewdest New York politician of his time. Over on the western bank is the Chaney Tinker Lighthouse, mounted on a crag a hundred f et high, and the distant horizon is bounded by the Helderbergs, a long range of peaks, lower, however, than the Catskills. Above, at Schodack Landing on the eastern shore, was the seat of the council-fire of the Mohicans, called by the French the *Loups* or Wolves. The word "Is-cho-da" in their language means the "fireplace," and from this has come the name. When Hudson ascended the river, he found the Mohicans occupying its shores for a hundred miles above Rondout Creek, but the race dwindled, until it became the handful to whom the noted Jonathan Edwards ministered in the eighteenth century, at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Hudson passed a day with them at Schodack, was treated hospitably, and wrote that their land was "the finest for cultivation he ever set foot on." Two centuries later, Cooper lamented the *Last of the Mohicans.*

THE LAND OF THE PATROONS.

We have now come to the high and rocky Bear or Beeren Island, which in New York's early days was the southern boundary on the river of the domain of the great Patroon, Killian Van Rensselaer. It marks the limit of two counties on either bank, Greene and

Columbia below, joining Albany and Rensselaer above. Here stood the proud castle of Rensselaerstein, cannoned and fortified, where the Patroon's agent, the bold and doughty Nicolas Kroon, compelled all the Dutch sloops coming up from New Amsterdam to dip their colors in token of his sovereignty, and pay tribute for the privilege of entering the sacred domain. We are told that all passing craft yielded homage excepting two large whales, which in 1647 swam by and went up to the Mohawk, greatly terrifying the honest Albany burghers. Above the island, the Normanskill and other streams come down from the Helderbergs, making the shoals of the "Overslaugh," which the Government has improved by an extensive dyke system to deepen the river channel up to Albany. There are long and narrow alluvial islands on these flats, among which tows of Erie Canal barges thread their careful way; and ahead, the city of Albany comes into view with its bridges in front, and the grand new Capitol building elevated high on the hill above the town, its red-topped pyramidal roofs seen from afar.

We are now at the domain of the great Patroon, the region around Albany and Troy. When Hudson anchored his ship below the shoals, he came with five of his sailors up to Albany in a row-boat and examined the location. The result was that from his report Albany was actually settled, five years later, in 1614, by the "United Nieu Nederlandts Company,"

who built a trading-post, thus making Albany, after Jamestown in Virginia, the oldest European settlement in the original thirteen colonies. The post was located on an island just below the city, near which the Normanskill flowed out through the forest on the western bank—the Indian Tawasentha, or "place of many dead." This island was called the "Kasteel," and in the "castle" a garrison of about a dozen Dutchmen conducted a profitable fur-trade with the Mohicans. Ultimately a freshet drove them to the mainland and they built a fort at the mouth of the Normanskill, and in 1623 a stockade was constructed above, at Albany, named Fort Orange in honor of the Prince of the Netherlands. In 1629 colonists were sent out from Holland, and the patroon system established. The Dutch West India Company made arrangements for extensively colonizing the New Netherlands, and passed a charter of exemptions and privileges to encourage patroons (or patrons) to make settlements. Every patroon establishing a colony was to have there within four years, as permanent residents, at least fifty persons, over fifteen years of age, of whom one-fourth were to arrive the first year. A director of the company, Killian Van Rensselaer, a pearl merchant of Amsterdam, was granted a patroonship, and got the officials at Fort Orange to buy extensive tracts from the Indians. He thus, with three others, acquired a manor extending twenty-four miles along the Hudson, from Beeren

Island up to the Mohawk River, and this manor, which afterwards became the sole property of his family, was subsequently enlarged to extend twenty-four miles back from the Hudson in both directions, and contained over seven hundred thousand acres. The Patroon was a feudal lord, possessing absolute title to the soil, with power to administer civil and criminal justice, and enjoying other rights that reduced his colonists to a condition little better than serfs. His son Johannes inherited this patroonship from Killian, and it went by entail through five generations, when the United States laws barred further succession. The last Patroon, General Stephen Van Rensselaer, died in 1839, and his son Stephen, the sixth of the line, still styled by courtesy "the Patroon," died in 1868, aged eighty years. The original settlement of Fort Orange in the manor of Rensselaerwyck, as it was called, became a centre of the fur-trade, and a town quickly grew around the fort, which the English, upon their occupation in 1664, named Albany.

THE ANTI-RENT WAR.

As population increased on the adjacent lands, they began taking leases from the Patroon, paying rent for their farms, and this produced one of the bitterest conflicts known in American politics, the New York "Anti-Rent War." After the Revolution the inhabitants increased rapidly, and General Stephen

Van Rensselaer, then the Patroon, leased farms in perpetuity, upon the nominal consideration for eight years of "a peppercorn a year," and at the expiration of this time these leases drew a rent estimated at six per cent. interest on the land value, about $5 per acre, payable in the produce of the soil, fowls, and days' service with wagons and horses, the latter designed to secure road-making. When the old General died in 1839, the entail being abolished, he divided the manor between his two sons, Stephen getting Albany County on the west bank, and William, Rensselaer County on the east bank, including Troy. He had been a lenient landlord, but the tenants became anxious, especially about what was known as the "quarter sales clause" in their leases, giving the landlord the right to claim one-fourth the purchase money whenever the land passed by purchase, this condition being really inserted to prevent alienation, as it did not become operative when the land was sold or descended to one of the original tenant's family. The tenants proposed that the landlord should sell the reservations, releasing them from the rentals and making them owners in fee, but this was declined. The tenants then employed counsel, who advised that the landlord's right was absolute, but suggested, while there was no legal remedy, that it would be good policy to make the rent collections so difficult, the landlord would be willing to come to terms; that they band together and give each other

notice of the approach of bailiffs, so the service of legal process would be troublesome. William H. Seward, Governor of New York, espoused their cause, and to this advice, he being a candidate for re-election in 1840, he added the recommendation that the "anti-renters" should organize and send to the Legislature men who would hold the balance of power between the great parties, thus forcing the passage of laws relieving them.

Then began the "anti-rent" conflicts convulsing New York politics for years. They formed an active and powerful political party, and created other organizations, disguised as Indians, who attacked the law officers. These supposed red men killed a man at Grafton in Rensselaer County, and all legal efforts failed to discover the culprits. Other similar manors existed in different parts of New York State where payment of rents of much the same character was resisted, and these regions also were excited. Outbreaks continued several years, until in 1845 Governor Silas Wright issued a proclamation declaring Delaware County, on the western verge of the Catskills, in a state of insurrection. This caused additional trouble, but the "anti-renters" disposed of Wright by defeating him for re-election in 1846, and he died soon afterwards. They elected their own candidate for Governor, John Young, who pardoned out of jail nearly everybody imprisoned for "anti-rent" crimes. The disputes finally got into the

courts, and the Van Rensselaers, fatigued with the controversy, sold all their rights to a Colonel Church. He was sustained by legal decisions, and then adopted a compromising policy, which quieted the agitation. He released the rentals and gave fee-simple titles, so that at least three-fourths of the old manor became without rental. His method of compromise was based on a scale: for a farm of one hundred and sixty acres where the annual rent was twenty-two and one-half bushels of wheat, four fat fowls and one day's service, the value was fixed at $26, being six per cent. interest on $433, and by paying this the tenant got his fee-simple title. Thus the harassing conflict which frequently required troops to be called out at Albany and elsewhere was finally adjusted.

THE CITY OF ALBANY.

Albany, the New York State Capital, has over one hundred thousand people. The city rises from the strip of level land along the river bank, in a series of terraces, to a height of nearly two hundred feet, the top being surmounted by the Capitol Building in a spacious park, back of which the surface extends westward in a sandy, almost level plain. The city spreads broadly along the river, where there are wharves, foundries, railway stations, mills, store-houses and lumber yards. Deep ravines are scarred into the hill behind them, and rows of fine old Knick-erbocker houses line the hilly streets, with frequent

church towers and spires rising above them. The main street, just back from the river, is Broadway, of varying width, but of the first commercial importance. At right angles to it, leading up the hill, is State Street, a noble avenue, one hundred and fifty feet wide, the front approach to the Capitol. This is the finest building in New York State, was thirty years in construction, and has cost $25,000,000. It is a quadrangle three hundred feet wide and four hundred feet deep, with an unfinished central tower, intended to be three hundred feet high, and Louvre pavilion towers at the angles. It is built in the French Renaissance, of a light-colored granite, pleasantly contrasting with the red-tiled roofs. Few of the pretentious buildings of the world occupy a more commanding situation, standing aloft like the Capitol at Washington, and, seen from afar, a complete old-time French chateau. Mr. E. A. Freeman has written of it, "If anyone had come up to me and told me in French, old or new, that the new Capitol was 'Le Chateau de Monseigneur le duc d'Albanie,' I could almost have believed him." Its architecture combines features adapted from the Louvre and Hotel de Ville of Paris and the Lyons Maison de Commerce. It stands in Capitol Square, a park of about eight acres, of which it covers three acres. The finest halls are the Senate and Assembly Chambers, to which grand stairways lead, and the interior is decorated with rich carvings, rare marbles and em-

blematic frescoes. The New York State Library, of nearly two hundred thousand volumes, is in the building. Upon the six dormer windows opening in the interior court are emblazoned the heraldic insignia of six noted families distinguished in New York history—Stuyvesant, Schuyler, Livingston, Jay, Clinton and Tompkins.

Southward from the Capitol Square is the spacious and comfortable Executive Mansion, with an extensive lawn, on Eagle Street. On the same street, to the northeast of the Square, is the City Hall, a fine Gothic building with an elaborate bell tower. Also on Eagle Street is the Albany Medical College, having one of the finest Medical Museums in the country. Among its curios is the embalmed body of Calvin Edson, the "walking skeleton." This curious man came to Albany in 1830, being then forty-two years old and five feet two inches high, yet weighing only sixty pounds. He exhibited himself, and appeared in a play as *Jeremiah Thin*. He had a good appetite, but the more he ate the thinner he grew, until in 1833, the food ceasing to nourish him, he literally starved to death amid plenty, and when the end came, weighed but forty-five pounds. His widow sold his body to the college, and he now stands in a glass case, preserved with the skin on, labelled "No. 1," and excepting discoloration is said to appear not very different from when living. On the northern side of the Square is the Albany Academy, one of the

chief city schools, where Professor Joseph Henry was for several years an instructor, and noted as the place where he first demonstrated the theory of the magnetic telegraph by ringing a bell by an electric spark transmitted through a mile of wire strung around the room. The Dudley Astronomical Observatory is a small but imposing building upon an eminence overlooking the Hudson, having a munificent endowment begun by Mrs. Blandina Dudley in memory of her husband, a wealthy Albany merchant. A charming spot is Washington Park, westward from the Capitol, an enclosure of eighty-one acres, surrounded by ornamental villas, with magnificent views and most tastefully arranged. Part of this Park is land given the city by King James II.

INTERESTING BUILDINGS.

The most noted old Albany building is at the northern end of Broadway, in grounds extending to the river, and surrounded by fine trees, the ancient Van Rensselaer Mansion, commonly called the "Patroon's,"—a broad house with porch and wide central hall. This occupies the site of the first mansion, which was covered with a roof of reeds. Over on the opposite side of the river at Greenbush, the "Greene Bosch" or "pine woods" of the original settlers, is the Patroon's other residence, built of bricks from Holland, by the second Patroon Johannes. Port-holes were cut in the walls for the musketeers,

it having been a fort in the Indian forays. The family burial-ground adjoins the mansion. State Street, at the corner of Pearl, which is parallel with Broadway, is the most interesting historic locality of ancient Albany. Here stood that elaborate dwelling of the Knickerbockers, regarded as the best specimen of old Dutch architecture in New York State, the "Vanderheyden Palace," an extensive building with two tall gables facing the street. One of the old burghers, Johannes Beekman, built it in 1725, and during the Revolution Jacob Vanderheyden of Troy bought it, and lived there many years in the almost regal state of the Dutch aristocracy. Washington Irving tells of it in the story of Dolph Heyliger, in *Bracebridge Hall*, as the residence of "Herr Anthony Vanderheyden," and when Irving transformed Van Tassel's old farmhouse into his villa at Sunnyside he made a gable in imitation of one of these, and also captured the old weather-vane of the "Palace"—a horse going at full speed—to mount on top of it. Upon the opposite corner was the quaint "Lydius House," the home of Rev. John Lydius, the owner of a great manor at Fort Edward, farther up the Hudson, and in front of it stood the crooked elm, giving the locality the name of the "Old Elm Tree Corner." This tree is said to have been planted by Philip Livingston, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, who lived in an adjoining house. The "Lydius House" had been built as a parsonage for

the clergyman sent out to the old Dutch church, Rev. Gideon Schaats, the bricks, tiles, iron and woodwork, together with the church bell and pulpit, all coming from Holland in 1657, in the same ship. During many years its only occupant was Balthazar Lydius, an eccentric bachelor, a tall, spare, morose and irritable Dutchman, fond of bottle and pipe, and having a round bullet head thinly sprinkled with white hair. He gloried in his celibacy until the infirmities of age came upon him, when it is said he gave a pint of gin for an Indian squaw, called her his wife, and they lived contentedly together until he died. This was the oldest brick building in the United States; its partitions were made of mahogany and the exposed beams were richly carved.

The antique pulpit, which came across in the ship with the materials of the "Lydius House," has done duty from then until now in various Dutch churches of Albany. It is of carved oak, octagonal in form. The original church stood in the middle of State Street, a low building with a tall pyramidal roof and little steeple, since removed to widen the street. The church gallery was quite low, while the huge stove warming the building was put upon a platform so high that the sexton had to step on it from the gallery when he wanted to kindle the fire. The astute Albany philosophers of those days believed heat descended from above. The bell-rope hung from the little steeple down into the centre of the church, and

here, at eight o'clock at night, was rung the "suppawn bell," a signal to the obedient people to eat their "suppawn" or hasty pudding, and go to bed. Albany in the olden time had a quaint aspect because of the predominance of steep-roofed houses, with their terraced gables, but many of them have given way for modern improvements. Upon State Street, at the corner of James, lived in one of these the famous Anneke Jans Bogardus, who died there in 1663, the owner of the lands in New York city now partly held by Trinity Church, which her heirs have acquired so much notoriety in trying to recover. A bank now occupies the site. Albany has had some interesting history. In 1754 the Congress met here which was the first colonial organization, and finally developed into the Continental Congress. Seven colonies, north of Maryland, sent twenty-five Commissioners, who made a treaty with the Iroquois, the Indian league of the "Six Nations." Afterwards, under the guidance of Benjamin Franklin, a plan was adopted for a union of the colonies, its provisions being much similar to the United States Constitution of 1787. Thus the germ of the American Union was first developed at Albany. Her influences have been powerful in politics. For many years the "Albany Regency" controlled the old Democratic party, this name having been given by Thurlow Weed, then editor of the *Albany Evening Journal*, to a junta of politicians usually assembling there, headed by Martin

Van Buren. Subsequently, another combination at Albany was potential in ruling the Whigs and in controlling the Republican party—the political firm of "Seward, Weed and Greeley." Albany manœuvres managed to control the preliminaries that twice made Grover Cleveland President; and in both parties the Albany political "patroons" are still industriously at work.

Among the finest Albany buildings is the magnificent new Episcopal Cathedral of All Saints, an English Gothic structure, as yet incomplete, which will be one of the most beautiful churches in America. In the southern part of the city is the Schuyler Mansion, built in 1760, a brick house with a broad front, having a closed octagonal porch over the doorway and spacious apartments; its lawns in the olden time reaching to the Hudson, where now the city is densely built. Peter Schuyler was the first Mayor of Albany, and his descendant, General Philip Schuyler of the Revolution, occupied a large space in New York history. In this house Alexander Hamilton was married to Elizabeth Schuyler, and a subsequent owner, Mrs. McIntosh, was made the wife of Millard Fillmore, President of the United States. General Schuyler and his family always dispensed a princely hospitality in this mansion. In 1781, towards the close of the Revolution, it was the scene of a stirring event. The British, discovering that Schuyler was at home, tried to capture him. The house was then

distant from the small town and surrounded by forests. A party of Canadians and Indians prowled for several days in the woods, and capturing a laborer, learnt that the General was in the house with a bodyguard of six men. The laborer escaped afterwards and notified the General. Upon a sultry day in August, when three of the guards were asleep in the basement and the other three lying on the grass in front of the house, a servant announced that a stranger at the back gate wished to speak with the General. The errand being apprehended, the doors and windows were barred, the family collected up stairs, and the General hastened to his bedchamber for his arms. From the window he saw the place surrounded by armed men, and fired a pistol to arouse the guards on the grass and alarm the town. At this moment the enemy burst open the doors, when Mrs. Schuyler suddenly discovered she had left her infant in the cradle in the hall below. She rushed to the rescue, but the General stopped her. One of her daughters then quickly ran down stairs, and carried the infant up in safety. An Indian who had entered hurled a tomahawk, as she rushed up the stairs, which cut her dress within a few inches of the baby's head, and striking the hand-rail made a deep scar. As she ran up stairs, the Tory commander, thinking her a servant, called out, "Wench, where is your master?" With great presence of mind she quickly replied, "Gone to alarm the town." General Schuyler heard

her, and taking advantage, threw up a window, crying out loudly, as if to a multitude, "Come on, my brave fellows, surround the house and secure the villains!" The marauders, who were then plundering the plate in the dining-room, becoming frightened, beat a hasty retreat, taking prisoners the three guards who were in the house. The brave daughter, who made the gallant rescue, afterwards became the wife of the last Patroon Van Rensselaer, while the infant she saved lived until 1857, and was Schuyler's last surviving child, Mrs. Catharine Cochran of Oswego, New York. General Schuyler is buried in the beautiful Albany Rural Cemetery, north of the city, and nearby is Palmer's famous figure of the "Angel at the Sepulchre." Here is also the tomb of President Chester A. Arthur, who died in 1886.

THE MODERN TROY.

Travelling northward along the Hudson, the broad basin where the Erie Canal comes out to the river is passed, being shielded by a pier eighty feet wide and nearly a mile long. Here is the vast storehouse for Canadian and Adirondack lumber brought by the canals, a leading Albany industry, there being ten miles of dockage within this basin for the lumber barges. The Erie Canal from the west, and also the Champlain Canal from the north, here have their outlets into the Hudson. Both sides of the river are lined with villages between Albany and Troy—there

being Greenbush, East Albany, Bath, Troy and West Troy, and beyond, Lansingburgh and Waterford at the confluence of the Mohawk. This series of cities and towns stretching for ten miles along the shores, with intervals of farm land, have an aggregate population exceeding three hundred thousand, with large manufactures and commerce. There are extensive iron mills on the river and upon Green Island in front of Troy, where General Gates had the camp for his Revolutionary army which fought Burgoyne at Saratoga. Upon the western bank is the Watervliet Arsenal, where the government manufactures army supplies, an enclosure of over a hundred acres. Troy is a fringe of city extending along the eastern bank and up the steep ridge behind, crowned by the imposing Byzantine buildings and spires of St. Joseph's Theological Seminary. This high ridge, bordering the alluvial flat on which the modern Troy is built, thoroughly carries out the Grecian idea which was adopted to supersede the original Dutch name of Vanderheyden which was given the town. From the northeast Mount Olympus and from the east Mount Ida frown upon Troy, and this modern Mount Ida does not hesitate at times to hurl down Jove's thunderbolts in the form of destructive landslips. Derick Vanderheyden leased this estate from the Patroon in 1720, and it slept in Dutch peacefulness until after the Revolution, when in 1789 it had twelve dwellings and the freeholders adopted the

MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS, NEW YORK CITY: ARCH OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE AND ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL

present name. Just before this, Jacob Vanderheyden had removed to Albany to occupy his "Palace." The opening of the Erie Canal gave Troy great prosperity. It has fine water-power, and thus became a busy manufacturing centre. Here are the great Albany and Rensselaer Iron Works, which were famous makers of armor plates and cannon in the Civil War, and the Berdan Horseshoe Mill, the largest in the country, which has the biggest water-wheel, eighty feet in diameter, turned by one of the kills coming down from the mountain behind the town. It was here that John Ericsson built the little "Monitor" ironclad which defeated the "Merrimac" at Fortress Monroe in 1862. There are also great textile mills and a vast laundry. Its famous Polytechnic Institute is an endowment of the last Patroon, Stephen Van Rensselaer, who was Troy's steady benefactor.

THE DEFEAT OF BURGOYNE.

The Mohawk, its principal tributary, flows into the Hudson just above Troy, and each, being a mountain torrent, has brought down large alluvial deposits making extensive flats between the hills, so that their junction is marked by fertile islands and low shores, backed by picturesque ridges bordering broad valleys. Here are Green Island, Adam's Island and Van Schaick's Island, making an extensive delta. The Mohawk, after flowing from central New York nearly one hundred and forty miles in a rich agri-

cultural section, pours down the falls at Cohoes, and enters the Hudson through four separate channels formed by these islands. The Mohawk Valley is largely a pastoral region, its dairies and cheeses having much fame, and in the lower valley hop-growing and broom-making are important industries, chiefly controlled by the Shakers. At one of their settlements, about six miles northwest of Albany, their foundress, "Mother Ann," who died in 1784, is buried. The Hudson flows to its confluence with the Mohawk, with generally rapid current, bordered by rich plains, as it is ascended to Stillwater, and thirteen miles beyond, to Schuylerville, where Fish Creek comes in, the outlet of Saratoga Lake.

Here is a region of great historic interest, for through it marched Sir John Burgoyne's army in 1777 to disastrous defeat. At and above Stillwater, and Bemis's Heights beyond, was the scene of his closing conflict, while Schuylerville stands upon the site of his camp at the time of his final surrender. General Schuyler, from whom the village is named, was then the owner of the entire domain of Saratoga. Burgoyne had come south from Canada to meet another British force thought to be advancing up the Hudson from New York, the design being to cut the rebellious colonies in two and defeat them in detail. The rebels hung upon Burgoyne's flanks, and at Bennington, Vermont, Stark's bold movement in August captured a large force of Hessians. Schuyler sent

Arnold up the Mohawk, who cut off another detachment under St. Leger, who had come over from Oswego, intending to make a detour to Albany. In September, Burgoyne came to Saratoga, and had his first contest south of the springs, with the Americans under Gates. Afterwards, each army encamped within cannon-shot of the other until October 7th, Burgoyne all the while hoping for some diversion from the lower Hudson. The British camp was on the river below Schuylerville, and on that day they marched out to give battle, Burgoyne's chief lieutenant, General Fraser, directing the movements. Fraser was in full uniform, mounted upon an iron-gray steed, and became a most conspicuous object. Colonel Morgan, who had a force of Virginia sharpshooters, perceived this, and calling a number of his best men around him, pointed to the British right wing, which was making a victorious advance under Fraser's inspiration, and said: "That gallant officer is General Fraser; I admire and honor him, but it is necessary he should die; victory for the enemy depends on him; take your stations in that clump of bushes and do your duty." Within five minutes afterwards he was mortally wounded. His aid, recognizing that he was a conspicuous mark, had just observed: "Would it not be prudent for you to retire from this place?" and he had scarcely got the reply out of his mouth, "My duty forbids me to fly from danger," when he was shot. He survived throughout the night, and

asked to be buried in a redoubt he had built on a hill near the Hudson. He died next day, and at sunset a funeral procession moved towards the redoubt. The Americans saw it, and, ignorant of what it meant, cannonaded, but desisted on learning the mournful object; and then a single cannon, fired at intervals, reverberated along the Hudson; an American minute-gun in memory of a brave soldier.

Fraser's fall caused the British defeat, and they afterwards abandoned guns and baggage trains and retreated north to Schuylerville. Burgoyne's provisions gave out, many auxiliaries deserted him, the camp was incessantly cannonaded, and finally, with his forces reduced below six thousand men, on October 17th, he surrendered. It was said at the time, in the British Parliament, that the campaign thus ended "had left the country stripped of nearly every evidence of civilized occupation," and in its result it was declared to be "one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world." There were six members of Parliament among the captive officers, and Burgoyne gave up forty-two brass cannon. His army was held in captivity nearly five years, till the end of the war, at first near Boston, and later in Virginia. This victory was the turning-point of the Revolution. Among its results were, an appreciation of twenty per cent. in Continental money; the bold stand of Lord Chatham and Edmund Burke in Parliament, denouncing the method of conducting the war; the sending of cheer-

ing words to the struggling colonies by Spain, Holland, Russia and the Vatican; and the paving of the way for France to acknowledge the independence of the United States—all the result, under Providence, of Fraser's indiscreet devotion to duty. In the neighborhood is the great Methodist camp-meeting ground of Round Lake, and farther on Ballston Spa, where the Kayaderosseras Creek winds through a beautifully shaded valley and flows into Saratoga Lake. In the early part of the nineteenth century this was the greatest watering-place in America, its waters being chemically similar to those of Saratoga. Its Sans Souci Hotel, opened in 1804, was then the grandest in the country, and here were hatched most of the political schemes of the days of Presidents Madison, Monroe and Jackson, the "Albany Regency" in its palmiest days flourishing throughout the summer time on its lawns and porches. But much of Ballston's glory has departed, eclipsed by the newer radiance of its great neighbor, six miles away. The Saratoga Lake is three miles east of Ballston, an oval-shaped lake eight miles long, from which Fish Creek meanders off to the Hudson at Schuylerville. As the fishes thus ascended from the river into the lake, the Indians named it Saraghoga, or "the place of the herrings."

SARATOGA.

The famous watering-place, Saratoga, is a comparatively small town upon a level and somewhat barren

plateau. A short distance north of Saratoga Lake, with a boulevard and electric road connecting them, is the shallow valley wherein are the famous mineral springs. Their virtues were long known to the Iroquois, and when the renowned French explorer Jacques Cartier ascended the St. Lawrence in 1535, searching for the "northwest passage," the Indians on the river bank told him about these springs and their wonderful cures. The Mohawks, who had these waters in their special keeping, regarded them with veneration. In August, 1767, their great English friend and adopted sachem, Sir William Johnson, who is said to have been the father of a hundred children, was suffering from re-opened wounds received in battle, and the tribe held a solemn council and determined to take him to this "medicine spring of the Great Spirit." They carried him on a litter many miles to the "High Rock Spring," and he was the first white man who saw it. His strength was regained in four days, and he wrote General Schuyler, "I have just returned from a most amazing spring which almost effected my cure." This spring, coming out of its conical rock reservoir, much like a diminutive geyser, and then called the "Round Rock Spring," was the first one known. There were occasional visitors during the Revolution, and the cutting of a road some time afterwards from the Mohawk through the forests to reach it, opened the place to the public. To-day, Saratoga is an aggre-

gation of some of the greatest hotels in the world, with many smaller ones and numerous cottages. There is a permanent population of about twelve thousand, often swollen to fifty thousand in August and September, the "season." A shallow valley contains most of the springs, around which the town clusters, with extensive suburbs of wooden houses, groves and gardens. The valley is crossed by the chief street, Broadway, a magnificent avenue, one hundred and fifty feet wide, with spacious sidewalks shaded by rows of grand old elms and, in the centre of the settlement, bordered by enormous hotels. The greatest of these is the famous Grand Union, a vast structure of iron and brick, fronting eight hundred feet on Broadway, and having over two thousand beds, the largest watering-place hotel in the world. A garden and park are enclosed by its spacious wings, and here fountains plash and bands play, while the visitors promenade or sit and gossip upon the extensive piazzas. Its front piazza, spreading along Broadway, is eight hundred feet long and three stories high. Its dining-hall is two hundred and seventy-five feet long and sixty feet wide, the largest in existence, and seats seventeen hundred people at table. The United States Hotel, north of the Grand Union, and Congress Hall, across Broadway, are also enormous caravansaries, and in busy times these three hotels will accommodate over six thousand guests, the cost of running each of them for

one day being $7500 to $10,000. Everything in these gigantic hotels is arranged upon a scale of splendor and immensity almost requiring a railway train to take the visitor about them.

Many of the twenty-eight mineral springs of Saratoga border Broadway or are near it, and the most noted, the "Congress" and the "Hathorn," are on either side of Congress Hall, thus being easy of access. The geologists say these springs rise from a line of "fault," which brings the slaty formations of the Hudson River against the sandstones and limestones that are above. They are generally muriated saline springs of about 50° temperature, the Congress Spring having about the strength of Kissingen Racoczy, but a milder taste, while the Hathorn Spring, its great rival, contains more chloride of sodium and iron. Some of the springs are chalybeate, others sulphurous or iodinous, and all are highly charged with carbonic acid gas. The Saratoga Seltzer resembles the seltzer of Germany, and the Geyser Spring is so highly charged that when drawn from a faucet it foams like soda water. The waters are both tonic and cathartic. The "High Rock Spring" bubbles up through an aperture in a conical rock composed of calcareous tufa, which has been formed by the deposits from the waters. This rock is four feet high, with a rounded top, in the centre of which is a circular opening a foot in diameter. The depth of the spring from the present top

of the rock is thirty-two feet. The waters used to overflow occasionally and increase the size of the rock by the deposits, but a tree was blown down and cracked the rock, since which the waters will only rise to about six inches below the top. A pagoda covers it, beneath which water is ladled out to the thirsty. The Congress Spring is in a tasteful park, having this and the Columbian Spring under an elaborate pavilion. This Congress Spring was found by a hunting party who went through the valley in 1792, and named it in honor of a member of Congress who was with them. To this park go the crowds in the morning before breakfast to drink the waters, which are freely furnished either cold or hot, and music plays while the people drink glass after glass. Each pint of Congress water contains about seventy-five grains of mineral constituents and forty-nine cubic inches of carbonic acid gas. It is cathartic and alterative. The Columbian Spring has much more iron, and is a tonic and diuretic. The Hathorn Spring is in a large building adjoining Broadway, and was found when digging for the foundations of a new house. It is a powerful cathartic, containing nearly ninety-four grains of mineral constituents and forty-seven cubic inches of carbonic acid gas in each pint, and it is also a tonic and diuretic. The chief medicinal rivalries of Saratoga have been based upon the respective merits of the Congress and Hathorn waters, and great controversy has at times been thus inspired.

There are other noted springs—the Hamilton, a mild cathartic; the Putnam, chalybeate, and having a bathing establishment; the Pavilion, a cathartic; the United States, a mild, agreeable tonic; and the Seltzer, rising through a tube several feet high, over the rim of which it flows, a sparkling and invigorating drink. The Empire closely resembles Congress water; the Red Spring is charged with much iron; and the Saratoga "A" Spring is a mild cathartic. Then there are the Saratoga Vichy, Saratoga Kissingen, Carlsbad, Magnetic, Imperial, Royal, Star, Excelsior, Eureka, White Sulphur and Geyser Springs, most of them in the outskirts. The Geyser spouts twenty-five feet high, is deliciously cold, and exhilarates like champagne. The Glacier Spring nearby was found by sinking an artesian well three hundred feet; its waters spout high above the tube, and are powerfully cathartic. There are six spouting springs, the Geyser being the best known; but of all the springs of Saratoga, the waters of barely a half-dozen are much used. The Congress, Empire and Hathorn Springs send their bottled waters all over the world. The springs are all wonderfully clear and sparkling, most of the waters pleasant to drink, and it is such a Saratoga fashion to go about imbibing and tasting these waters of rival virtues, that the visitors sometimes get into a plethoric condition that becomes uncomfortable if not dangerous. But the springs are not the chief attraction of Saratoga, and in fact the vet-

eran visitors do not partake of them at all, but freely confess that they come not to drink the waters, but to see the life and be "in the swim," for in the season the crowd at Saratoga, unlike anywhere else, includes the leaders of all sets. The proximity of the Adirondacks gives the bracing ozone of mountain air, and in the cosmopolitan throng is generally included the best the country can show of fashion and wealth. It is a great place for holding all kinds of conventions, and many are the political, corporation and stock-jobbing schemes hatched on the great hotel piazzas. It is also famous for dresses and diamonds, and wonderful is the elaborateness of millinery, gowns and jewels. The glitter of diamonds dazzles at every turn as they sparkle under the brilliant electric lights illuminating the evening scene. It was said not long ago, in a description of Saratoga, that if the Grand Union Hotel should ever perish in the height of the season, with all it contains, the future explorer who might delve in its ruins would come upon the rarest diamond mine the world ever knew.

Upon Saratoga Lake is the famous restaurant where "Saratoga chips" were invented and are served, this route being a favorite drive for the people who attend the numerous conventions, for whose use an elaborate Convention Hall has been erected on Broadway, seating five thousand persons. On the western shore of the lake, just where the Kayaderosseras River flows in from Ballston, is pointed out the

battlefield on which the legend says that in the days of the warlike Mohawks and fierce Mohicans they had a deadly combat, a thousand warriors being engaged, when suddenly the Great Spirit sent a miraculous white dove over the lake and battlefield, having such an effect that the conflict ceased, their tomahawks fell useless at their feet, and they smoked the calumet of peace. To the northward of Saratoga is the extensive Woodlawn Park, the home of the late Judge Henry Hilton. Ten miles northward is Mount McGregor, rising twelve hundred feet and giving a magnificent view. It was here that General Grant was taken in his last illness in 1885, and the cottage in which he died is now the property of New York State and open to the public.

FORT EDWARD.

The upper Hudson River has various falls providing good water-power, which are largely availed of by paper-mills. The famous Fort Edward, one of these noted paper-making towns, is but a short distance from Saratoga. The railroad, leading from Saratoga and the south to Lake Champlain and the north, here crosses the Hudson in a region of great historic interest. This was the beginning of the portage in early times between the river and the lake, the railway route following the ancient Indian trail. The two waters are actually connected by the Champlain Canal, and, curiously enough, this makes

New England an island, thus realizing the belief of the original explorers. Rev. Robert Cushman, who preached the first sermon before the Massachusetts Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1621, afterwards published it with an introduction describing New England, in which he says : "So far as we can find, it is an island, and near about the quantity of England, being cut out from the mainland in America, as England is from the main of Europe, by a great arm of the sea (Hudson's River) which entereth in forty degrees and runneth up northwest and by west, and goeth out either into the South Sea (Pacific Ocean) or else into the Bay of Canada (Gulf of St. Lawrence)." There can still be seen at Fort Edward traces of the ramparts of the old fort commanding the portage, which was held and fought for in the eighteenth century. Originally a noble domain around it of one thousand square miles was granted to "our loving subject, the Reverend Godfridius Dellius, Minister of the Gospell att our city of Albany," for "the annual rent of one Raccoon Skin." The old gentleman, however, fell from grace, and the domain was taken away from him and the New York Legislature suspended him from the ministry for "deluding the Mohawk Indians, and illegal and surreptitious obtaining of said grant." Then it went to his successor, Rev. John Lydius, who lived in the quaint "Lydius House" in Albany. The first fort was built soon after Lydius took possession, and in 1744 he estab-

lished a fur-trading station. A military road was then constructed from Saratoga to Whitehall on Lake Champlain, here crossing the river, and it was commanded by three forts, one at this crossing. The French destroyed the first fort, but Sir William Johnson made a successful expedition into the Lake Champlain district in 1755, and built here the strong post of Fort Edward. It was an important work during the whole French and Indian War, lasting seven years, and it was here that Lord Amherst organized the army which conquered Canada in 1759.

At Fort Edward first appeared as a British soldier one of the greatest heroes of the Revolution, Israel Putnam. He had joined Sir William Johnson's expedition as captain in a Connecticut regiment. He performed here a daring exploit; the wooden barracks had caught fire and the garrison vainly tried to subdue the flames, which approached the powder magazine, and the danger was frightful. The water-gate was opened, and the soldiers in line passed buckets of water up from the river, when Putnam mounted the roof of the next building to the magazine and threw the water on the fire. The commander, fearing for his life, ordered him to desist, but he would not leave until he felt the roof giving away. Then he got alongside the magazine, its timbers already charred, and hurled bucket after bucket upon it, with final success, the magazine being saved and an explosion prevented. The fire was quenched, but

the burnt and blistered hero was for a month a sufferer in the hospital. Putnam had an adventure at the rapids a few miles below Fort Edward, where he was out with a scouting party, and being alongside the bank alone in his boat, was surprised by the Indians. He could not cross the river above the rapids quickly enough to elude their muskets, and the only escape was down the cataract. Without hesitation, to the astonishment of the savages, his boat shot directly down the foaming, whirling current, amid eddies and over rugged rocks, and in a few moments he had escaped them, and was floating on the tranquil river below. Believing him to be protected by the Great Spirit, they dared not follow! Shortly afterwards, returning from a scout on Lake Champlain, Putnam's party was surprised, and the Indians captured and bound him to a tree. While thus situated, a battle between his friends and the enemy raged for an hour around the tree, he being under the hottest fire, but he was unscathed. The Indians were beaten and had to retreat, but they took their captive along, determined to have vengeance by roasting him alive. He was again tied to a tree, and the fire had been kindled and was blazing when the French commander, Molang, discovered and rescued him. Thus was Putnam seasoned for his great work in the Revolution.

The tragic murder of poor Jenny McCrea is also associated with Fort Edward. This post in the Revolution was held in 1777 by an American garrison,

who retired before the advance of Burgoyne's army southward. Jenny McCrea, the graceful and winning daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman, who was betrothed to an officer in Burgoyne's army, was visiting a widow lady at Fort Edward. In order to secure Indian co-operation, Burgoyne had offered bounties for prisoners and scalps, at the same time forbidding the killing of unarmed persons. He found it difficult, however, to restrain the savages, who went about in small bodies seeking captives, and one of these parties, prowling around Fort Edward, entered the house where Jenny was staying and carried off Jenny and her friend. An alarm was given, and troops sent after them. The Indians had caught two horses, on one of which Jenny was mounted, when the pursuers assailed them with a volley of bullets. The Indians were unhurt, but the fair captive was mortally wounded and fell, and, as tradition relates, expired at the foot of a huge pine tree, which remained a memorial of the tragedy for nearly a century. The savages thus lost their prisoner, but they quickly scalped her, and taking her long black tresses, bathed in blood, to Burgoyne's camp, they claimed reward. They were accused of her murder, but denied it, and the horrid tale, magnified by repetition, caused the greatest indignation. General Gates issued an address, charging Burgoyne with hiring savages to scalp Europeans and their descendants, and describing Jenny as having been "dressed to

meet her promised husband, but met her murderers." For this crime, it was added, Burgoyne had "paid the price of blood." Poor Jenny's murder, with Burgoyne's defeat, was employed most effectively by the opposition in the British House of Commons, Chatham and Burke eloquently denouncing the barbarity and merciless cruelties of his unfortunate campaign. Her lover declined longer to stay in Burgoyne's army, but retired to Canada, living there till old age. Jenny's remains are interred in the beautiful cemetery overlooking the Hudson above Fort Edward, marked by a monument recording her murder by a band of Indians at the age of seventeen, and reciting that the memorial was erected "To record one of the most thrilling incidents in the annals of the American Revolution; to do justice to the fame of the gallant British officer to whom she was affianced; and as a simple tribute to the memory of the departed." This gentle maiden's sacrifice was of priceless value in producing the revulsion of sentiment in Europe that had so much to do with the final success of the Revolution.

BAKER'S FALLS AND GLEN'S FALLS.

In coming to Fort Edward, the Hudson River sweeps around a grand curve from the west towards the south, much of its course over cascades and down rapids that are lined with mills. In a mile it descends eighty feet, these rapids being known as Baker's Falls, and just above is the village of Sandy

Hill, having in its centre a pleasant elm-shaded green. Here was enacted a tragedy, in some respects rivalling the tale of Pocahontas. A party of sixteen, carrying supplies to Lake George, was surprised and captured by Indians, and taken to the trunk of a fallen tree on the spot where is now the village green, bound by hickory withes and seated in a row. The savages then began at the end of the row and tomahawked them one after another until only two remained, Lieutenant McGinnis commanding the party and a young teamster named Quackenboss. The tomahawk was brandished over the former, when he threw himself backward and tried to break his bonds. A dozen tomahawks instantly gleamed over him, and lying on his back he defended himself with his heels, but he was soon hacked to death. Quackenboss alone remained, and the deadly hatchet was raised over his head, when suddenly the arm of the savage was seized by a squaw, who cried, "You shall not kill him; he no fighter; he my dog." They spared him to become a beast of burden. Staggering under a pack of plunder almost too heavy to carry, they marched him towards Canada, the Indians bearing his companions' scalps as trophies. They sailed along Lake Champlain in canoes, and at the first Indian village at which they halted he was compelled to "run the gauntlet." He ran between rows of savages armed with heavy clubs, who beat him, an ordeal in which he was severely injured. The Indian woman,

however, took him to her wigwam, bound up his wounds, and carefully nursed him until he recovered. He was ultimately ransomed, obtaining employment in Montreal. Finally returning to his home, he lived to a ripe old age, telling of his adventures until he died in 1820.

Following the curving Hudson River bank around to the westward, another series of rapids and cascades is ascended to the thriving manufacturing town of Glen's Falls. This magnificent cataract pours through a wild ravine having over seventy feet descent, the water flowing upon rough masses of black marble composing the rocky terraces the stream has broken down. The Mohicans had significant names for this famous cataract. One was Kayandorossa, meaning the "long deep hole," applied to the ravine; and another, Che-pon-tuc, or "hard climbing; a difficult place to get around." Along the north side of the ravine, upon a beautiful plain, is the manufacturing settlement of about ten thousand people, who use the admirable water-power and get the black marble out of adjacent quarries. Vast numbers of logs coming down the Hudson are gathered in a boom above the town, and sawmills cut them into lumber. Paper-mills cluster about the falls, and marble-saws work up the black rocks. In the centre of the ravine, above the falls, a cavern is hewn where a rocky islet makes a rude abutment for a bridge pier. Father Jogues, who came over from Lake George in 1645, was the

first white man who saw this attractive region, and he wrote that the Indians then called the Hudson "Oi-o-gue" or "the beautiful river," while the Hollanders, settled on it farther down, had named it the "river Van Maurice." When the Dutch made their first explorations they found that the lower Mohawk and the upper valley of the Hudson, with the country northward extending into the Adirondacks, was the home of the Mohicans, an Algonquin tribe, and always at war with the Mohawks, their western neighbors higher up that valley. It was thought probable that with a view of securing assistance in this inveterate feud, the Mohicans received the Dutch settlers so amicably and gave them lands.

James Fenimore Cooper located around Glen's Falls the scene of his novel, the *Last of the Mohicans*, in which *Hawkeye*, looking out of the cavern in the ravine, gives his admirable description of the cataract as it appeared in the French and Indian War, before the millwright had come along to disturb the scenery. "Ay," he said, "there are the falls on two sides of us, and the river above and below. If you had daylight it would be worth the trouble to step up on the height of this rock and look at the perversity of the water. It falls by no rule at all; sometimes it leaps, sometimes it tumbles; there it skips; here it shoots; in one place 'tis as white as snow, and in another 'tis as green as grass; hereabouts it pitches into deep hollows that rumble and quake the 'arth, and there-

away it ripples and sings like a brook, fashioning whirlpools and gullies in the old stone as if 'twere no harder than trodden clay. The whole design of the river seems disconnected. First it runs smoothly as if meaning to go down the descent as things were ordered; then it angles about and faces the shores; nor are there places wanting where it looks backward, as if unwilling to leave the wilderness to mingle with the salt!"

SOURCES OF THE HUDSON.

The noble Hudson River, which we have ascended to Glen's Falls, flows out of the great Adirondack wilderness of Northern New York, the headwaters draining its extensive southern declivity. Among these virgin Adirondack woods and mountains, near the Long Lake, is the remote source of the western branch of the Hudson, the "Hendrick Spring." Surrounded by forest and swamp, this cool and shallow pool, about five feet in diameter, fringed by delicate ferns, and overhung with vines and shrubbery, is the beginning of the great river, and named in honor of its discoverer and first explorer:

"Far up in the dim mountain glade,
Wrapped in the myst'ry of its shade,
On a cold rock, a dewdrop fell,
And slumbered in its stony shell,
Till brewed within its rocky bed,
There trickled out a silver thread,
A little, shy, lost waterling,
That marks the cradled mountain spring."

The Hendrick Spring is within a half-mile of Long Lake and upon the same summit, the latter discharging its waters northward into the St. Lawrence. The little stream from this source gathers force, and flows through a chain of brooks and ponds to the lovely Catlin Lake. High peaks environ them, and their swelling waters make much of the river on coming to the confluence with the northern branch of the Hudson at the outlet of Harris Lake. Here there blooms, all about, the splendid cardinal plant, its showy flower glowing like a flame.

The most elevated fountain head of the Hudson is upon the northern branch. Within the inmost recesses of the mountain wilderness, in a ravine between two of the highest peaks, the river has its spring nearest the sky, known as "The Tear of the Clouds," a lofty pool, adjacent to one of the noted Adirondack portages, the Indian Pass, at about forty-three hundred feet elevation above the sea. From this pool the water flows out through the Feldspar Brook into the Opalescent River, which does not go far before it tumbles down the picturesque cascade of the Hanging Spear, leaping fifty feet into a narrow abyss between perpendicular walls, and emerging among a mass of huge boulders. All these rocks, like the greater part of the Aganus-chion, or Black Mountains, as the Indians often called the Adirondacks, are composed largely of the labradorite or opalescent feldspar, which fills the stream-bed with

beautiful pebbles of blue or green or gold, many of them having all the colors. Thus glittering with the splendors of its rich coloring under the sunlight, the Opalescent River falls into Sandford Lake. A visitor to the Indian Pass says the explorers entered the rocky gorge between the steep slopes of Mount McIntyre and the cliffs of Wallface Mountain to the westward. Clambering high above the bottom of the canyon, they could see the famous Indian Pass between these mountains in all its wild grandeur. Before them rose a perpendicular cliff nearly twelve hundred feet from base to summit, its face being apparently as raw as if only just cleft. Above sloped Mount McIntyre, still more lofty than the cliff of Wallface, and in the gorge between lay piles of rocks, grand in dimensions and awful in aspect, as if hurled there by some terrible convulsion. Through these came the little stream going to the Hudson, bubbling along from its source close by a fountain of the Ausable. In spring freshets their waters commingle, part finding their way to the ocean at New York and part at Newfoundland.

Still another spring of clear cold water is a source of the Hudson, sending down the mountain side a vigorous rivulet, falling into the Opalescent. This fountain bubbles from a mass of loose rocks, some weighing a thousand tons apiece, about a hundred feet from the summit of the noble Mount Marcy, which the Indians called Tahawus, the "Sky-piercer."

From these sources among the Adirondacks flows the most important river of New York, uniting the waters of myriads of lakes and springs to form the noble stream which is picturesque and attractive throughout the whole of its course of three hundred miles to the sea. The main branches of the upper Hudson unite almost under the shadow of Tahawus, and flowing a tortuous course, it receives the outlet of Schroon Lake, the largest in the Adirondacks, covering about twenty square miles, the junction-point being but a short distance west of Lake George. Then flowing southward and turning eastward, it emerges from the mountain wilderness, and in about a hundred miles reaches its great cataract at Glen's Falls. Sweeping around the grand bend below, and tumbling down Baker's Falls, past Fort Edward and the rapids of Fort Miller, it receives the largest tributary from the eastward, the Battenkill, a rapid shallow stream flowing from the Green Mountains of Vermont. Thence its course is southward, every mile from the wilderness to the sea being replete with historic and scenic attractions:

"Queen of all lovely rivers, lustrous queen
Of flowing waters in our sweet new lands,
Rippling through sunlight to the ocean sands,
Within a smiling valley, and between
Romantic shores of silvery summer green;
Memorial of wild days and savage bands,
Singing the patient deeds of patriot hands,
Crooning of golden glorious years foreseen."

THE PALISADES, HUDSON RIVER

A GLIMPSE OF THE BERKSHIRE HILLS.

ley climbed over those hills they found to the eastward a beautiful stream, which they called the Housatonic, the "River beyond the Mountains." This picturesque river rises in the Berkshire hills, and flowing for one hundred and fifty miles southward by a winding course through Massachusetts and Connecticut, finally empties into Long Island Sound. Berkshire is the western county of Massachusetts, a region of exquisite loveliness that has no peer in New England, covering a surface about fifty miles long, extending entirely across the State, and about twenty miles wide. Two mountain ranges bound the intermediate valley, and these, with their outcroppings, make the noted Berkshire hills that have drawn the warmest praises from the greatest American poets and authors. Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Hawthorne, Beecher and many others have written their song and story, which are interwoven with our best literature. It is a region of mountain peaks and lakes, of lovely vales and delicious views, and the exhilarating air and pure waters, combined with the exquisite scenery, have made it constantly attractive. Beecher early wrote that it "is yet to be as celebrated as the Lake District of England, or the hill-country of Palestine." One writer tells of the "holiday-hills lifting their wreathed and crowned heads in the resplendent days of autumn;" another describes it as "a region of hill and valley, mountain and lake, beautiful rivers and laughing brooks." Miss Sedgwick,

who journeyed thither on the railroad up the Westfield Valley from the Connecticut River, wrote, "We have entered Berkshire by a road far superior to the Appian Way. On every side are rich valleys and smiling hillsides, and, deep-set in their hollows, lovely lakes sparkle like gems." Fanny Kemble long lived at Lenox, in one of the most beautiful parts of the district, and she wished to be buried in its churchyard on the hill, saying, "I will not rise to trouble anyone if they will let me sleep here. I will only ask to be permitted once in a while to raise my head and look out upon the glorious scene."

To these Berkshire hills the visitors go to see the rilliant autumnal tints of the American forests in their greatest perfection. When copious autumn rains have made the foliage luxuriant, much will remain vigorous after parts have been turned by frosts. This puts green into the Berkshire panorama to enhance the olives of the birch, the grayish pinks of the ash, the scarlets of the maple, the deep reds of the oak and the bright yellows of the poplar. When in such a combination, these make a magnificent contrast of brilliant leaf-coloring, and while it lasts, the mantle of purple and gold, of bright flame and resplendent green, with the almost dazzling yellows that cover the autumnal mountain slopes, give one of the richest feasts of color ever seen. This magnificence of the Berkshire autumn coloring inspired Beecher to write, "Have the evening clouds, suffused with

sunset, dropped down and become fixed into solid forms? Have the rainbows that followed autumn storms faded upon the mountains and left their mantles there? What a mighty chorus of colors do the trees roll down the valleys, up the hillsides, and over the mountains!" From Williamstown to Salisbury the region stretches, the Taghkanic range bounding it on the west, and the Hoosac Mountain on the east. The northern guardian is double-peaked Old Graylock, the monarch of the Berkshire hills, in the Taghkanic range, the scarred surfaces, exposed in huge bare places far up their sides, showing the white marble formation of these hills.

WILLIAMSTOWN TO PITTSFIELD.

The Fitchburg railroad, coming from Troy on the Hudson to Boston, crosses the northern part of the district and pierces the Hoosac Mountain by a famous tunnel, nearly five miles long, which cost Massachusetts $16,000,000, the greatest railway tunnel in the United States. This railroad follows the charming Deerfield River Valley up to the mountain, from the east, and it seeks the Hudson northwestward down the Hoosac River, the "place of stones," passing under the shadow of Old Graylock, rising in solid grandeur over thirty-five hundred feet, the highest Massachusetts mountain, at the northwest corner of the State. A tower on the top gives a view all around the horizon, with attractive glimpses of the

winding Hoosac and Housatonic Valleys. Nearby is Williamstown, the seat of Williams College, with four hundred students, its buildings being the chief feature of the village. President Garfield was a graduate of this College, and William Cullen Bryant for some time a student, writing much of his early poetry here. Five miles eastward is the manufacturing town of North Adams, with twenty thousand people, in the narrow valley of the Hoosac, whose current turns its mill-wheels. A short distance down the Hoosac, at a road crossing, was the site of old Fort Massachusetts, the "Thermopylæ of New England" in the early French and Indian War, where, in 1746, its garrison of twenty-two men held the fort two days against an attacking force of nine hundred, of whom they killed forty-seven and wounded many more, only yielding when every grain of powder was gone.

Journeying southward up the Hoosac through its picturesque valley, the narrow, winding stream turns many mills, while "Old Greylock, cloud-girdled on his purple throne," stands guardian at its northern verge. There are various villages, mostly in decadence, many of their people having migrated, and the mills have to supplement water-power with steam, the drouths being frequent. Of the little town of Adams on the Hoosac, Susan B. Anthony was the most famous inhabitant, and in Lanesboro "Josh Billings," then named H. W. Shaw, was born in 1818, before he wandered away to become an auctioneer

and humorist. The head of the Hoosac is a reservoir lake, made to store its waters that they may better serve the mills below, and almost embracing its sources are the branching head-streams of the Housatonic, which flows to the southward. This part of the intervale, being the most elevated, is a region of sloughs and lakes, from which the watershed tapers in both directions. Upon this high plateau, more than a thousand feet above the tidal level, is located the county-seat of Berkshire, Pittsfield, named in honor of William Pitt, the elder, in 1761. The Boston and Albany Railroad crosses the Berkshires through the town, and then climbing around the Hoosac range goes off down Westfield River to the Connecticut at Springfield. The Public Green of Pittsfield, located, as in all New England towns, in its centre, is called the "Heart of Berkshire." Upon it stands Launt Thompson's noted bronze statue of the "Color-Bearer," cast from cannon given by Congress,—a spirited young soldier in fatigue uniform, holding aloft the flag. This statue is reproduced on the Gettysburg battlefield, and it is the monument of five officers and ninety men of Pittsfield killed in the Civil War. At the dedication of this statue was read Whittier's eloquent lyric, "Massachusetts to Virginia," which was inspired by the "Latimer fugitive slave case" in 1842. An owner from Norfolk claimed the fugitive in Boston, and was awarded him by the courts, but the decision caused so much excitement

that the slave's emancipation was purchased for $400, the owner gladly taking the money rather than pursue the case further. Thus said Whittier:

"A voice from lips whereon the coal from Freedom's shrine hath been
Thrilled as but yesterday the breasts of Berkshire's mountain men;
The echoes of that solemn voice are sadly lingering still
In all our sunny valleys, on every wind-swept hill.

"And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet with the salt sea-spray;
And Bristol sent her answering shout down Narragansett Bay;
Along the broad Connecticut old Hampden felt the thrill,
And the cheer of Hampshire's woodmen swept down from Holyoke Hill:

"'No slave-hunt in our borders—no pirate on our strand!
No fetters in the Bay State—no slave upon our land!'"

Bordering this famous Green are the churches and public buildings of Pittsfield, while not far away a spacious and comfortable mansion is pointed out which for many years was the summer home of Longfellow, and the place where he found "The Old Clock on the Stairs"—the clock is said to still remain in the house. The Pittsfield streets lead out in every direction to lovely scenes on mountain slopes or the banks of lakes. The Agassiz Association for the study of natural history has its headquarters in Pittsfield, there being a thousand local chapters in various parts of the world. This pleasant region was the Indian domain of Pontoosuc, "the haunt of the

winter deer," and this is the name of one of the prettiest adjacent lakes just north of the town on the Williamstown road. Ononta is another of exquisite contour, west of the town, a romantic lakelet elevated eighteen hundred feet, which gives Pittsfield its water supply, and has an attractive park upon its shores. On the mountain to the northwest is Berry Pond, its margin of silvery sand strewn with delicate fibrous mica and snowy quartz. Here, in various directions, are the "Opes," as the beautiful vista views are called, along the vales opening through and among the hills. One of these, to the southward, overlooks the lakelet of the "Lily Bowl." Here lived Herman Melville, the rover of the seas, when he wrote his sea-novels. The chief of these vales is to the northwest of Pittsfield, the "Ope of Promise," giving a view over the "Promised Land." We are told that this tract was named with grim Yankee humor, because the original grant of the title to the land was "long promised, long delayed."

LENOX.

A fine road, with exquisite views, leads a few miles southward to Lenox, the "gem among the mountains," as Professor Silliman called it, standing upon a high ridge at twelve hundred feet elevation, and rising far above the general floor of the valley, the mountain ridges bounding it upon either hand, being about five miles apart, and having pleasant intervales

between. There is a population of about three thousand, but summer and autumn sojourners greatly enlarge this, when throngs of happy pilgrims from the large cities come here, most of them having their own villas. The crests and slopes of the hills round about Lenox are crowned by mansions, many of them costly and imposing, adding to the charms of the landscape. At the head of the main street, the highest point of the village, stands the old Puritan Congregational Church, with its little white wooden belfry and a view all around the compass. This primitive church recalls many memories of the good old times, before fashion sought out Lenox and worshipped at its shrine:

"They had rigid manners and homespun breeches
In the good old times;
They hunted Indians and hung up witches
In the good old times;
They toiled and moiled from sun to sun,
And they counted sinful all kinds of fun,
And they went to meeting armed with a gun,
In the good old times."

Far to the northward, seen from this old church, beyond many swelling knolls and ridges, rises Old Graylock, looking like a recumbent elephant, as the clouds overhang its twin rounded peaks, thirty miles away. From the church door, facing the south and looking over and beyond the village, there is such a panorama that even without the devotion of the in-

spired Psalmist, one might prefer to stand in the door of the Lord's house rather than dwell in tent, tabernacle or mansion. This glorious view is over two valleys, one on either hand, their bordering ridges covered with the fairest foliage. To the distant southwest, where the Housatonic Valley stretches away in winding courses, the stream flowing in wayward fashion across the view, there are many ridgy hills, finally fading into the horizon beyond the Connecticut boundary. The immediate hillside is covered with the churchyard graves, and then slopes down into the village, with its surrounding galaxy of villas, among which little lakes glint in the sunlight. It is no wonder that Fanny Kemble, who lived here at intervals for many years, desired to be buried at this church door, for she could not have found a fairer resting-place, though Henry Ward Beecher, another summer sojourner, in his enthusiasm expressed the hope that in her life to come she would "behold one so much fairer that this scenic beauty shall fade to a shadow."

The earliest settlements in this part of the Berkshires, then a dangerous Indian frontier, were in 1750; and a few years later, when peace was restored, lands were bought and two towns started, one called Mount Ephraim and the other Yokun-town, after an Indian chief. The Duke of Richmond, whose family name was Lenox, had taken strong ground in favor of the American colonists, and in gratitude these towns,

when subsequently incorporated, were called, the former Richmond, and the latter Lenox. The duke's coat-of-arms hangs upon the wall in the village Library of Lenox. In 1787 Lenox was made the county-seat of Berkshire, so continuing for eighty-one years, and its present church was built in 1806, replacing an older one. It began to be a summer resort at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and became fashionable after Fanny Kemble, then the great celebrity, visited it about 1838, and stopped at the "Berkshire Coffee House," setting the fashion of early rising by requiring her horse to be saddled and bridled and promptly at the door at seven o'clock in the morning, for a daily gallop of ten or twelve miles before breakfast. Lenox has now developed into so much wealth, fashion and luxury, that it is known as "the Newport of the Berkshires." Its one long village main street contains the Library and hotels, and in all directions pleasant roads lead out to the hills and vales around, which are developed in every way that wealth and art can master. The broad and charming grass-bordered main street, under its rows of stately overarching elms, leads southward down the hill among the villas. The deep adjacent valleys, with their many and varied knolls and slopes, give such grand outlooks that dwellings can be placed almost anywhere to advantage, most of them being spacious and impressive, their elaborate architecture adding to the attractions.

THE STOCKBRIDGE BOWL.

Southward from Lenox is the outer elevated rim of the "Stockbridge Bowl," a deep basin among the hills, and one can look down within this grand amphitheatre upon Lake Mahkeenac nestling there, with the rocky and chaotic top of the distant Monument Mountain closing the view beyond. There are attractive villas perched upon all the knolls and terraces surrounding this famous "Bowl," and one modest older mansion overlooks it among so much modern magnificence—Nathaniel Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables," the remains of which are still shown. Here he lived for a few years in a quaint little red wooden house, looking as if built in bits, and having a glorious view for miles away across the lake. Mrs. Hawthorne once described this house in a letter to her mother as "the reddest little thing, which looks like the smallest of ten-foot houses." Nearby is the farm where he got milk, the route to which he called the "milky-way." They have named the road leading out from Lenox to this house, in his honor, "Hawthorne Street." The view over the lake from its back windows was so enchanting that he was very proud of it, and Mrs. Hawthorne records that one day Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who then lived near Pittsfield, rode down to make a call. They insisted on his coming in "to get a peep at the lake through the boudoir window," while Hawthorne himself held the

doctor's horse at the door. The humorist, on returning, acknowledged the kindness with a pleasantry, saying, "Is there another man in all America that ever had such honor as to have the author of 'The Scarlet Letter' hold his horse?"

The rides around the "Stockbridge Bowl" are delicious. Over the hills they go, up and down the terraces widely encircling the grand basin, now under arching canopies of elms, then through the forest, past little lakelets, with fascinating views in all directions, and always having the placid lake for a central gem down in the "Bowl." There are villas on all the points of vantage—red-topped and white-topped —the princely palaces of wealthy bankers and merchants. One of the most noted of these villas on Lanier Hill, high above the "Bowl" and the surrounding vales, gives opportunity to overlook several lakes, and study the rock-ribbed structure of the charming region, thrust up in crags and layers of white marble. The walls and stonework of the buildings are chiefly white, contrasting prettily with the foliage and greensward. Here is seen the Laurel Lake, and beyond is the village of Lee, nestling in the deep valley along the winding Housatonic, its tall white church spire rising among the trees, yet far down among the surrounding hills. All the adjacent slopes are covered with villas, and the marble-quarries and paper-mills have made the town's fortune. There are about four thousand people, and the Lee

quarries are among the most noted in America. The pure white marble, cut out of deep fissures alongside the Housatonic, has built many famous structures, including the two largest buildings in the country, the Capitol at Washington and the Philadelphia City Hall, and also St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. Lee was named in the Revolution, after "Light Horse Harry" of Virginia.

STOCKBRIDGE AND ITS INDIANS.

Across an intervening ridge beyond the "Bowl" is the village of Stockbridge. The wayward Housatonic encircles Lee, and flows athwart the valley towards the west, thus making a meadow on which this pleasant settlement stands. In the autumn, turkeys strut about, and pumpkins lie profusely in the fields, preparing for the annual New England feast of roast turkey and pumpkin pie on Thanksgiving Day—the great Puritan holiday that has spread over the country. Monument Mountain and Bear Mountain to the southward guard the smaller glen into which the highway leads, with Stockbridge scattered through it upon the winding river banks. This region was settled earlier than Lenox, the first colonists from the Connecticut Valley venturing out upon the Indian trail across the Hoosac range in 1725 to take up a grant in the Southern Berkshires. They found here, on the river bank, the Mohican Indian village of Housatonnuc, and established relations of the greatest

friendliness. Field's Hill overlooks the town, where Cyrus W. Field, of Atlantic cable memory, and his brothers were born. Stockbridge has been described as one of "the delicious surprises of Berkshire," quiet and seemingly almost asleep beneath its embowering meadow elms under the rim of the hills upon the river-bordered plain. Upon the wide green street stands a solid square stone tower, with a clock and chimes, bearing the inscription, "This memorial marks the spot where stood the little church in which John Sergeant preached to the Indians in 1739." This handsome tower, standing in front of the Congregational Church, was the gift of David Dudley Field to his birthplace.

These Indians called themselves the Muhhekanews, or "the people of the great moving waters," and Sergeant was sent as a missionary among them, laboring fifteen years. They were afterwards called the Stockbridge Indians. Jonathan Edwards, the renowned metaphysician, who had differences with the church at Northampton, succeeded Sergeant, and came out into the Berkshire wilderness, living among these Indians and preaching by the aid of interpreters. This great pastor lived happily at Stockbridge for six years on an annual salary of $35, with $10 extra paid in fuel, and in one of the oldest houses of the village wrote his celebrated work on *The Freedom of the Will.* He left Stockbridge to become President of Princeton College in New Jersey.

The Stockbridge Indians had a wonderful tradition. They said that a great people crossed deep waters from a far-distant continent in the northwest, and by many pilgrimages marched to the seashore and the valley of the Hudson. Here they built cities and lived until a famine scattered them, and many died. Wandering afterwards for years in quest of a precarious living, they lost their arts and manners, and part of them settled in the village on the Housatonic, where the Puritans found them. They gladly received Sergeant's ministry, and he baptized over a hundred of them, translating the New Testament and part of the Old into their language. When Edwards came, in 1751, there were one hundred and fifty Indian families, and but six English families. Many were in the Continental army in the Revolution, and a company of these Indians won distinction in the battle of White Plains, near New York. They were dispersed in later days, some going to Western New York and others to the far West; but on the slope of a hill adjoining the river remains their old graveyard, a rugged weather-worn shaft surmounting a stone pile to mark it.

Upon the green village main street is Edwards' little old wooden house, having three small windows above the ponderous door. It is now called "Edwards Hall," and a granite obelisk out in front, erected by his descendants in 1871, preserves the memory of the great divine. Over opposite is the venerable

Sedgwick Mansion, the home of the famous Sedgwick family. Farther up the street is the Cemetery, where the most interesting feature is the enclosure set apart for their tombs, the graves being arranged in circles around the central tomb of Judge Theodore Sedgwick, the founder. He was a native of Hartford, born in 1746, migrated to Sheffield in Berkshire, and finally settled at Stockbridge after the Revolution, becoming one of the leading statesmen of New England, prominent in the old Federal party, Member of Congress and Senator from Massachusetts, and Speaker of the House. He was subsequently made Judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, dying in office in 1813. His children and descendants surround his grave, among them his daughter, the distinguished authoress, Catherine Maria Sedgwick, born at Stockbridge in 1789, who died in 1867.

A few miles to the southeast is Monument Mountain, the Indian "Fisher's Nest," one of the most curious and attractive of the Berkshire hills on account of its position and form, although the summit is not very high, less than thirteen hundred feet. Its rock formations are fine, being of white quartz, and on the eastern side is a detached cliff with a huge pinnacle nearly a hundred feet high, known as the "Pulpit." Hawthorne greatly admired this mountain, at which he looked from his boudoir window across the lake, and in its autumn hues he said it appeared like "a headless sphinx wrapped in a rich

Persian shawl," seen across a valley that was "a vast basin filled with sunshine as with wine." The mountain received its modern name from a cairn found on the summit, the tradition telling of a mythical Indian maiden who got crossed in love, and as a consequence jumped off the topmost cliff, being dashed to pieces. Her tribe, when they passed that way, each added a stone to the pile, thus building the cairn. There are many stones thrown all around this peculiarly rugged mountain, which is piled up with white marble crags in a region where abrupt peaks are seen almost everywhere. In among these cliffs is the Ice Glen, a cold and narrow cleft where ice may be found in midsummer, it is so secluded from sunshine. The appearance of Monument Mountain made a strong impression on William Cullen Bryant, who thus described it:

"To the north, a path
Conducts you up the narrow battlements.
Steep is the western side, shaggy and wild,
With many trees and pinnacles of flint,
And many a haughty crag. But to the east
Sheer to the vale go down the bare old cliffs,
Huge pillars that in middle heaven uprear
Their weather-beaten capitals—here dark
With the thick moss of centuries, and there
Of chalky whiteness, where the thunderbolt
Hath smitten them."

GREAT BARRINGTON.

To the southward farther, the widening Housatonic circles about the valley, bordered with willows

and alders, and hidden frequently by cliffs and forests. Hills terrace the horizon, with mountain peaks among them. Through the gorges the road follows down the circling river, which constantly turns more mill-wheels, its waters pouring over frequent white marble dams and bubbling upon rapids, with steep treè-clad slopes adorning the banks and making attractive views. Monument Mountain's long ridge gradually falls off, and the intervale broadens as the Housatonic winds in wider channel to Great Barrington. This is another typical New England village, embowered by the stateliest of elms, spreading along its broad green-bordered street, with a galaxy of hills encircling the intervale in which it stands, and lofty Mount Everett rising grandly over its southwestern verge. To the eastward is the special hill of Great Barrington, giving the town its name. Beecher described it as "one of those places which one never enters without wishing never to leave." William Cullen Bryant for several years, ending with 1825, was the town clerk of Great Barrington, and the records of that time are in his handwriting; his house is still preserved. For a quarter of a century Dr. Samuel Hopkins lived here, the hero of Mrs. Stowe's novel, the *Minister's Wooing*. On the lowlands by the river is the costliest country-house in the Berkshires, Kellogg Terrace, built by Mrs. Hopkins-Searles, a magnificent structure of blue and white marbles, with red-tiled roofs, and most elaborately

fitted up, upon which $1,500,000 was expended. It is carefully concealed from view from the village street by a massive stone wall and well-arranged trees. This mansion principally illustrates the affection the New England emigrant always bears for the home of youth. Mark Hopkins went away from the Berkshires to California to make a fortune and die. His childless widow, a native of Great Barrington, had $30,000,000, and came back to live on the farm where she had spent her childhood. She determined to rear a memorial, and built this French-Gothic palace of the native Berkshire marbles, exceeding at the time, in costliness and magnificence, any other private dwelling outside of New York City. As the building gradually grew, she became so enamored of it and its designer that she took the architect, Mr. Searles, for a second husband. Then she died, and he became its possessor. Yet it cannot be seen, except by climbing up a high hill to the eastward, where one can look down upon its red-tiled roofs on the low-lying meadow almost by the river side. The Congregational Church of Great Barrington has the Hopkins Memorial Manse, regarded as the finest parsonage in the United States, which cost $100,000 to build.

Following farther down the Housatonic, the village of Sheffield, another domain of marble quarries, is reached, with the same broad, quiet, green-bordered and elm-shaded village street, and famed for having

furnished the marble to build Girard College and its magnificent colonnade at Philadelphia. The "Sheffield Elm" in the southern part of the town, a noble tree of great age, was given fame by the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." To the westward is the broad and solid mass of Mount Everett, often called Mount Washington, the southern outpost of the Taghkanic range, and the sentinel guarding the southwestern corner of Massachusetts, as Old Graylock guards the northwest corner. This mountain rises over twenty-six hundred feet, the "Dome of the Taghkanics." From its summit can be surveyed to the westward the valley of the Hudson, while beyond, at the horizon, the distant Catskills hang, in the words of Dr. Hitchcock, "like the curtains of the sky." The Connecticut boundary is not far away, and beyond it, southward, are successive ranges of hills. The Housatonic winds through productive valleys, with herds quietly grazing, and tobacco and other crops growing. This is in the town of Mount Washington, which was part of the great Livingston Manor that stretched in front of the mountain over to the Hudson, and the first settlers were Dutch, who came up from that valley. This region was the scene of the close of Shays' Rebellion in 1787, the insurgents who had convulsed western Massachusetts, and attacked and plundered Stockbridge, being chased down here by the troops, and a considerable number killed and wounded before they were dispersed.

TO SALISBURY AND BEYOND.

The southwestern corner of Massachusetts, projecting westward into New York outside the Connecticut boundary, is known as Boston Corner. To the southward, in the northwestern corner of Connecticut, is Salisbury, where the Taghkanic range falls away into lower hills. Beecher described this country as a constant succession of hills swelling into mountains, and of mountains flowing down into hills. This is a quiet region, formerly a producer of iron ores, and it was early settled by the Dutch, who came over from the Hudson in 1720. They were a timid race, however, fearing the rigors of climate, and, coming thus to the edge of what looked like an Alpine land of dreariness beyond, they would not venture farther into the forbidding hills. The mountainous region to the north and east they inscribed on their maps as a large white vacant space, which they coolly named "Winterberg." The township has two noted ravines, solitary, rugged and attractive, and both containing cascades. In one to the westward is the celebrated Bash-Bish Falls, and the other to the northward is Sage's Ravine, just beyond it being Norton's Falls. The Bash-Bish is said to have got its name in imitation of running, falling waters. It descends nearly five hundred feet in cataracts and rapids, the finest cascades in the Berkshires, and then flows out westward to the Hudson. The Housatonic, going south-

ward through Salisbury, plunges down its Great Falls over rocky ledges for sixty feet descent, making a tremendous noise and a fine display. To the eastward of the Housatonic Valley, at an elevation of eleven hundred feet, on a broad plateau, is Litchfield, consisting chiefly of two broad, tree-shaded streets crossing at right angles, the chief buildings fronting on the central village Green. On the southwestern outskirts is Bantam Lake, the largest in Connecticut, covering a little over a square mile of surface. The most famous house in Litchfield, which has been moved, however, from its original location, is unpretentious, the old-time wooden mansion in which Rev. Lyman Beecher lived when pastor here, from 1810 to 1826, and where was born the famous authoress, Harriet Beecher, in 1812, who married Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, and the famous preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, in 1813. In the Wolcott House at Litchfield was born Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury, he and his father both having been Connecticut Governors. To this house was brought, in the Revolution, the leaden statue of King George III., which stood on the Bowling Green of New York, to be melted into bullets. These were the favorite Indian hunting-grounds of Bantam around the lake, and when Litchfield was first settled, about 1720, the village was surrounded by a palisade, lest the savages should return to their coveted region to take forcible possession. Litchfield for a half-century

after the Revolution had the most noted law school in America. To the northward, at Wolcottville, where there are now large factories, lived Captain John Brown, a noted Revolutionary soldier, and here was born in 1800 his grandson, "Old John Brown of Osawatomie."

Yet farther southward, but still among the hills, west of the Housatonic Valley and near the New York boundary, is Danbury, famous for its hat-factories, a town of about twenty thousand people. The first hat-factory in America was opened at Danbury in 1780 by Zadoc Benedict, three men making three hats a day. The factories now turn out several thousand a day. In May, 1777, the Hessians attacked Danbury and destroyed a large amount of the Revolutionary army supplies, and it is recorded of the tragic event that Danbury was "ankle-deep in pork-fat." On that memorable occasion it is said that when the raiders were advancing up a hill a bold and reckless Yankee farmer rode to its crest and shouted loudly, "Halt, the whole universe; break off by kingdoms!" This demonstration alarmed the Hessians, who thought a formidable force coming, and they halted to defend themselves, deploying skirmishers and getting up their cannon to the front. It was in an attack upon these raiders near Danbury that General Wooster was mortally wounded, and the Danbury Cemetery contains his monument. The constantly broadening Housatonic River winds among

the Connecticut hills in its steady course southeastward to its confluence with the Naugatuck, a smaller stream coming down through a pretty valley from the north, its Indian name meaning "one tree," referring to an ancient tree on its banks which was a landmark for the aborigines. The Naugatuck tumbles over a waterfall in the Indian domain of Paugussett, furnishing power for the mills of Ansonia, noted for its clocks. Near the confluence of the rivers is the great Housatonic dam, six hundred feet long and twenty-three feet high, constructed at a cost of $500,000 for the manufacturers of Derby, who make pins, tacks, stockings, pianos and many other articles. Commodore Isaac Hull, born in 1773, was the most distinguished native of Derby, the commander of the frigate "Constitution" when she captured the "Guerriere" in 1812. Then in stately course the broad Housatonic flows southward, to finally empty into Long Island Sound. The beauties of the Berkshire hills, so much of which are made by the Housatonic's wayward course, have been the theme of universal admiration, and their praises abound in our best American literature. It was after a visit there that Robert G. Ingersoll made his happy phrases in contrasting country and city life:

"It is no advantage to live in a great city, where poverty degrades and failure brings despair. The fields are lovelier than paved streets, and the great forests than walls of brick. Oaks and elms are more

poetic than steeples and chimneys. In the country is the idea of home. There you see the rising and setting sun; you become acquainted with the stars and clouds. The constellations are your friends. You hear the rain on the roof and listen to the rhythmic sighing of the winds. You are thrilled by the resurrection called Spring, touched and saddened by Autumn, the grace and poetry of death. Every field is a picture, a landscape; every landscape a poem; every flower a tender thought; and every forest a fairy-land. In the country you preserve your identity, your personality. There you are an aggregation of atoms, but in the city you are only an atom of an aggregation."

The historian of the Berkshires, Clark W. Bryan of Great Barrington, thus poetically describes the Berkshire hills and homes:

"Between where Hudson's waters flow
Adown from gathering streams,
And where the clear Connecticut,
In lengthened beauty gleams—
Where run bright rills, and stand high rocks,—
Where health and beauty comes,
And peace and happiness abides,
Rest Berkshire's Hills and Homes.

"The Hoosac winds its tortuous course,
The Housatonic sweeps
Through fields of living loveliness,
As on its course it keeps.
Old Saddleback stands proudly by,
Among Taconic's peaks,

And rugged mountain Monument
Of Indian legend speaks.

"Mount Washington with polished brow,
Green in the summer days,
Or white with winter's driving storms,
Or with autumn's flame ablaze,
Looms up across the southern sky,
In native beauty dressed—
The home of Bash-Bish, weird and old,
Anear the mountain's crest.

"And still each streamlet runs its course,
And still each mountain stands,
While Berkshire's sons and daughters roam
Through home and foreign lands;
But though they roam, or though they rest,
A thought spontaneous comes,
Of love and veneration for
Our Berkshire Hills and Homes."

THE ADIRONDACKS AND THEIR ATTENDANT LAKES.

XII.

THE ADIRONDACKS AND THEIR ATTENDANT LAKES.

The Great North Woods—Mount Marcy or Tahawus—Schroon Lake—Raquette River—View from Mount Marcy—Door of the Country—Lake George—Horicon, the Silvery Water—Isaac Jogues—Sir William Johnson—Lake George Scenery and Islands—Sabbath Day Point—Lake George Battles and Massacres—The Bloody Morning Scout—Colonel Ephraim Williams—Baron Dieskau Defeated and Captured—Fort William Henry—Fort Carillon—General Montcalm—Massacre at Fort William Henry—Alexandria—Ticonderoga—Abercrombie's Expedition—General Lord Howe—Rogers' Slide—Howe Killed and Abercrombie Defeated—Amherst's Expedition—Carillon Captured—Fort Ticonderoga—Conquest of Canada—Ethan Allen Captures Ticonderoga—Lake Champlain—Samuel de Champlain Explores It—Defeats the Iroquois—Crown Point—Port Henry—Bulwagga Mountain and Bay—Fort St. Frederic—Westport—Split Rock—Rock Reggio—Port Kent—Vermont—The Green Mountains—Bennington—John Stark—Rutland—Killington Peak—Mount Mansfield—Forehead, Nose and Chin—Camel's Hump—Maple Sugar—Burlington—University of Vermont—Ethan Allen's Grave—Winooski River—Smuggler's Notch—Montpelier—Hessian Cannon—St. Albans—Ausable Chasm—Alice Falls—Birmingham Falls—Grand Flume—Bluff Point—Lower Saranac River—Plattsburg—Fredenburgh's Ghost—McDonough's Victory—Chateaugay Forest—Clinton Prison—Rouse's Point—Richelieu River—Chambly Rapids—Entering the Adirondacks—Raven Pass—Bouquet River—Elizabethtown—Mount Hurricane—Giant of the Valley—Ausable River—Flats of Keene—Mount Dix—Noon Mark Mountain—Ausable Lakes—Adirondack Mountain Reserve—Mount Colvin—Verplanck Colvin—Long Pond Mountain—Pitch-Off

Mountain—Cascade Lakes—Mount McIntyre—Wallface—Western Ausable River—Plains of Abraham—North Elba—Whiteface—Old John Brown's Farm and Grave—Lake Placid—Mirror Lake—Eye of the Adirondacks—Upper Saranac River—Harrietstown—Lower Saranac Lake—Ampersand—Canoeing and Carrying—Round Lake—Upper Saranac Lake—Big Clear Pond—St. Regis Mountain and River—St. Germain Carry—St. Regis Lakes—Paul Smith's—Raquette River and Lake—Camp Pine Knot—Blue Mountain and Lake—Eagle Lake—Fulton Lakes—Forked Lakes—Long Lake—Tupper Lakes—Mountains, Woods and Waters—The Forest Hymn.

THE GREAT NORTH WOODS.

THE Adirondack wilderness covers almost the whole of Northern New York. This region is an elevated plateau of about fifteen thousand square miles, crossed by mountain ranges. It stretches from Canada down almost to the Mohawk Valley, and from Lake Champlain northwest to the St. Lawrence, in rugged surface, the plateau from which its peaks arise being elevated about two thousand feet above the sea. Five nearly parallel mountain ranges cross it from southwest to northeast, terminating in great promontories upon the shores of Lake Champlain. The most westerly is the Clinton or Adirondack range, beginning at the pass of Little Falls upon the Mohawk River and crossing the wilderness to the bold Trembleau Point upon the lake at Port Kent. This range contains the highest peaks, the loftiest of them, Mount Marcy or Tahawus, rising fifty-three hundred and forty-five feet, while Mounts

McIntyre, Whiteface, Seward and several others nearby approximate five thousand feet. A multitude of peaks of various heights are scattered through the region, over five hundred being enumerated. They are all wild and savage, and were covered by the primeval forests until the ruthless wood-chopper began his destructive incursions. The stony summits of the higher mountains rise above all vegetation, excepting mosses and dwarf Alpine plants. The geological formation is mainly granitic and other primary rocks. In the valleys are more than a thousand beautiful lakes of varying sizes, generally at fifteen hundred to two thousand feet elevation, Schroon Lake, the largest, being the lowest, elevated eight hundred and seven feet, while the highest is "The Tear of the Clouds," at forty-three hundred and twenty feet elevation, one of the Hudson River sources. Some of these lakes are quite large, while others cover only a few acres, and most of them are lovely and romantic in everything but their prosaic names; and their scenery, with the surrounding mountains and overspreading forests, is unsurpassed. The labyrinth of lakes is connected by intricate systems of rivulets which go plunging down myriads of cascades, their outlets discharging into several well-known rivers, the chief being the Hudson. The largest and finest stream within the district is the Raquette River, rising in Raquette Lake and flowing westward and northward to the St. Lawrence.

Around it, in the olden time, the Indians gathered on snowshoes to hunt the moose—the snowshoe being the French Canadian's "raquette," and hence the name. The Ausable and Saranac pass through romantic gorges and flow northeastward to Lake Champlain. This "Great North Woods," as it was called by our ancestors, is being so greatly despoiled of its forests, that to preserve the water supply of the Hudson, as well as to protect its scenic attractions, New York is making a State Park to include four thousand square miles, of which nearly one-half is now secured, having cost about $1,000,000. Railways are gradually extending into the district; it is becoming dotted with summer hotels and camping-grounds; and is one of the most popular American pleasure resorts.

The highest peak, Mount Marcy, has a summit which is a bare rock of about four hundred by one hundred feet, elevated more than a mile, and its outlook gives a splendid map of the Adirondacks. All about are mountains, though none are as high; McIntyre and Colden are close companions, with the dark forests of the St. Lawrence region stretching far behind them to the northwest. To the northward is the beautiful oval-shaped Lake Placid, with Whiteface rising beyond it, and nearby, to the westward, is the Indian "Big Eye," Mount Seward, which, with the "Giant of the Valley," rises far above the attendant peaks. Behind these, the hills to the north-

ward gradually melt into the level lands along the St. Lawrence, out of which faintly rises the distant Mount Royal, back of Montreal. The Vermont Green Mountains bound the eastern horizon, with the hazy outline of Mount Washington traced against the sky through a depression in that range, thus opening an almost deceptive view of the distant White Mountains. The Catskills close the southern view. The vast wilderness spreads all around this noble mountain, its white lakes gleaming, its dark forests broken by a few clearings, and smokes arising here and there disclosing the abiding-places of the summer sojourner. Off to the northeast stretches the long glistening streak of Lake Champlain, low-lying, the telescope disclosing the sails of the vessels like specks upon its bosom, and the Vermont villages fringing the farther shore. This narrow, elongated lake, filling the immense trough-like valley between the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains of Vermont, the Indians called as one of its names (for it had several) Cania-de-ri-qua-rante, meaning "The door of the Country." Naming everything from a prominent attribute, to their minds the chief use of this long water way was as a door to let in the fierce Hurons from Canada when they came south to make war upon the Mohawks or the Mohicans. Many a brave warrior, both Indian and white, has gone through that door to attack his foes, one way or the other. As far back as tradition goes, the dusky savages

were darting swiftly along the lake in their canoes, bent upon plunder or revenge. Then came Champlain, its white discoverer, to aid the Hurons with his arquebuse in their forays upon the Mohawks and Iroquois. In the ante-Revolutionary days many a French and Indian horde came along to massacre and destroy the English and Dutch settlements in the Hudson Valley. Then the current changed, and the English beat back their foes northward along the lake. Again it changed, as Burgoyne came in triumph through that door to meet defeat at Saratoga. Finally, in 1814, the last British forces moved southward on the lake, but they, too, were beaten. Since then this famous door has stood wide open, but only tourists and traders are passing through, though zest is given the present exploration by its warlike history of two centuries.

LAKE GEORGE.

Upon the southeastern border of the Adirondacks is Lake George, its head or southern end being nine miles north of Glen's Falls on the Hudson River. No American lake has had so many songs of praise; it is a gem among the mountains, its picturesque grandeur giving it the deserved title of the American Como. It reminds the Englishman of Windermere and the Scot of charming Loch Katrine, for while it is larger, it holds a place in our scenery akin to both those famous lakes. Embowered amid high

hills, a crystal mirror set in among cliffs and forest-clad mountains, their wild and rugged features are constantly reflected in its clear spring waters. Its scenery mingles the gentle and picturesque with the bold and magnificent. George Bancroft, referring to its warlike history, says: "Peacefully rest the waters of Lake George between their ramparts of highlands. In their pellucid depth the cliffs and the hills and the trees trace their images, and the beautiful region speaks to the heart, teaching affection for nature." It is long and narrow, having more the character of a river than a lake, lying almost north and south, in a deep trough among the mountains, its waters discharging from the north end into Lake Champlain, and while thirty-six miles long, it is nowhere more than two or three miles wide. Washing the eastern verges of the Adirondacks, the bold ranges give it the rare beauties of scenery always presented by a mountain lake. Its surface is two hundred and forty-three feet above tide-water, and in some places it is over four hundred feet deep, the basin in which it rests being covered with a yellow sand, so that the bottom is visible through the pellucid waters at great depth. It is dotted with romantic islands, beautiful hill-slopes border the shores, and the background rises into dark and bold mountains. This magnificent lake was Horicon, or the "Silvery Water" of the Mohicans, a name which Cooper, the novelist, vainly endeavored to revive for it. The Mohawks

called it Andiatarocte, or the "Place where the Lake Closes." The Hurons, as it appeared much like an appendage to Lake Champlain, named it Canaderioit, or the "Tail of the Lake." The first white man who saw it was the young French Jesuit missionary, Isaac Jogues, who had been captured on the St. Lawrence by a band of Mohawks, and was brought through it a captive in 1642, and after horrible maltreatment escaped to Albany. He went home to France, and in 1646 came out again, determined to convert them. His canoe entered its quiet waters on his beneficent mission on the eve of the festival of Corpus Christi, and he named it Lac du Saint Sacrament. He went on to the Mohawk Valley and ministered to them, but soon they murdered him. The French prized its clear and sparkling waters so highly that they were sent to Canada for baptismal uses. When Sir William Johnson came along more than a century later and took possession for England, he brushed aside all these romantic names, and in honor of his King George II., called it Lake George, the name which remains.

A charming steamboat ride over the lake best discloses its delicious scenery as one glides among the lovely islands, and through scenes like a fairy-land, their brilliant prospects constantly changing. At almost every hour from noon to eve, or in the gathering storm, the islands of Lake George—which are said to equal in number the days of the year—ex-

hibit ever new phases. They may sleep under the cloud-shadow, and then the sun brightly breaks over them; they present a foreground of rough rocks or of pebble and shingle-covered beach, or an Acadian bower of rustic beauty, while the landscape is filled with the spreading waters and the distant-tinted hills. Tea Island, near the head of the lake, is a picnic-ground; Sloop Island has its tree-trunks looking like the spreading sails of a single-masted vessel; Diamond Island yields beautiful quartz crystals. Near the centre of the widest portion of the lake is Dome Island, richly wooded, and resembling the noted "Ellen's Isle" of Loch Katrine. The Sisters are diminutive islets, lonely in their isolation. The beautiful Recluse Island has a picturesque villa, while all about it rise high mountains. Green Island bears the Sagamore, and behind it the encircling shores of Ganouskie Bay are lined with villas at Bolton, which look out upon a grand archipelago. Green Island covers seventy acres, and is a perfect gem of rich green surface. On the shores and islands all about are numerous summer camping-places, a favorite resort being the Shelving Falls, coming through the Shelving Rock, an impressive semicircle of Palisades, behind which rises the lake's greatest mountain, ever present in all its views, Black Mountain, elevated twenty-nine hundred feet. Just beyond, the towering hills thrust out on either hand contract the waters into the Narrows, dotted with a whole fleet

of little islands, the most picturesque part of the lake, and here a brief fairy-like glimpse of the hamlet of Dresden is got, nestling under these great mountains, down Bosom Bay. Northward from the Narrows, a long projecting point of low and fertile land stretches out on the western side, still retaining that air of restful peace which in the eighteenth century secured it the name of Sabbath Day Point. Farther on, and near the outlet, Rogers' Slide is on one side and Anthony's Nose on the other, these bold cliffs contracting the lake into a second Narrows. Beyond these are lower and less interesting shores, and finally, at the foot, its waters are discharged through the winding Ticonderoga Creek into Lake Champlain.

LAKE GEORGE BATTLES AND MASSACRES.

The historical associations of Lake George are of the deepest interest, for it was the route between the colonial frontier and Lake Champlain, and the scene of great military movements and savage combats. For over a century this attractive region was the sojourning place of religious devotees coming down from Canada to convert or conquer the heathen Iroquois, or of hostile expeditions moving both north and south—Indians, French, Dutch, English—all passing over its lovely waters; and it was the scene of two of the most horrid massacres of the colonial wars. Whenever there was war between France and Eng-

land this lake saw fierce conflicts, the red men taking part with the whites on both sides. In 1755 Sir William Johnson's expedition started northward from the Hudson to capture Crown Point on Lake Champlain, advancing from Glen's Falls to Lake George, over the route still taken. Colonel Ephraim Williams of Massachusetts commanded part of this expedition, and was ambushed by the French and Hurons near the lake, in what was called the "Bloody Morning Scout." Upon the road still exist grim memorials of the ambush and massacre in the "Bloody Pond" and "Williams' Rock." He had twelve hundred troops and two hundred Mohawk Indians, and both Williams and the white-haired Mohawk chief, Hendrick, were slain, with hundreds of their followers, and the bodies of the dead were thrown into the pond. When the brave Williams started on this sad expedition he had a presentiment of his fate and made his will at Albany, giving his estate to support a free school, and from this bequest was founded the well-known Williams College, at Williamstown, in the Berkshire hills of western Massachusetts. A monument on the hillside, resting upon "Williams' Rock," was erected in 1854 by the College Alumni, to mark the place of his death, while deep down in the glen is the sequestered pond which, tradition says, had a bloody hue for many years.

After the surprise and massacre, Johnson's main forces, which had been at the head of Lake George

and heard the firing, came up and engaged the French, defeating them with great slaughter, wounding and capturing Baron Dieskau, their commander, who was badly maltreated until Johnson, learning who he was, sent for surgeons, took him into his own tent, and, although wounded himself, had Dieskau's wounds dressed first. The Mohawks, furious at the massacre and loss of their old chief, Hendrick, wanted to kill Dieskau, and a number of them, going into the tent, had a long and angry dispute in their own language with Johnson, after which they sullenly left. Dieskau asked what they wanted. "What do they want?" returned Johnson. "To burn you, by God, eat you, and smoke you in their pipes, in revenge for three or four of their chiefs that were killed. But never fear; you shall be safe with me, or else they shall kill us both." A captain and fifty men were detailed to guard Dieskau, but next morning a lone Indian, who had been loitering about the tent, slipped in and, drawing a sword concealed under a sort of cloak he wore, tried to stab the disabled prisoner. He was seized in time, however, to prevent the murder. The distinguished captive, as soon as his wounds permitted, was carried on a litter over to the Hudson, and sent thence to Albany and New York. He was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, and remarked of the provincial soldiers that in the morning they fought like good boys, about noon like men, and in the afternoon like devils. He re-

turned to Europe in 1757, but he never recovered from his wounds and died a few years later. Johnson after the battle built a strong fort at the head of Lake George to hold his position, while the straggling French and Indians, who had retired to the foot of the lake, entrenched themselves at Ticonderoga. Thus was built the famous Fort William Henry by the English, named in honor of the Duke of Cumberland, brother of King George II., the hero of Culloden, while the French named their entrenched camp at Ticonderoga Fort Carillon, or the "Chime of Bells," in allusion to the music of the waterfalls in the outlet stream flowing beside it between the lakes.

Bitter enemies thus holding either end of Lake George, it became a constant battleground. In 1757, after numerous skirmishes, a considerable British and Colonial force was collected at Forts Edward and William Henry, intended to attack Carillon and Crown Point and drive the French down Lake Champlain. General Montcalm then commanded the French, and learning what was going on, and that the main British force was at Fort Edward, he swiftly traversed the lake with a large army and cut off and besieged Fort William Henry, garrisoned by twenty-five hundred men. The commander at Fort Edward was afraid to send reinforcements, and after a few days the British garrison, their guns dismounted and their works almost destroyed, were forced to capitu-

late. No sooner had they laid down their arms and marched out of the fort and an adjacent entrenched camp, than the Indian allies of the French, the fierce Hurons, fell upon them, plundering indiscriminately and murdering all they could reach, there being fifteen hundred killed or carried into captivity, and over a hundred women slain, with the worst barbarities of the savage. Montcalm did his best to restrain them, but was powerless. The fort was an irregular bastioned square, formed by gravel embankments, surmounted by a rampart of heavy logs laid in tiers, the interstices filled with earth, and it was built almost at the edge of the lake, the site being now occupied by a hotel. The French spent several days demolishing it. The barracks were torn down and the huge logs of the rampart thrown into a heap. The dead bodies filling the casemates were added to the mass, which was set fire, and the mighty funeral pyre blazed all night. Then the French sailed away on the lake, and Parkman says "no living thing was left but the wolves that gathered from the mountains to feast upon the dead." When the English on the subsequent day sent a scouting party from Fort Edward they found a horrible scene; the fires were still burning, and the smoke and stench were suffocating, the half-consumed corpses broiling upon the embers. The fort had mounted nineteen cannon and a few mortars, a train of artillery which Johnson had highly prized. The French carried these guns off with them

to Carillon, and they afterwards had a chequered history. The English subsequently retook them at Carillon, and changed the name of that fort to Ticonderoga. At the dawn of the Revolution, Ethan Allen and his Vermonters surprised Ticonderoga and got them. Then the guns were drawn on sledges to Boston, and did notable service in the American siege and capture of that city, afterwards going into many engagements with Washington's army.

ATTACKING CARILLON.

The Lake George outlet stream, which the French called Carillon, from its waterfalls, was known by the Indians as Ticonderoga, or "the sounding waters." It winds through a ridge about four miles wide between the lakes, is pretty but turbulent, and falls down two series of cascades, giving music and water-power to the paper and other mills at the villages of Alexandria and Ticonderoga, the descent being two hundred and thirty feet. The upper cascade at Alexandria goes down rapids descending two hundred feet in a mile, and the lower cascade is a perpendicular fall of thirty feet at Ticonderoga, this village being called by its people "Ty," for short. Here stood the original French Fort Carillon guarding the pass at the verge of Lake Champlain. After the horrible massacre at Fort William Henry, the British colonists determined upon revenge, and General James Abercrombie, who had been made the

Commander-in-Chief of all the British forces in North America through political influence, gathered an army of nearly sixteen thousand men at the head of the lake, while Montcalm was at Carillon with barely one-fourth the number. Abercrombie, however, was little more than the nominal British commander. General Wolfe described him as a "heavy man;" and another soldier wrote that he was "an aged gentleman, infirm in body and mind." The British Government meant that the actual command should be in the hands of General Lord Howe, who was in fact the real chief, described by Wolfe as "that great man" and "the noblest Englishman that has appeared in my time, and the best soldier in the British army;" while Pitt called him "a character of ancient times; a complete model of military virtue." This young nobleman, then in his thirty-fourth year, was Viscount George Augustus Howe, in the Irish peerage, the oldest of the three famous Howe brothers who took part in the American wars. The army, Parkman says, "felt him from General to drummer-boy." In that army were also two future famous men, Israel Putnam and John Stark.

They advanced northward on Lake George, July 5, 1758, in a grand flotilla of over a thousand boats, with two floating castles, the procession brilliant with rich uniforms and waving banners, and the music from its many bands echoing from the enclosing hills. Fenimore Cooper, in *Satanstoe*, gives a vivid

THE STEAMER "ALGERIAN" RUNNING THE LONG SAULT RAPIDS

description of this pageant. Passing beyond the Narrows, Abercrombie, on a Sunday morning, landed upon the fertile Sabbath Day Point to refresh his men before making the attack, thus naming it. Among them was Major Rogers, the Ranger, and in front could be seen the steep and rugged cliff of Rogers' Slide, named after him, its face a comparatively smooth inclined plane of naked rock, rising four hundred feet. The tale, as Rogers told it, was, that the previous winter, fleeing from the Indians, he practiced upon them a ruse, making them believe he had actually slid down this rock to the frozen surface of the lake. He was on snowshoes, the savages following, and ran out to the edge of the precipice, casting down his knapsack and provision-bag. Then turning around and wearing his snowshoes backward, he went to a neighboring ravine, and making his way safely down, fled over the ice to the head of the lake. The Indians saw the double set of shoe-marks in the snow, and concluded two men had jumped down rather than be captured. They saw Rogers going off over the ice, and believing he had safely slid down the face of the cliff, regarded him as specially protected by the Great Spirit and abandoned the pursuit. Thus has his name clung to the remarkable rock, though he was said to be a great braggart, and there were people who suggested that he ought to have been a leading member of the "Ananias Club." Beyond the slide, at the foot of

the lake, is the low-lying Prisoners' Island, where the British kept the captives they took, and nearby Howe's Landing, where the army landed to attack Fort Carillon.

There was then a dense forest covering almost all the surface between the lakes, greatly obstructed by undergrowth, and Montcalm had protected his position at Carillon with massive breastworks of logs, eight or nine feet high, having in front masses of trees cut down with their tops turned outwards, thus making it almost impossible for an enemy to get through, the sharpened points of the broken branches bristling like the quills of a porcupine. As the British troops advanced in four columns, they got much mixed up in the forest and undergrowth, and Howe, with Putnam and a force of rangers at the head of the principal column, although they could not see ahead, suddenly came upon the French, were challenged, and a hot skirmish followed, in which Howe was shot through the breast and dropped dead. Then all was confusion, but they beat this French advanced force and killed or captured most of them. The loss of Howe, however, was irretrievable, for Abercrombie, deprived of his advice, seemed unable to direct. The fort was attacked after a fashion, but the troops floundered about in the woods and the network of felled trees, suffered from a murderous fire, and were beaten and hurled back discomfited to the shore of the lake. A few days later the shattered army,

having left nearly two thousand dead and dying in front of Carillon, sailed back up the lake again to Fort William Henry. Leadership had perished with Lord Howe. His monument is in Westminster Abbey, London, having been erected to his memory by the General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts, who voted £250 for it. So proud was Montcalm of his victory that he caused a great cross to be erected on the battlefield, with an inscription in Latin composed by himself, which is thus translated:

"Soldier and chief and rampart's strength are naught;
Behold the conquering Cross! 'Tis God the triumph wrought."

TICONDEROGA.

Abercrombie was superseded after this disaster and went home, his successor in command being Baron Jeffrey Amherst, who the next year led another grand martial procession northward along the lake to attack the French. His expedition had better success, for it resulted in the conquest of Canada, and the treaty of peace which followed closed the great "Seven Years' War" most triumphantly for England. Fort Carillon, the name of which the English changed to Fort Ticonderoga, stood upon a high rocky promontory, the termination of a mountain range, the extremity, then called Sugar Loaf Hill, but since named Mount Defiance, rising eight hundred and fifty feet above Lake Champlain. It is a lofty peninsula, nearly a square mile in surface, almost surrounded by

water, with a swamp on the western side. When Amherst advanced, the French garrison was meagre, for Wolfe was threatening Quebec, and Montcalm had gone with reinforcements to repel him; so that actually without a struggle they abandoned the fort, after blowing up the magazine and burning the barracks. Amherst then pushed on to conquer Canada, and the war ending, the British regarded this and Crown Point, ten miles northward on Lake Champlain, as among their most important posts, commanding the route to the new Dominion. Both were greatly enlarged and strengthened, over $10,000,000 being expended upon them, an enormous sum for that day, so that they became the most elaborate British fortresses in the American colonies, the citadel and field works of Ticonderoga including an area of several square miles, having buildings and barracks and defensive constructions anterior to the Revolution, covering almost the entire surface. In 1763 France ceded Canada to England, and afterwards Ticonderoga was neglected and partially decayed. When the Revolution began in 1775 it was one of the earliest strongholds captured by the Americans. Ethan Allen, with eighty men, crossed over Lake Champlain from Vermont, surprised the small and unsuspecting garrison of fifty men in the night, and Allen, penetrating to the bedside of the astonished commandant, made his famous speech demanding surrender. "In whose name?" asked the sur-

prised officer. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." The Americans held it for two years, when Burgoyne, on his southern march in 1777, besieged it, and discovering that Mount Defiance, not then in the works, completely commanded it, he dragged cannon up there and erected batteries, which soon compelled the garrison to abandon it, and the British were in possession until the war closed.

Ticonderoga has since fallen into utter decay, but parts of the ruins are now preserved as a national memorial. A portion of wall and a dilapidated gable enclosing a window still stand, and make a picturesque ruin on top of a high slope rising from Lake Champlain, with a background of timbered hills. These forests to the west and south have grown during the nineteenth century, and are full of the remains of the old redoubts and entrenchments. Well-defined dry ditches are traced beyond the ramparts, with the barrack walls surrounding the parade-ground, an old well, and also the sally-port on the water side where Allen and his bold Green Mountain boys effected their entrance. During many years after the fort fell into ruins, the neighbors carried off its well-cut brick and stone work to build the growing villages on Lake Champlain's shores. All the surroundings are now eminently peaceful. The invaders, no longer warlike, are on pleasure bent; the inhabitants make paper and textiles, saw lumber, and

also manufacture good lead-pencils from graphite found nearby. Sheep contentedly browse amid the relics of the great fortress, and vividly recall Browning's pastoral:

"Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles
Miles and miles
On the solitary pasture where our sheep,
Half-asleep,
Tinkle homeward through the twilight, stray or stop
As they crop—
Was the site of a city, great and gay,
(So they say.)"

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

The elongated and narrow water way of Lake Champlain stretches northward one hundred and twenty-six miles, dividing New York from Vermont, and its head, south of Ticonderoga, extending to Whitehall, is so contracted between generally low and swampy shores, that it there seems more like a river than a lake, in some places being scarcely two hundred yards across. Northward, however, it broadens into a much wider lake, the greatest unobstructed breadth being about ten miles, opposite Burlington, Vermont, where it seems to expand almost into a sea. The widest part of all is beyond this, being about fifteen miles across, but with intervening islands. Over sixty islands are scattered about this attractive lake, the contour of the shores being very irregular, with numerous indenting bays. The north-

ern outlet is by the Richelieu River and the Chambly Rapids into the St. Lawrence. Lake Champlain fills a long trough-like valley, bordered by mountain ranges. When compared with Lake George, however, its shores present a striking difference. There the declivities generally descend abruptly to the water, but on Champlain the distant ranges, usually far away on either side, have in front, bordering the water, wide stretches of meadow and farm land and broad green slopes. Upon the Vermont shore the prevailing aspect is a pastoral region, having the Green Mountains rising in the distant eastern background. These are the "Verts Monts," which the earliest French explorer of the St. Lawrence, Jacques Cartier, saw from afar off, when the Indians of Hochelaga, where Montreal now stands, took him to the top of their mountain—"Mont Real"—to show him the glorious southern landscape. These mountains gave Vermont its name, their highest peaks rising behind Burlington, Mount Mansfield and the Camel's Hump. The New York shore of the lake to the westward presents barren and mountainous scenery, the terminations of the Adirondack ranges being occasionally pushed out as bold promontories to the water's edge, while behind them the higher peaks loom in dark grandeur against the horizon.

The adventurous French warrior and pioneer Samuel de Champlain was the first European who sailed upon the waters of Champlain, and he gave it

his name. Anxious for exploration and adventure, in 1609 he joined a band of Huron and Algonquin warriors on an expedition against their enemies, the Mohawks and Iroquois in New York. After a grand war-dance at Quebec they set out, ascending the St. Lawrence and Richelieu, and on July 4th they entered the lake, Champlain having two French companions, and the three being armed with arquebuses. As they progressed towards the south, nearing the haunts of the Iroquois, they travelled only at night, hiding by day in the forest. On July 29th, while thus hiding, Champlain fell asleep and had a dream, wherein he beheld the Iroquois drowning in the lake, and, trying to rescue them, was told by his Huron companions that they were good for nothing, and had better be left to their fate. When he awoke he told them of his vision, and they were delighted. That very night they observed a flotilla of Iroquois canoes, heavier and slower than their own, in motion on the lake before them. Each saw the other, and mingled war-cries pealed over the dark waters. The Iroquois, not wanting to fight on the lake, landed and made a barricade of trees, which they cut down. The Hurons lashed their canoes together and remained a bowshot off-shore, shouting and dancing all night on their frail vessels. It was agreed they should fight in the morning, and until dawn the two parties abused each other, shouting taunts and defiance "much," writes Champlain, "like the besiegers and besieged

in a beleaguered town." Champlain and his two companions, as day approached, put on their light armor and lay in the bottom of their canoes to keep hidden. Soon they all landed unopposed, and then the Iroquois, some two hundred in number, came out of their barricade to fight. The Hurons, who had surrounded Champlain, now opened their ranks, and he passed to the front, levelled his arquebuse and fired,—a chief fell dead, and soon another rolled among the bushes. Then the Hurons gave a yell, which Champlain says would have drowned a thunder-clap, and the forest was filled with whizzing arrows. The Iroquois for a moment replied lustily, and the other Frenchmen, who were in the thicket on their flank, gave successive gunshots, which they could not withstand, but soon broke and fled in terror. The Hurons pursued them like hounds through the bushes, some were killed and more were taken prisoners, and the arquebuse, till now unknown to them, had won the victory. Then the victors, with their captives and spoils, withdrew to the St. Lawrence; and Champlain had thus assisted at the beginning of the awful series of conflicts which these lakes witnessed during two centuries. This fight was in the neighborhood of Crown Point, on Bulwagga Bay.

The latest of these conflicts on the lake was Commodore McDonough's brilliant victory over the British fleet in 1814, since which time the history of Lake Champlain has been peaceful. Despite this

early discovery and naming, however, it was not until long afterwards that it was generally known by the present name. The Mohawks and Iroquois, as already explained, called it the "Door of the Country." Among their other bitter foes were the Abenaqui Indian nation of New England, who called it Lake Potoubouque, or "the waters that lie between," that is, between their country and the land of the Iroquois. For similar reasons the French in Canada called it the "Iroquois Sea." A Dutch officer having afterwards been drowned here, both the French and the English for a long time styled it after him, "Corlaer's Lake." These names, however, all long ago vanished, and since the eighteenth century it has borne, undisputed, the name of Champlain, the great Father of Canada.

CROWN POINT.

Progressing northward from Ticonderoga, the lake suddenly makes a right-angled narrow bend to the westward, its channel compressed between a broad, flat, low promontory coming up from the south, and the protruding opposite shore that encircles and almost meets it. These are the Champlain Narrows, the southern promontory being Crown Point, and the opposite rock compressing the channel Chimney Point. A broad bay opens behind Crown Point to the westward, and under the shadow of Mount Bulwagga, the end of one of the long Adirondack ranges,

is the village of Port Henry, a producer of iron-ores, there being furnaces here as well as on the shore south of Crown Point. Upon the southern promontory, thus thrust out between the lake and Bulwagga Bay, are the ruins of the famous fortress of Crown Point, which so well guarded the narrow crooked channel and its approaches, and closed the "door of the country" leading from Canada. Soon after Champlain's time the French, who held all this region, built a stone fort on the opposite point, and ambitiously planned a province, stretching from the Connecticut River to Lake Ontario, of which this was to be the capital. A town was started, with vineyards and gardens, and the "Pointe de la Couronne," as it was called, became widely known. Early in the eighteenth century the French built Fort St. Frederic here in the form of a five-pointed star, with bastions at the angles, and its ruins yet remain, showing traces of limestone walls, barracks, a church, and tower. For thirty years this fort was the base of supplies for forays on the colonial settlements, but it fell before Lord Amherst's march northward in 1759. This English conquest translated the "Pointe de la Couronne" into Crown Point, and then the British Government constructed enormous works to control the lake passage. There thus was built the great English fortress of Crown Point, covering the highest parts of the peninsular promontory southwestward from the old French fort. The limestone

rocks were cut into deeply, and ramparts raised twenty-five feet thick and high, the citadel being a half-mile around. The ruins of these heavy walls, the ditches, spacious parade and demolished barracks, give an idea of the costly but obsolete military construction of that time. These extensive works were blown up by an exploding powder magazine.

From the northeastern bastion of Crown Point a covered way leads to the lake, and here a well was sunk ninety feet deep for a water supply. Tradition told of vast treasures concealed by the French, and so excited did the people become that a joint-stock company was formed to search for them, clearing out the well and making excavations, but nothing was found but some lead and iron. The ruins are in lonely magnificence to-day, the red-thorn bushes brilliantly adorning them, and the place is a popular picnic-ground. From the northern ramparts there is a magnificent view of the distant Green Mountains on the right hand, with their gentle fields and meadows stretching down to the lake, and the rugged Adirondack foothills on the left, the distant dark mountain ranges looming far away behind them, with the huge broad-capped "Giant of the Valley" standing up prominently. Gazing at their sombre contour, the reason can be readily divined why the Indians called this vast weird region Cony-a-craga, or the "Dismal Wilderness." The higher Adirondack summits, composed of the hardest granite, are said by the geologists

to be the oldest land on the globe and the first showing itself above the universal waters. Some distance above Port Henry is Westport Landing, the village standing in the deep recesses of Northwest Bay, where the long ridge of Split Rock Mountain, stretching towards the northeast, makes a high border for the bay. This curious ridge is of historical interest. The outer extremity is a cliff thirty feet high, covering about a half-acre, and separated from the main ridge by a cleft twelve feet wide cut down beneath the water. This cliff was the ancient Rock Reggio, named from an Indian chief drowned there, and was for a long time the boundary between the New York Iroquois and the Canadian Algonquins, whose lands were held respectively by the English and the French. It is mentioned in various old Colonial treaties as fixing the boundary between New York and Canada, but during the Revolution the Americans passed far beyond it, conquering and holding the land for seventy-seven miles northward to the present national boundary.

THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

Above, the lake gradually broadens, and at the widest part are seen, on opposite sides, the village of Port Kent with its furnaces, and the flourishing Vermont city of Burlington. The great Adirondack ridge of Trembleau runs abruptly into the water as a sort of guardian to Port Kent, and just above, Ausable River flows out through its sandy lowlands into the

lake. Vermont, which makes the entire eastern shore of Champlain, is a region of rural pastoral joys with many herds and marble ledges, a land of fat cattle and rich butter-firkins, overlooked by mountains of gentle slope and softened outline. Southward from Lake Champlain is Bennington, in a mountain-enclosed valley, near which was fought in August, 1777, the famous battle in which Colonel John Stark's Green Mountain boys cut off and signally defeated Baum's detachment of Burgoyne's army. It is now a flourishing manufacturing town. East of the head of Lake Champlain is Rutland, the centre of the Vermont marble-quarrying industry and the site of the great Howe Scale Works, a city of twelve thousand people. Three-fourths of the marble produced in the United States comes from this district of Vermont, and the Sutherland Falls Quarry at Proctor, near Rutland, is said to be probably the largest quarry in the world. These quarries are in the flanks of the Green Mountains which stretch northward, making the watershed between the upper Connecticut River and Lake Champlain. The Killington Peak, forty-two hundred and forty feet high, is not far from Rutland.

Mansfield, the chief of the Green Mountains, is behind Burlington, and rises forty-three hundred and sixty-four feet. Seen from across the lake, it presents the upturned face of a recumbent giant, the southern peak being the "Forehead," the middle one the

"Nose," and the northernmost and highest the "Chin." The latter, as seen against the horizon, protrudes upwards in most positive fashion, rising three hundred and forty feet higher than the "Nose," about a mile and a half distant. This decisive-looking Chin is thus upraised about eight hundred feet from the general contour of the mountain, while the Nose is thrust upward four hundred and sixty feet, its nostril being seen in an almost perpendicular wall of rock facing the north. Mansfield is heavily timbered until near the summit, and a hotel is perched up there at the base of the Nose, both Nose and Chin being composed of rock ledges, which have been deeply scratched by boulders dragged over them in the glacial period. These Green Mountains extend down from Canada, and terminate in the Taghkanic and Hoosac ranges of Berkshire in Massachusetts. They do not attain very high elevations, the Camel's Hump, south of Mansfield, rising forty-one hundred and eighty-eight feet. This was the "Leon Couchant" of the earliest French explorers, and it bears a much better resemblance to a recumbent lion than to a camel's back. The western slopes of these mountains are chiefly red sandstone, while their body and eastern declivities are granite, gneiss and similar rocks, and they are filled with valuable mineral products, marbles, slates and iron-ores. Their slopes have fine pastures of rich and nutritious grasses, and the green and rounded summits present a striking con-

trast to the lofty, bare and often jagged peaks of the White Mountains of New Hampshire beyond them. There are cultivated lands on their slopes, at an elevation as high as twenty-five hundred feet, and in and about them are the forests producing the dear, delicious maple sugar:

"Down in the bush where the maple trees grow,
There's a soft, moist fall of the first sugar snow;
And the camp-fires gleam,
And the big kettles steam,
For the maple-sugar season has arrived, you know;
And these are the days when you'll find on tap
The sweetest of juices, which is pure maple sap."

BURLINGTON AND MONTPELIER.

Burlington, the chief Vermont city, is built on the sloping hillside of a grandly curving bay, making a resemblance to Naples and its bay, which has inspired a local poet to address the city as "Thou lovely Naples of our midland sea." It has fifteen thousand people, and its prosperity has been largely from the lumber trade, the logs coming chiefly from Canadian and Adirondack forests. It is attractive, with broad tree-embowered streets, the elm and maple growing in luxuriance, while the hills run up behind the town into high summits. One of these, the College Hill, rising nearly four hundred feet, has the fine buildings of the University of Vermont, attended by six hundred students, its tower giving a superb outlook over Lake Champlain, which at sunset is one of

the most gorgeous scenes ever looked upon. Lafayette laid the corner-stone of this college on his American visit in 1825, and his statue in sturdy bronze adorns the grounds. The finest college building is the Billings Library, presented by Frederick Billings, a projector, and once President of the Northern Pacific Railway. All about these hills there are attractive villas and estates, enjoying the view, of which President Dwight wrote, when wandering over New England in search of the historic and picturesque, that "splendor of landscape is the peculiar boast of Burlington." On the northern verge of College Hill is the city's burial-place of the olden time—Green Mount Cemetery. Here Ethan Allen is buried, a tall Tuscan monument surmounted by a statue marking the spot, which is enclosed by a curious fence made of cannon at the corners and muskets with fixed bayonets. Allen lived at Burlington during his later life, dying there in February, 1789.

College Hill falls off to the northward to a broad intervale, down which winds the romantic Winooski or Onion River, flowing into Lake Champlain a short distance above Burlington. It comes out of a gorge in the Green Mountains, where it falls down pretty cascades and rapids. This Winooski gorge was a dreaded defile in the early days of the New England frontier, for by this route the fierce Hurons came through those mountains from Champlain and Canada to make forays upon the Massachusetts and New

Hampshire border settlements. This gorge passes between Mount Mansfield and the Camel's Hump. To the northward is the noted "Smuggler's Notch" beyond the Chin of Mansfield, between it and Mount Sterling beyond, the name having been given because in the olden time contraband goods were brought through its gloomy recesses from Canada into New England. An affluent of the Winooski, the Waterbury River, comes out of this notch, a rapid stream. Upon the upper Winooski is Montpelier, the Vermont State Capital, pleasantly situated among the mountains near the centre of the commonwealth. Its State House is a fine structure of light granite, surmounted by a lofty dome. Massive Doric columns support its grand portico, under which stands the statue, in Vermont marble, of Ethan Allen, by Vermont's great sculptor, Larkin G. Mead. Here are also two old cannon which Stark captured from the Hessians at Bennington. They were afterwards used by the Americans with good effect throughout the Revolution, and subsequently were part of the army equipment taken to the western frontier. In the War of 1812 the British captured them in Hull's surrender at Detroit, but they were recaptured in a subsequent battle in Canada, and were sent as trophies to Washington. Congress ultimately gave them to Vermont, and they were placed in the State Capitol as relics of the battle of Bennington. Admiral George Dewey is a native of Montpelier, born there

December 26, 1837. St. Albans, a great railroad centre and market for dairy products, is north of Burlington, near Lake Champlain, a picturesque New England town, with the elm-shaded central square. It is fourteen miles from the Canada border, and an important customs station. Of it, Henry Ward Beecher wrote that "St. Albans is a place in the midst of greater variety of scenic beauty than any other I remember in America."

AUSABLE CHASM.

One of the chief Adirondack rivers flowing into Lake Champlain is the Ausable. Its branches come out of the heart of the mountains, one through the beautiful Keene Valley and the other through the Wilmington Notch, and uniting at Ausable Forks, it flows along the northwestern side of the long ridge terminating in Trembleau Point at Port Kent, and enters the lake just above. The river escapes from the mountains through the wonderful gorge of Ausable Chasm. It is an active stream, bringing down vast amounts of sand, which wash through this gorge and are spread over the flats north of Trembleau, where the river flows out through two mouths. These prolific sand-bars, when first seen by the French, caused them to name the stream Ausable, the "river of sands." This renowned chasm, in its colossal magnificence and bold rending of the hard sandstone strata, is one of the wonders of America.

A local poet has written on a little kiosk adjoining the river chasm this rhythmic explanation of its origin:

"Nature one day had a spasm
With grand result—Ausable Chasm."

This splendid gorge, cut down in getting out of the highlands, is carved in the hardest Potsdam sandstones. It is a profound, and in most of its length a very narrow chasm, with almost vertical walls from seventy to one hundred and fifty feet high, the torrent pouring through the bottom being compressed within a width of eight to thirty feet, and rushing with quick velocity. The chasm is about two miles long, having several sharp bends, the stratified walls being built up almost like artificial masonry. The sides are frequently cut by lateral fissures, making remarkable formations, and the tops of the enclosing crags are fringed with a dense growth of cedars. The river of dark amber-colored water first comes out of the forest past Keeseville, where mills avail of its water-power, and then pours over the ledges of the Alice Falls, the finest in the Adirondacks. This splendid cataract of forty feet descent is above the entrance to the gorge, much of it being an almost sheer fall, having magnificent foaming watery stairways down the ledges, bordering it with their delicate lacework on either hand. The dark waters tumble in large volume into an immense amphitheatre, which has been rounded out by the torrent

during past ages. Then bending sharply to the right, the river goes down some rapids and over a mill-dam built just above the chasm. The opening of this extraordinary rent in the earth is startling. Suddenly the river pours over a short fall, and then down another deep one strangely constructed, the line of the cataract being almost in the line of the stream. These are the Birmingham Falls, down which the Ausable plunges into the deep abyss, while high above stands a picturesque stone mill whose wheels are turned by the waters, and just below a light iron bridge carries a railway over the gorge.

It is difficult to describe the profound chasm opening below the Birmingham Falls. It is a prodigious rent in the earth's crust, making sudden right-angled turns. The visitor at first goes down a long stairway and walks on the rocky floor adjoining the torrent, enormous walls rising high above. There are various formations made by the boiling waters, ovens, anvils, chairs, pulpits, punch-bowls and the like, and, judging by their names, the Devil seems to be the owner of most of them. The chasm turns sharply around the "Elbow," and the waters rush through the narrow passage of "Hell Gate." There are many caves and lateral fissures, all the masonry being hewn square, as in fact the whole gorge is, such being the regularity of the stratification and the accuracy of the angles and joints,—the ponderous walls, reared on high, sometimes almost close together,

making the deep pass narrow and gloomy. The gorge finally contracts so much there is no further room for walking, and a boat is taken for the remainder of the journey down the "Grand Flume." The torrent carries the boat along swiftly, guided by strong oarsmen both at bow and stern, swinging quickly around the bends, shooting the rapids and whirling through the eddies. After rushing along the "Flume," embracing the narrowest portions of the profound chasm, the boat finally floats out into the "Pool," where the waters at length settle into rest as they pass from the broken-down sandstone strata to the flat land beyond, where the river flows through its two mouths into the lake.

PLATTSBURG AND ITS NAVAL BATTLE.

Northward from Ausable River, Lake Champlain contains a number of large islands. Valeur Island is near the New York shore, and in the narrow channel separating them, in 1776, a desperate naval contest was fought between Arnold and Carleton, resulting in the defeat of the Americans. Beyond are the large islands of Grand Isle, South Hero and North Hero. Standing in an admirable position on Bluff Point, a high promontory on the western shore, is the great Hotel Champlain, elevated two hundred feet above the lake. To the north the Saranac River, coming from the southwest, flows out of the Adirondacks through its red sandstone gorge

into Cumberland Bay, and at its mouth is the pleasant town of Plattsburg, having a population of seven thousand. The broad peninsula of Cumberland Head, projecting far to the southward into the lake, encloses the bay in front of the town. Plattsburg's greatest fame comes from its battle and Commodore McDonough's victory in 1814. The earliest settler was a British army officer, one Count de Fredenburgh, who built a sawmill at a fall near the mouth of the Saranac; but he was made way with early in the Revolution, and many have been the startling tales since told of his ghostly figure, in red coat and knee-breeches, stalking about the ruins of the old mill at Fredenburgh Falls. After the war, New York State confiscated the property and gave it to Zephaniah Platt and his associates, who established the town, and in 1785 rebuilt the mill. Plattsburg had become a place of so much importance that in the War of 1812–15 the English sent a large force from Canada for its capture. They attacked it on a Sunday morning in September, 1814, Sir George Prevost commanding the land forces and Commodore Downie a fleet of sixteen vessels. General Macomb had a small American detachment entrenched on the southern bank of the Saranac in hastily constructed earthworks, some remains being yet visible. The naval contest, however, decided the day, the superior British fleet being overcome by the better American tactics. McDonough had but fourteen vessels, anchored

in a double line across the mouth of Cumberland Bay. As the British fleet rounded Cumberland Head to make the attack, a cock that was aboard McDonough's flag-ship, the "Saratoga," suddenly flew upon a gun and crowed lustily. This was esteemed a good omen, and giving three cheers, the Americans went to work with a will. After two hours' conflict the British fleet was defeated aud captured. Downie was killed early in the action, and with fifteen other officers sleeps in Plattsburg Cemetery. McDonough was crushed by a falling boom, and afterwards was stunned by being struck with the flying head of one of his officers, knocked off by a cannon-shot, but he was undaunted to the end. Honors were heaped upon him, Congress giving him a gold medal, and he was also presented with an estate upon Cumberland Head overlooking the scene of his victory.

Plattsburg has the chief United States military post on the Canadian border, there being usually a large force stationed at the extensive barracks. It is also the terminus of railways coming from the Adirondacks, originally built to fetch out the iron-ores, of which it is an active market. One of these railways comes from Ausable Forks. Another is the Chateaugay Railroad, which has a circuitous route around the northern and eastern verges of the wilderness, from the Chateaugay and Chazy Lakes, where are the ore beds in a dismal region. Lyon Mountain, one of the chief ore producers, has its

mines at two thousand feet elevation above the lake. Stretching far away to the northward is the immense Chateaugay forest and wilderness, extending into Canada. This railroad passes Dannemora, where is located the Clinton Prison, a New York State institution, at which it is said "they always have a number of people of leisure, who pass their time in meditation, making nails, cracking ore, and in other congenial pursuits." The railroad route cuts into the red sandstone gorge of the Saranac, and follows its valley out to Plattsburg. Some distance north of Plattsburg, and at the Canadian boundary, is Rouse's Point, a border customs station. This is the northern end of Lake Champlain, which discharges through the Richelieu or Sorel River into the St. Lawrence, the waters descending about one hundred feet, and mostly by the Chambly Rapids. The Chambly Canal, which locks down this descent, provides navigation facilities from Champlain to the St. Lawrence waters.

ENTERING THE ADIRONDACKS.

From Westport on Lake Champlain is one of the favorite routes into the Adirondacks. The name of this dark region originally came from the Mohawks, who applied it in derision to the less fortunate savages that inhabited the forbidding forests. The luxurious Mohawk, living in fertile valleys growing plenty of corn, could see nothing for his dusky enemy in this dismal wilderness to eat, excepting the dark trees

growing on its mountain sides, and therefore the Mohawk called these people the Adirondacks, or "the bark and wood eaters." The actual derivation of the word is thought to come from the Iroquois root "atiron," meaning "to stretch along," referring to the mountain chains. Starting from Westport, we penetrate the region by a steep road into the Raven Pass, known as the "Gate of the Adirondacks," going through one of the ridges, among juniper bushes and aspen poplars, and thus get to the pleasant valley beyond, where flows the lovely Bouquet River. Here are a bunch of red-roofed cottages surrounded by elms contrasting prettily with the green fields, with boarding-houses and hotels interspersed, making up the village of Elizabethtown, the county-seat of Essex, which is hereabout called E-Town, for short. It spreads over the flat bottom of a fertile valley, encompassed around by high mountains. Circling all over the valley and yet concealed in deep gorges is the Bouquet River, which flows out to Lake Champlain, near the Split Rock. To the westward rises the sharp bare granite top of Mount Hurricane, nearly thirty-eight hundred feet, and to the southwest the towering Giant of the Valley, over forty-five hundred feet. Cobble Hill, rising two thousand feet, closes up the western end of the main village street, its ball-like top being a complete reproduction of a huge cobble-stone. Out to the northward goes a wild mountain road, through

the Poke o' Moonshine Pass, leading to Ausable Chasm, twenty-three miles away.

Travelling westward from E-Town, we mount the enclosing slope of the Pleasant Valley, and through the gorge alongside Mount Hurricane, up the canyon of the western branch of Bouquet River. Crossing the summit among the granite rocks and forests, we then descend into another long, trough-like valley, stretching as a broad intervale far away both north and south, through which flows Ausable River. This intervale includes the charming "Flats of Keene," the sparkling Ausable waters meandering quietly over them beneath overhanging maples and alders, quivering aspens and gracefully swaying elms, occasionally dancing among the stones and shingle in some gentle rapid. Here are farmhouses, with many villas, the great mountain ridges protecting the valley from the wintry blasts. This intervale has in the eastern ridge the Giant of the Valley, with Mount Dix alongside, rising nearly five thousand feet, and to the southward, reared thirty-five hundred feet, exactly at the meridian, is the graceful Noon Mark Mountain, which casts the sun's noon shadow northward over the centre of the "Flats of Keene." The river, coming from the south, flows out of the lower Ausable Lake or the Long Pond, and dashes swiftly down its boulder-covered bed. Its waters are gathered largely from the eastern flanks of Mount Tahawus, and also from the galaxy of attendant peaks—

Dix, Noon Mark, Colvin, Boreas, the Gothics, and others—grandly encircling the southern head of the attractive Keene Valley. The Ausable River rises under the brow of Tahawus, and flowing through the two long and narrow Ausable Lakes at two thousand feet elevation, traverses the whole length of the Keene Valley northward, to unite with its western branch at Ausable Forks, and thence goes through the great chasm to Lake Champlain. The head of the Keene Valley with the adjacent mountain slopes, extending through parts of three counties and covering a tract of forty square miles, is the "Adirondack Mountain Reserve." This reservation gives complete protection to the fish and game, and also preserves the forests and sources of the water supply. The Lower Ausable Lake is about two miles long and the Upper Ausable Lake nearly the same length, there being over a mile's distance between them. Some of the highest and most romantic of the Adirondack peaks environ these lakes. The sharply-cut summit of Mount Colvin rises forty-one hundred and fifty feet alongside them. The Ausable Lakes are in the bottom of a deep cleft between these great mountains, their sides rising almost sheer, two thousand feet and more above them. The lake shores are steep and rocky walls, reared apparently to the sky, the deep and contracted cleft making the lakes look more like rivers, surmounted high up the rocks by overhanging foliage, the trees diminutive in the distance.

Of the Upper Ausable Lake, Warner writes that "In the sweep of its wooded shores, and the lovely contour of the lofty mountains that guard it, this lake is probably the most charming in America."

ADIRONDACK ATTRACTIONS.

The western guardian peaks of the Keene Valley are the main range of the Adirondacks, including Mount Marcy or Tahawus. Mount Colvin, alongside the Ausable Lakes, was named in honor of Verplanck Colvin, the New York surveyor and geologist, who devoted years of energy to the survey of this wilderness, and perhaps knew it better than anyone else. He was always in love with it, and thought that few really understood it. He described it as "a peculiar region, for though the geographical centre of the wilderness may be readily reached, in the light canoe-like boats of the guides, by lakes and rivers which form a labyrinth of passages for boats, the core, or rather cores, of this wilderness extend on either hand from these broad avenues of water, and in their interior spots remain to-day as untrodden by men and as unknown and wild as when the Indian paddled his birchen boat upon those streams and lakes. Amid these mountain solitudes are places where, in all probability, the foot of man never trod; and here the panther has his den among the rocks, and rears his savage kittens undisturbed, save by the growl of bear and screech of lynx, or the hoarse croak of the

raven taking its share of the carcass of slain deer." The tangled Adirondack forest may to some seem monotonous and even dreary, but Mr. Street, the poet-writer of the region, thus enthusiastically refers to it: "Select a spot; let the eye become a little accustomed to the scene, and how the picturesque beauties, the delicate minute charms, the small overlooked things, steal out like lurking tints in an old picture. See that wreath of fern, graceful as the garland of a Greek victor at the games; how it hides the dark, crooked root, writhing snake-like from yon beech! Look at the beech's instep steeped in moss, green as emerald, with other moss twining round the silver-spotted trunk in garlands or in broad, thick, velvety spots! Behold yonder stump, charred with the hunter's camp-fire, and glistening black and satin-like in its cracked ebony! Mark yon mass of creeping pine, mantling the black mould with furzy softness! View those polished cohosh-berries, white as drops of pearl! See the purple barberries and crimson clusters of the hopple, contrasting their vivid hues!—and the massive logs peeled by decay—what gray, downy smoothness! and the grasses in which they are weltering—how full of beautiful motions and outlines!"

From the Keene Valley we climb up the gorge of a brisk little brook to the westward, and passing through the notch between Long Pond Mountain and the precipitous sides of the well-named Pitch-Off

Mountain, come to the pair of elongated deep and narrow ponds between them,—the Cascade Lakes,—stretching nearly two miles. Huge boulders line their banks with a wall of rough and ponderous masonry, entwined with the roots of trees, and like the Ausable Lakes, they are another Alpine formation, their surfaces being at twenty-one hundred feet elevation, yet resting in the bottom of a tremendous chasm. An unique cascade, falling in successive leaps for seven hundred and fifty feet down the southern enclosing mountain wall, has given them the name—a delicate white lace ribbon of foaming water, finally passing into the lower lake. The grand dome of Mount McIntyre, in the main Adirondack range, rises in majesty to an elevation of fifty-two hundred feet, a sentinel beyond the western entrance to this remarkable pass. Formerly iron-ores were found here, but iron-making has been abandoned for the more profitable occupation of caring for the summer tourist. Beyond these lakes the summit of the pass is crossed, and there is a farm or two upon a broad plateau, at twenty-five hundred feet elevation, the highest cultivated land in New York State. Comparatively little but hay, however, can be raised, the seasons are so short and fickle. Deer haunt this remote region, and their runways can be seen. Emerging from the pass, with the little streams all running westward to the Ausable's western branch, there is got a fine view of the main Adirondack range, with the massive Mount

McIntyre and the almost perpendicular side of Wallface rising beyond, the deep notch of the famous Indian Pass, cut down between them, showing plainly. Both peaks tower grandly above a surrounding galaxy of bleak, dark mountains.

OLD JOHN BROWN OF OSAWATOMIE.

This broad flat valley of the Western Ausable, the stream winding through it in a deeply-cut gorge, and surrounded on the south and west by an amphitheatre of the highest Adirondack peaks, is the township of North Elba in Essex county; and the valley and its fertile borders are the "Plains of Abraham." It is a farming district, so well enclosed by the mountains that the soil is fairly tillable. These plains gradually slope northwestward to the banks of two of the most noted of the Adirondack waters, Lake Placid and the Mirror Lake, with old Whiteface Mountain for their guardian, "heaving high his forehead bare." Here are the scattered buildings of the village of North Elba on the plains, and the more modern and fashionable settlement beyond at the lakes. To the southward is the great rounded top of Tahawus, the highest Adirondack peak, displayed through an opening vista, and at the northern border grandly stands Whiteface, the black sides abruptly changing to white, where an avalanche years ago denuded the granite cliffs near the top and swept down all the trees. Here at North Elba was the home and farm of "Old

John Brown of Osawatomie." He had been given this homestead by Gerrit Smith, the great New York Abolitionist, in 1849, and there had also been founded here a colony of refuge for the negro slaves. It was then a remote and almost unknown place in the wilderness. Brown settled in the colony and built his little log house and barn near a huge boulder which stood a short distance from the front door. Here he formed his plan for liberating the slaves, and from here went to engage in the Kansas border wars of 1856. Returning, for three years he brooded on plans to liberate the negroes, and after further conflicts in Kansas projected the expedition into Virginia for the capture of Harper's Ferry in October, 1859. He declared his object to be to free all the slaves, and that he acted "by the authority of God Almighty." After his capture and conviction he discouraged efforts at liberation, saying, "I am of more use to the cause dead than living." After his death his body was brought up here to his home in the wilderness, for he had said, "When I die, bury me by the big rock, where I love to sit and read the word of God." Here he was buried on a bitterly cold day in December, 1859, a few sorrowing friends conducting the services and covering up his body in the frozen ground.

The old gravestone of his grandfather was brought from New England and put at the head of the grave, but it was soon so chipped off and broken by relic-

hunters, it had to be enclosed in a case for preservation. Behind the grave rises the huge boulder on which has been carved, in large letters, "John Brown, 1859." The old gravestone is full of names both front and back, containing the record of his own death, and that of three sons, two losing their lives at Harper's Ferry and one in Kansas. The record of his life, graven on the stone, is: "John Brown, born May 9, 1800, was executed at Charleston, Va., Dec. 2, 1859." It is here that

> "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
> And his soul goes marching on."

Forty years afterwards, in 1899, the remains of seven of his companions in the Harper's Ferry raid were removed here and interred beside him. This region no longer knows Brown's kindred, for all have disappeared. Yet in the world's mutations, nothing could be more strange than that this remote wilderness, originally selected as a refuge and hiding-place for runaway slaves, should have become one of the most fashionable and popular health resorts in America. The farm and graves are now kept by New York State as a public park.

LAKE PLACID TO PAUL SMITH'S.

Lake Placid, nestling at the base of old Whiteface and elevated eighteen hundred and sixty feet above the sea, is often called the "Eye of the Adirondacks."

Its mountain environment has made it almost a rectangle, four miles long and two miles wide. Down its centre, arranged in a row, are three beautiful islands, named respectively the Hawk, Moose and Buck, two being large and high and the third smaller. These divide it into alternating spaces of land and water much like a chess-board. To the eastward is the pretty Mirror Lake, about three miles in circuit. Both lakes have high wooded shores, and around them are gathered the hotels, cottages and camps of a large summer settlement. Surrounded by a grander galaxy of finer and higher mountains than any other lakes of this region, here is truly the "Eye" that views these dark Adirondacks in all their glory. These mountains are all sombre, and some almost inky black; many are hazy in the distance. To the northeast the Wilmington Pass, alongside Whiteface, lets out the western branch of Ausable; to the southward, the Indian Pass opening between McIntyre and Wallface is a source of the Hudson; to the westward, on the spurs of lower ranges, are the forests separating these lakes from the Saranacs. There are more than a hundred peaks around, of varying heights and features, among them the greatest of the Adirondacks. Embosomed within this wonderful amphitheatre is the glassy-surfaced lake, protected from the winds and storms, which is so attractive and so peaceful that it fully deserves its name, Lake Placid.

Crossing again to the westward through the forests

and over the ridges, we come into the valley of the Saranac, with its lakes, and the ancient village of Harrietstown under the long ridge of Ampersand Mountain. Here on the Lower Saranac Lake is another summer settlement of villas, hotels and camps. Behind the mountain there is a little lake out of which flows a stream so crooked and twisted into and out of itself, turning around sweeping circles without accomplishing much progress, that its discoverers could not liken it to anything more appropriate than to the eccentric supernumerary of the alphabet, the "&." Thus the name of the "Ampersand" of the old spelling-books was applied first to the stream, and then to the lake and mountain, the latter being the guardian of the many lakes of this region. The Lower Saranac Lake is at fifteen hundred and forty feet elevation, and the Ampersand Mountain rises a thousand feet above it. A pretty church in the village is appropriately named for St. Luke the Physician, and here is located the Adirondack Sanitarium, this district being a favorite refuge for consumptives. The Chateaugay railroad comes in here, but the district beyond to the south and west has neither railroads nor wagon roads. It is such a labyrinth of lakes and water courses it can only be traversed in boats.

The whole western part of the Adirondacks is an elevated tableland, containing many hills and peaks, but saturated by water ways. Therefore "canoeing

and carrying" is the method of transportation. The Lower Saranac Lake is five miles long, and beyond it is Round Lake, over two miles in diameter, beyond that being the Upper Saranac Lake, nearly eight miles long and dotted with islands. There are portages between them where the canoes have to be carried. The outlet of the Upper Saranac is a magnificent cataract and rapid, descending thirty-five feet in a distance of about one hundred yards. From the Upper Saranac Lake other portages, or "carrys," as they are called, lead over to the Blue Mountain region, the Raquette River and the Tupper Lakes to the westward. The Adirondack ranges here are lower, and the forests get denser, but all about are dotted the summer settlements, some of them displaying most elaborate construction. Every place has its boat-house and canoe-rack, and boats are moving in all directions. At the head of the Upper Saranac is St. Regis Mountain, and a long "carry" of about four miles through the forest goes over to the Big Clear Pond, the head of the Saranac system of waters. Crossing this lake, yet another "carry" takes us over the watershed. This is a famous portage in the liquid district, the "St. Germain carry" of over a mile between the Saranac headwaters and the sources of St. Regis River, flowing out westward and then northward to the St. Lawrence. It leads to the series of St. Regis Lakes, and finally on the bank of the Lower St. Regis to the great hotel of the

woods—Paul Smith's—with many camps surrounding the shores of the lake. Apollus Smith, a shrewd Yankee, came here many years ago, when the locality was an unbroken wilderness, and built a small log house in the forest as an abiding-place for the hunter and angler. It was repeatedly enlarged, and with it the domain, now covering several thousand acres, until the hostelrie has become an unique mixture of the backwoods with modern fashion, and is everywhere known as the typical house of the Adirondack region. Upon the hill behind the hotel is the attractive little church of "St. John in the Wilderness," appropriately built of logs hewn in the surrounding forest.

ADIRONDACK LAKES.

To the westward is the water system of the Raquette River, leading to the St. Lawrence; this stream, the chief one in the district, flowing out of Raquette Lake. This lake is irregularly shaped, about ten miles long, and surrounded by low hills, its elevation being nearly eighteen hundred feet. The dense forests that are adjacent teem with game, and its hotels and private camps are among the best in the region, "Camp Pine Knot" being especially famous as the most elaborate and attractive of its kind in America. Blue Mountain rises to the eastward nearly thirty-eight hundred feet, and at its southwestern base is the Blue Mountain Lake, hav-

ing on its southern edge the small Eagle Lake, where lived in a solitary house called the Eagle's Nest the noted "Ned Buntline," the author. To the southwest of Raquette are the chain of eight Fulton Lakes. North of Raquette are the Forked Lakes, and northeast of it, following down the Raquette River, Long Lake, which is fourteen miles long and barely a mile wide in the broadest part, having Mount Seward rising at its northern end. To the northwest, still following down the Raquette, are the Tupper Lakes. These are a few of the larger lakes in this labyrinth of water courses, there being hundreds of smaller ones; and, as the forest and water ways extend northwest, the land gradually falls away towards the great plain adjoining the St. Lawrence. These regions, however, are remote from ordinary travel, and the western Adirondack forests are rarely penetrated by visitors excepting in search of sport.

This wonderful region has only during recent years attracted general public attention as a great sanitarium and summer resort, but its popularity constantly increases. Its dark and forbidding mountains have become additionally attractive as they are better known, probably for the reason, as John Ruskin tells us, that "Mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery." Its universal woods and waters have a resistless charm. As one wanders through the devious pathways, or glides over the glassy surface of one of its myriad lakes, the vivid

coloring and richness of the plant life recall Thomson, in the *Seasons:*

> "Who can paint
> Like Nature? Can imagination boast
> Amid its gay creation hues like her's?
> Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
> And lose them in each other, as appears
> In every bud that blows?"

But after all, the great Adirondack forests, vast and trackless, much of them in their primitive wildness, are to the visitor possibly the grandest of the charms of this weird region. The "Great North Woods" still exist as the primeval forest on many square miles of these broad mountains and deep valleys, recalling in their solitude and grandeur William Cullen Bryant's *Forest Hymn:*

> "The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
> To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
> And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
> The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
> The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
> Amidst the cool and silence he knelt down
> And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
> And supplication."

CROSSING THE EMPIRE STATE.

XIII.

CROSSING THE EMPIRE STATE.

The Mohawk Valley—Cohoes and its Falls—Occuna's Death—Erie Canal—De Witt Clinton—New York Central Railroad—Mohawk and Hudson Railroad—Schenectady—Union College—Amsterdam—Fort Johnson—Sir William Johnson—Johnstown—the Iroquois or Six Nations—Senecas—Red Jacket—Cayugas—Onondagas—Oneidas—Tuscaroras—Mohawks—Joseph Brant—The Noses—Little Falls—Herkimer—Utica—Classic Names—Rome—Trenton Falls—Lake Ontario—The Lake Ridge—Black River—Cazenovia Lake—Oneida Lake—Oneida Community—Oswego River—Oswego—Onondaga Lake—Syracuse—Salt Making—Syracuse University—Otisco Lake—Skaneateles Lake—Owasco Lake—Auburn—William H. Seward—Cayuga Lake—Ithaca—Fall Creek—Cascadilla Creek—Taghanic Falls—Cornell University—Ezra Cornell—John McGraw—Seneca Lake—Havana Glen—Watkins Glen—Geneva—Hobart College—Seneca River—Keuka Lake—Penn Yan—Hammondsport—Canandaigua Lake and Town—Canisteo River—Hornellsville—Painted Post—Corning—Chemung River—Elmira—Genesee River—Portage Falls—Genesee Level—Mount Morris—Council House of Cascadea—Geneseo—Rochester and its Falls—Sam Patch—Medina Sandstones—Lockport—Chautauqua Lake—Chautauqua Assembly—Pennsylvania Triangle—Erie—Perry's Victory—Captain Gridley's Grave—Dunkirk—Buffalo—Sieur de la Salle and the Griffin—Grain Elevators—Prospect Park—Fort Porter—Fort Erie—Niagara River—Grand Island—Niagara Falls—Niagara Rapids—Father Hennepin's Description—Charles Dickens—Professor Tyndall—Anthony Trollope—Geological Formation—Appearance of Niagara—Goat Island—Luna Island—Cave of the Winds—Terrapin Rocks—Three Sisters Islands—The Horseshoe—Condemned Ship Michigan—Lower Rapids—

Whirlpool—Niagara Electric Power—Massacre of Devil's Hole—Battles of Queenston Heights, Chippewa and Lundy's Lane.

THE FALLS AT COHOES.

THE valley of the Mohawk River provides one of the best routes for crossing the Empire State, from the Hudson over to Lake Erie. Within sight of the Hudson, the Mohawk pours down its noble cataract at Cohoes. This is a waterfall of nearly a thousand feet width, the descent being seventy-eight feet. The banks on either side are quite high, with foliage crowning their summits, and between is a perpendicular wall of dark-brown rocks making the cataract, having a sort of diagonal stratification that breaks the sombre face into rifts. In a freshet this is a wonderful fall, the swollen stream becoming a dark amber-colored torrent with adornments of foam, making a small Niagara. The river is dammed about a mile above, so that at times almost the whole current is drawn off to turn the mill-wheels of Cohoes, making paper and manufacturing much wool and cotton, one of its leading establishments being the "Harmony Knitting Mills." In digging for the foundations of its great buildings alongside the river, this corporation several years ago exhumed one of the most perfect skeletons of a mastodon now existing, which is in the State Museum at Albany. Cohoes has about twenty-five thousand population, and its name comes from the Iroquois word Coh-hoes, meaning

a "canoe falling." A brisk rapid runs above the falls, and a touching Indian legend tells how the rapid and fall were named. Occuna was a young Seneca warrior (one of the Iroquois tribes), and with his affianced was carelessly paddling in a canoe at the head of the rapid, when suddenly the current drew them down towards the cataract. Escape being impossible, they began the melancholy death-song in responsive chants, and prepared to meet the Great Spirit. Occuna began: "Daughter of a mighty warrior; the Great Manitou calls me hence; he bids me hasten into his presence; I hear his voice in the stream; I see his spirit in the moving of the waters; the light of his eyes danceth upon the swift rapids." The maiden responded, "Art thou not thyself a great warrior, O Occuna? Hath not thy tomahawk been often bathed in the red blood of thine enemies? Hath the fleet deer ever escaped thy arrow, or the beaver eluded thy chase? Why, then, shouldst thou fear to go into the presence of the Great Manitou?" Then said Occuna, "Manitou regardeth the brave, he respecteth the prayer of the mighty! When I selected thee from the daughters of thy mother I promised to live and die with thee. The Thunderer hath called us together. Welcome, O shade of Oriska, invincible chief of the Senecas. Lo, a warrior, and the daughter of a warrior, come to join thee in the feast of the blessed!" The canoe went over the fall; Occuna was dashed in pieces among the rocks, but the

maiden lived to tell the story. The Indians say that Occuna was "raised high above the regions of the moon, from whence he views with joy the prosperous hunting of the warriors; he gives pleasant dreams to his friends, and terrifies their enemies with dreadful omens." Whenever the tribe passed the fatal cataract they solemnly commemorated Occuna's death.

THE ERIE CANAL.

Just above Cohoes, the Erie Canal crosses the Mohawk upon a stately aqueduct, twelve hundred feet long, and it then descends through the town by an elaborate series of eighteen locks to the Hudson River level. This great water way made the prosperity of New York City, and is the monument of the sagacity and foresight of De Witt Clinton, Governor of New York, who, despite all obstacles, kept advocating and pushing the work until its completion. The construction began in 1817, and it was opened for business in 1825. The first barge going through had a royal progress from Buffalo, arriving at Albany at three minutes before eleven o'clock on the morning of October 26, 1825. There being no telegraphs, a swift method was devised for announcing her arrival, both back to Buffalo and down the Hudson River to New York. Cannon placed within hearing of each other, at intervals of eight or ten miles, were successively fired, announcing it in both cities, the signal being returned in the same way. By this series of

cannon-shots the report went down to New York and came back to Albany in fifty-eight minutes. When the first barges from Buffalo reached New York they were escorted through the harbor by a grand marine procession, which went to the ocean at Sandy Hook, where Governor Clinton poured in a keg of water brought from Lake Erie. The original Erie Canal cost $7,500,000, but it was afterwards enlarged and deepened, and further enlargements are still being made. It is fifty-six feet wide at the bottom and seventy feet at the surface, with seven feet depth of water. The barges are stoutly built and carry cargoes of seven to nine thousand bushels of grain. The canal is three hundred and fifty-five miles long, and gradually descends from Lake Erie five hundred and sixty-eight feet to the tidal level of the Hudson River, there being seventy-two locks passed in making the journey. This work, with its feeders and connections with the St. Lawrence River by the Champlain and Oswego Canals and the enlargements, has cost New York $98,000,000, and the maintenance costs $1,000,000 a year. It carries a tonnage approximating four millions annually, and is now free of tolls. Usually it carries half the grain coming to New York City. There are various projects for its further enlargement to twelve feet depth to accommodate larger boats, and its future usefulness is a theme of wide discussion. Its route across New York State is naturally the one of easiest gradient, passing

from Buffalo over the flat plain of Western New York, descending to the lower level of the Genesee Valley, then crossing the plain immediately north of the central lake district of New York, and finally by the Mohawk Valley, getting an easy passage through the narrow mountain gorge at Little Falls, and thence alongside that stream to the Hudson.

Closely accompanying the canal, the great Vanderbilt line, the New York Central Railway, crosses New York from Albany to Buffalo. It runs for seventeen miles, from Albany to Schenectady, and then follows up the Mohawk Valley. This seventeen miles of road is probably the oldest steam railroad in the United States—the Mohawk and Hudson Company, chartered in April, 1826. The commissioners organizing it met for the purpose at John Jacob Astor's office in New York City, July 29, 1826, and sent an agent over to England to inquire into its feasibility, and he came back with the plans, and was put in charge at $1500 salary. This was Peter Fleming, the first manager. The original power was by horses, and afterwards steam was used in daytime only, horses continuing the night work, it not being considered safe to use steam after dark. One car, looking much like an old-fashioned stage-coach, made a train. There were fourteen miles of level line, the remainder being inclined planes, where horses did the most work. When the car approached the station the agent met it, blocking the wheels with a wedge,

HOME OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME," AT EASTHAMPTON, L. I.

which was removed when the car started again. As business increased, more cars were added to the trains, and then a guard was put on top of the first car back of the locomotive, to watch the train and see that everything moved right. He frequently notified the engineer to stop when a car was seen bobbing about sufficiently to indicate that it was off the track. This primitive road was the beginning of the New York Central Railroad, which was gradually extended westward.

ASCENDING THE MOHAWK.

Schenectady on the Mohawk is a quaint old town of Dutch foundation, now devoted considerably to hops and butter, and largely to the trade in brooms. The Indians called it Skaunoghtada, or "the village seen across the plain," and hence the name. It was an early outpost of the Patroon at Albany, who sent Arent Van Corlaer to build a fort and trade in furs with the Indians in 1661. There were two horrible massacres here in the colonial wars. This comfortable city spreads broadly on the southern bank of the river and has over twenty thousand people. It is the seat of Union College, the buildings, upon a height overlooking the valley, being prominent. The college is part of the foundation of Union University, organized by the coöperation of various religious denominations, embracing medical, law and engineering schools, and also the Dudley Observatory at Albany. Such eminent men as Jonathan Edwards and Elipha-

let Nott have been its presidents. Some distance up the Mohawk is Amsterdam, another flourishing town, and the whole region thereabout is covered with fields of broom-corn, the Mohawk Valley being the greatest producer of brooms in America, and the chief broom-makers the Shakers, who have several settlements here. To the northward of the river above Amsterdam is Fort Johnson, a large stone dwelling which was the home of Sir William Johnson, the noted pioneer and colonial General. In 1738, at the age of twenty-three, he came out from England to manage Admiral Warren's large estates in the Mohawk Valley. He soon became very friendly with the Indians, the Mohawks adopting him as a sachem, and he had much to do with the Indian colonial management. He finally became the superintendent of the affairs of the Indian Six Nations, the Iroquois, and got his title of baronet for his victory over the French in 1755 at Fort William Henry, on Lake George. He was in the subsequent campaigns, captured Fort Niagara in 1759, and was present at the surrender of Montreal, and finally of Canada, the next year. For his services in these important conflicts the King gave him a tract of one hundred thousand acres north of the Mohawk, long known as "Kingsland" or the "Royal Grant." He brought in colonists and started Johnstown on this tract. He was active in his duties as head of the Indian Department, his death in 1774 resulting from over-exertion

at an Indian Council. He was the great pioneer of the Mohawk, his influence over the Indians being potential, and his village of Johnstown, about eight miles north of the river, now having about five thousand people. He had a hundred children by many mistresses, both Indian and white, his favorite, by whom he had eight children, being the sister of the famous Mohawk chief, Joseph Brant.

THE LEAGUE OF THE SIX NATIONS.

All this region, and the lands westward beyond the Central Lake District of New York, was the home of that noted Indian Confederation of America which the French named the Iroquois. When the earliest French explorers found them, they were the "Five Nations"—the Senecas, Cayugas, Onondagas, Oneidas and Mohawks. Their name as a league was Hodenosaunee, meaning "they form a cabin,"—this being their idea of a combination, offensive and defensive, and within their figurative cabin the fire was in the centre at Onondaga, while the Mohawk was the door. They were great warriors, and their tradition was that the Algonquins had driven them from Canada to the south side of Lake Ontario. Subsequently a portion of the Tuscaroras came up from the South, and being admitted to the Confederacy, it became the "Six Nations." They had considerable warlike knowledge. Near Elmira, which is close to the Pennsylvania boundary south of Seneca

Lake, their ancient fortifications are still visible, having been located with the skill of a military engineer as a defense against attacks. Fort Hill at Auburn was also an Iroquois fortification that has yielded many relics, and other works constructed by them are shown in various places. The league carried on almost continuous warfare against the neighboring tribes and the frontier colonists, and were conspicuous in all the colonial wars. When in their greatest prosperity they numbered about fifteen thousand, and over ten thousand now exist, being located on Canadian reservations adjacent to the St. Lawrence River, and on eight reservations in New York, where there are about five thousand, in civilized life, chiefly engaged in agriculture. In the ancient league they were ruled by the Council of Sachems of the various tribes, the central council-fire being upon the shore of Onondaga Lake, and the Atotarho, or head sachem of the Onondagas, being chief of the league.

In colonial New York the westernmost tribe was the Senecas, whose hunting-grounds extended from the Central Lake District to Lakes Ontario and Erie. When the Dutch pioneers encountered these Indians they were found to have the almost unpronounceable name of "Tsonnundawaonos," meaning the "great hill people," and the nearest the Dutch could come to it was to call them "Sinnekaas," which in time was changed to Senecas. The Quakers took great in-

terest in them, with such fostering care that three thousand Senecas now live on the sixty-six thousand acres in their reservations. They have their own Indian language and special alphabet, and portions of the Scriptures are printed in it. In their days of power they had two famous chiefs—Cornplanter, also called Captain O'Beel, the name of his white father, he being a half-breed, and Red Jacket. The latter lived till 1830 in the Senecas' village near Buffalo. His original Indian name was Otetiani, or "Always Ready," and the popular title came from a richly-embroidered scarlet jacket given him by a British officer, which he always had great pride in wearing. He was a leader among the Indians of his time and an impressive orator. Next eastward of the Senecas were the Cayugas, who, when discovered by the French on the banks of their lake, had about three hundred warriors, and in the seventeenth century, under French tutelage, their chiefs became Christians. A remnant of the tribe is in the Indian Territory. The Onondagas were the "men of the mountain," getting their name from the highlands where they lived, south of Onondaga Lake. There are about three hundred now on their reservation and as many more in Canada. Their language is regarded as the purest of the Iroquois dialects, and its dictionary has been published. Farther eastward, where the granite outcroppings of the southern Adirondack ranges appeared, were the Oneidas, the

"tribe of the granite rock," now having on their reservation at Oneida Castle over two hundred, with many more in Wisconsin and Canada. The Tuscaroras came into the league in 1713, and were given a location on the southeastern shore of Oneida Lake, and they are now on a reservation in Western New York, where over three hundred live, with more in Canada. Their name was of modern adoption, after they had assumed some of the habits of the whites, and means the "shirt-wearers."

The Mohawks lived farther east, in the Mohawk Valley, among the limestone and granitic formations of the Adirondacks and Eastern New York, and they were the Agmaque, meaning "the possessors of the flint." Within the league their name was Ganniagwari, or the "She-Bear," whence the Algonquins called them Mahaque, which the English gradually corrupted into Mohawk, the name being also adopted for their river. The early Dutch settlers at Albany made a treaty with them which was lasting, and the English also had their friendship. Their most noted chief was Thayendanega, better known as Joseph Brant, who espoused the English cause in the Revolution and held a post in the Canadian Indian Department, his tribe then extending throughout the whole region between the St. Lawrence and the Hudson. He visited England in 1786 and collected money to build a church for his people, and published the Prayer-Book and the Gospel of Mark in Mohawk and

English. He steadily exerted himself after the Revolution to maintain peace between the frontier Indians and the United States, being zealously devoted to the welfare of his tribe. He had an estate on the shore of Lake Ontario, where he died in 1807.

LITTLE FALLS AND UTICA.

In ascending the Mohawk valley the distant view is circumscribed on the south by the Catskills and Helderbergs, and on the north by the Adirondack ranges. The outcrops of the latter compress upon the river in long protruding crags covered with firs and known as the "Noses." There are various villages, started in the eighteenth century as frontier posts among the Indians. There are also hop-fields in plenty and much pasture, and finally the hills become higher and the valley narrower as Little Falls is reached, where the Mohawk forces a passage through a spur of the Adirondacks, known as the Rollaway. The river, approaching the gorge, sharply bends from east to south, and plunges wildly down a series of rapids, the town being set among the rocky precipices right in the throat of the defile. The place is heaped with rocks, the stream falling forty-two feet within a thousand yards, the descent forming three separate cataracts, which give power to numerous mills on the banks and clustering upon an island in the rapids. They make cheese and paper, and on either hand precipitous crags rise five hundred feet

above them. The pass is very narrow, compressing the Erie Canal and the New York Central and West Shore Railways closely upon the river; in fact, the canal passage has been blasted out of the solid granite on the southern river-bank. Here can be readily studied the crystalline rocks of the Laurentian formation, which are described as "part of the oldest dry land on the face of the globe." It is this pass through the mountains, made by the Mohawk, that gives the Erie Canal and the Vanderbilt railways their low-level route between the Atlantic seaboard and the West. All the other trunk railways climb the Alleghenies ranges and cross them at elevations of two thousand feet or more, while here the elevation is not four hundred feet, thus avoiding steep gradients and expensive hauling. The Rollaway stretches for a long distance, clothed to its summit with pines and birches.

Beyond, the amber waters of Canada Creek flow in from the north, giving the Mohawk a largely increased current, and the land becomes a region of gentle hills, with meadows and herds, a scene of pastoral beauty, the great dairy region of New York. Here is Herkimer, which was an Indian frontier fort, and a few miles farther is Utica, the dairymen's and cheese-makers' headquarters, a city of fifty thousand people. The whole Mohawk valley for miles has an atmosphere of peacefulness and content, innumerable cows and sheep grazing and resting upon the rich

pastures. The river is narrow and meanders slowly past Utica, which is built to the southward along the banks of the canal. This city also grew up around an Indian border post. General Schuyler, who came westward from Albany, seeking trade, built Fort Schuyler here in 1758, the grant of land being known as Cosby's Manor. Then a block-house was built, but the settlement, known as Old Fort Schuyler, grew very little until after the canal was opened. Utica had the honor of producing two of the leading men of New York, Roscoe Conkling and Horatio Seymour, the latter having been Governor of New York and the Democratic candidate for President when General Grant was first elected in 1868. The city rises gradually upon a gentle slope south of the Mohawk, until it reaches one hundred and fifty feet elevation, Genesee street, the chief highway, wide and attractive, extending back from the river and across the canal, bordered by elegant residences, fronted by lawns and fine shade trees. Its leading public institution is the State Lunatic Asylum, but its pride is the regulation of the butter and cheese trades of New York.

In journeying through New York, it is noticed that there is an ambitious nomenclature. The towns are given classic names, as if there had been an early immigration of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Thus we were at Troy on the Hudson, and coming up the Mohawk have passed Fonda, Palatine bridge

and Ilion on the route to Utica, while farther on are Rome and Verona. It seems that in the primitive days of New York old Simeon de Witt was the Surveyor General, and under his auspices the remorseless college graduate is said to have wandered over the country with instrument and map and scattered broadcast classic names. These flourish most in Western New York. Albion and Attica, Corfu and Palmyra, are near neighbors there, the latter being chiefly known to fame as the place where the original Mormon apostle, "Joe Smith," claimed to have found the sacred golden plates of the Mormon bible and the stone spectacles through which he interpreted the signs written upon them. Memphis is near by, and Macedon and Jordan are adjacent villages. Pompey, Virgil and Ulysses are named up, and Ovid is between Lakes Seneca and Cayuga, with Geneva at the foot of Seneca and Ithaca at the head of Cayuga. Auburn—"loveliest village of the plain"—is to the eastward, and Aurelius, Marcellus and Camillus are railway stations on the route to Syracuse, one of whose former names was Corinth. To the southward is Homer, having Nineveh and Manlius near by; Venice is not far away, and Babylon is down on Long Island. The Mohawk thus heads in classic ground, rising in the highlands of Oneida about twenty miles north of Rome, past which it flows a small and winding brook through the almost level country. Rome, unlike its ancient namesake, has no hills at all, but is

built upon a plain, having grown up around the Indian frontier outpost of Fort Stanwix of the Revolution, the battle of Oriskany, in August, 1777, which cut off the reinforcements going to Burgoyne at Saratoga, thus helping to defeat him, having been fought just outside its limits. There are about seventeen thousand people in Rome, which is a prominent lumber market, being at the junction of the Erie and Black River Canals, the latter fetching lumber down from Canada, which has come through Lake Ontario. From Rome the narrow Mohawk flows to Utica, and thence with broadening current onward to the Hudson, its whole length being about one hundred and forty miles. Its gentle course and pastoral beauty remind of the pleasant lines of that poet of nature, John Dyer:

> "And see the rivers how they run
> Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
> Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,—
> Wave succeeding wave, they go
> A various journey to the deep,
> Like human life to endless sleep!"

TRENTON FALLS.

In the hills north of Utica, the West Canada Creek cuts its remarkable gorge at Trenton Falls. It is a vigorous stream, rising in the western slopes of the Adirondacks and flowing to the Mohawk. In getting down through the limestone rocks from the highlands to the plain adjacent to the river, it passes into the ravine, giving a magnificent display of

chasms, cascades and rapids, in a gorge of such amazing construction that it is regarded as a wonder second only to Niagara. During the ages, the torrent has cut through over four hundred layers of the stratified limestone, exposing the geological formation to full view, with the fossil organic remains deposited there as the world was built. In descending the ravine, there are five prominent cataracts, besides rapids, all compressed within two miles distance, the aggregate descent being three hundred and twelve feet. This wonderful gorge was the Indian Kauy-a-hoo-ra, or the "Leaping Water," and from its color they called the stream Kahnata, the "amber water," a name readily corrupted into Canada Creek. The Dutch called the place after the Grand Pensioner of Holland, Oldenbarneveld, he having sent out the first colonists under a grant known as the "Holland Patent." It was in this region Grover Cleveland spent his early life. A grandson of Roger Sherman, who had charge of the Unitarian church here, is regarded as the discoverer of the ravine in 1805, and he did much to make it known to the world. His grave is within sound of the Sherman Fall.

Entering the chasm at the lower end, where the stream passes out from the rock terrace to the plain, the ravine is found to be about one hundred feet deep, the almost perpendicular rocky walls built up in level layers as if by hands, the well-defined sepa-

rate strata being from one inch to a foot in thickness, and narrowest at the bottom. Hemlocks and cedars crown the blackened rocks, their branches hanging over the abyss, while far below, the boisterous torrent rushes across the pavement of broad flagstones forming its bed. Descending to the bottom, the impression is like being in a deep vault, this subterranean world disclosing operations lasting through ages, during which the rocks have slowly yielded to the resistless power of the water and frost that has gradually cut the chasm. Fossils and petrifactions found in the deepest strata are trod upon, and each thin layer of the walls, one imposed upon the other, shows the deposit of a supervening flood happening successively, yet eternity only knows how long ago. And ages afterwards the torrent came, and during more successive ages carved out the gorge, until it has penetrated to the bottom of the limestone.

The torrent flows briskly out of the long and narrow vault, while some distance above is the lowest of the series of cataracts—the Sherman Fall—where the water plunges over a parapet of rock forty feet high into a huge basin it has worked out. The amber-colored waters boil furiously in this cauldron. Above the Sherman Fall the stream flows through rapids, the chasm broadening and the lofty walls rising higher as the hill-tops are more elevated, mounting to two hundred feet above the torrent at a lofty point called the Pinnacle. The floor of the

ravine is level, and becomes quite wide, with massive slabs, weighing tons, resting upon it, showing the power of freshets which bring them down from above, and will ultimately carry them completely through the gorge to its outlet, so resistless is the sweep of the raging flood at such times, when every bound these huge stones make over the rocky floor causes the neighboring hills to vibrate, the stifled thunder of their progress being heard above the roar of waters. At the head of this widened gorge is the High Falls, in a grand amphitheatre, the cataract broken into parts and combining all the varieties of cascade and waterfall, being one hundred feet high, and the walls of the chasm rising eighty feet higher to the surface of the land above, which keeps on rising as the ends of the limestone strata are surmounted. The top of this High Fall is another perpendicular wall stretching diagonally across the chasm, and below it the protruding layers of rock form a sort of huge stairway. Down this the waters fall in varying fashion, finally condensing as a mass of whirling, shifting foam into a dark pool beneath. This splendid cataract is fringed about with evergreens and shrubbery, for between the dark thin slabs of limestone are inserted thinner strata of crumbling shale, and these give root-hold to the cedars and other nodding branches clinging to the walls of the ravine. The waterfall begins at the top with the color of melted topaz, and is unlike any-

thing elsewhere seen, for the hemlocks and spruces of the mountain regions impart the amber hue to the torrent. Descending, the changing tints become steadily lighter, until the brown turns to a creamy white, which is finally lost under the cloud of spray at the foot of the lower stairway slide, while beyond, the water rushes away black in hue and driving forward almost as if shot from a cannon.

Above is another great amphitheatre, floored with rocky layers, upon which the stream flows in gentler course. In this is the Milldam Fall, a ledge about fourteen feet high, over which the waters make a uniform flow all across the ravine. This has above it an expanded platform of level slabs almost a hundred feet wide, fringed on each side with cedars, the attractive place being called the Alhambra. At the upper end a naked rock protrudes about sixty feet high, from which a stream falls as a perpetual shower-bath. The creek rushes down another complex stairway in the Alhambra Cascade. The ravine above suddenly contracts, and the walls beyond change their forms into shapes of curves and projections. Another cascade of whirling, foaming waters is passed, and a new amphitheatre entered, where great slabs of rock have fallen from the walls and lie on the floor, ready to be driven down the ravine by freshets. The torrent here develops another curious formation, known as the Rocky Heart. Curved holes are being rounded out by whirling boulders of

granite, which are kept constantly revolving by the running water, and thus readily act upon the softer limestones. The chasm goes still farther up to the Prospect Falls, a cataract twenty feet high, near the beginning of the ravine.

Canada Creek passes out of the lower end of the gorge, where the limestone layers are exhausted, and their edges fall off in terraces sharply to the lower level, and almost down to the surface of the stream. All about the broadened channel, as it flows away towards the Mohawk, lie the huge slabs and boulders driven down through the chasm by repeated freshets, with the amber waters foaming among them. This wonderful ravine is a geological mine, disclosing the transition rocks, the first containing fossil organic remains. In the lower part of the chasm they are compact carbonate of lime, extremely hard and brittle, and a dark blue, almost black, in color. At the High Fall, and above to the Rocky Heart, the upper strata are from twelve to eighteen inches thick, and composed of the crystallized fragments of the vertebræ of crinoidea and the shells of terebratulæ. These fossils of the Silurian period are numerous. The strata throughout the chasm are remarkably horizontal, varying, as they ascend, from one inch to eighteen inches in thickness. They are very distinct, and separated by a fine shaly substance which disintegrates upon exposure to the air or moisture. From the top to the bottom of the ravine

small cracks extend down perpendicularly, and run in a straight line through the whole mass across the stream. These divide the pavements into rhomboidal slabs. The most interesting fossils are found, among them the large trilobite, a crustacean that could both swim and crawl upon the bottom of the sea. This extraordinary place is in reality a Titanic fissure, cracked through the crust of mother earth, down which roars and dashes a tremendous torrent.

THE LAKES OF NEW YORK.

The northwestern boundary of the State of New York is formed by Lake Ontario, of which the St. Lawrence River is the outlet, flowing northeastward into Canada. Ontario is the smallest and the lowest in level of the group of Great Lakes, its name given by the Indians meaning the "beautiful water." It is about one hundred and eighty miles long, and its surface is two hundred and thirty-one feet above tide, but it is fully five hundred feet deep, so that it has more depth below the ocean level than the lake surface is above. It has a marked feature along its southern shore, where a narrow elevation known as the "Lake Ridge" extends nearly parallel with the edge of the lake, and from four to eight miles distant. The height of this ridge usually exceeds one hundred and sixty feet above the lake level, and in some places is nearly two hundred feet, and it is, throughout, from five to twenty feet above the imme-

diate surface of the land, there being a width at the summit of some thirty feet, from which the ground slopes away on both sides. This ridge is regarded as an ancient shore-line formed by the waters of the lake, and the chief public highway on the southern side of the lake is laid for many miles along its summit. The main tributaries of Ontario from New York are the Black, Oswego and Genesee Rivers. The Black River gathers various streams draining the western slopes of the Adirondacks, and its name comes from the dark amber hue of the waters. It flows northwest through a forest-covered region, pours down Lyons Falls, a fine cataract of seventy feet, passes the manufacturing towns of Lowville and Watertown, and finally discharges by the broadened estuary of Black River Bay into the east end of Lake Ontario. From Rome, on the Mohawk, a canal is constructed northward to the Black River.

Westward from Rome the land is an almost level plain, rising into the Onondaga highlands to the southward. Cazenovia Lake, among these hills, sends its outlet northward over the plain to Oneida Lake. There are various little lakelets between, but the ground is impregnated with sulphur, so that their waters are bitter, and one is consequently named Lake Sodom. Oneida is a large lake, twenty-three miles long and several miles broad, with low and marshy shores. In the fertile dairy region to the southeastward is located the "Inspiration Commu-

nity" of Oneida, founded in 1847 by John Humphrey Noyes, a Vermont preacher. In 1834, when twenty-three years old, he experienced what he called a "second conversion," and announced himself a "perfectionist." He preached his new faith and finally established the Oneida Community for its demonstration, with about three hundred members. They maintain the perfect equality of women with men in all social and business relations, and have become quite wealthy as manufacturers, farmers and dairymen. The outlet of Oneida Lake, and in fact the outlet streams of all the lakes of Central New York, discharge into Oswego River, which flows northward into Lake Ontario. Oswego means "the small water flowing into that which is large, and the port at its mouth, noted for its flour and starch-mills, has about twenty-five thousand people, and is the largest city on the New York shore of Lake Ontario. This was an early French settlement in the seventeenth century, when the river was known by them as the "river of the Onondagas."

The great plain south of Lake Ontario, which is believed to have been itself formerly a lake bed, rises into highlands farther southward, and the noted group of lakes of Central New York are scattered in the valleys which are deeply fissured into these highlands. Most of these lakes are long and narrow, and they nestle in almost parallel valleys, their waters occupying the bottoms of deep ravines. These

lakes present much fine scenery, and their shores are among the most attractive parts of New York. They display vineyards and fruit orchards and extensive pastures, and their present names are the original titles given them by the Iroquois, many of whom still live on reservations near them. Southwest of Oneida is Onondaga Lake, and farther west Skaneateles and Owasco. Then beyond is the larger Cayuga Lake, and to the westward Seneca, the largest of the group, sixty miles long, elevated two hundred feet above Lake Ontario, and of great depth, estimated to exceed six hundred feet. This lake was never known to be frozen over but once, and that was late in March many years ago; steamboats traverse it every day in the year. Cayuga Lake is of similar character, but of slightly less size and elevation, and in some places is so deep as to be almost unfathomable. These parallel lakes are separated by an elevated ridge only a few miles wide, and their great depth, descending much below the level of Ontario, into which they discharge, gives evidence to the geologists that their waters originally drained to the southward. Westward of Seneca is Keuka or the Crooked Lake, the Indian name meaning "the lake of the Bended Elbow." It is a pretty sheet of water, having an angle in its centre, from which starts out another long and narrow branch, so that its spreading arms make it look much like the aboriginal signification. It is elevated two hundred and seventy-seven feet above

the level of Seneca Lake, which is only seven miles away. Beyond Keuka is Canandaigua Lake, the westernmost of the group.

THE SYRACUSE SALT-MAKERS.

Onondaga Lake is comparatively small, being six miles long and about a mile broad, and it is noted for its salt wells, which have made the prosperity of the city of Syracuse, the largest in Central New York, built along Onondaga Creek south of the lake, and upon the slopes of the higher hills to the eastward. An Indian trader started the town in the eighteenth century, and soon afterwards Asa Danforth began making salt at Salt Point on the lake, calling his village Salina. When the Erie Canal came along the place grew rapidly, and it is now a great canal and railroad centre, with lines radiating in various directions, and from it the Oswego Canal goes northward to Lake Ontario. The city has a population approximating a hundred thousand. The salt springs come out of the rocks of the Upper Silurian period, and are located chiefly in the marshes bordering Onondaga Lake. The brine wells are bored in the lowlands surrounding the lake to a depth of two hundred to over three hundred feet. The State of New York controls the wells and pumps the brine to supply the evaporating works, which are private establishments, a royalty of one cent per bushel being charged. The main impurity that has to be driven out of the brine

is sulphate of lime, and the finer product has a high reputation, the "Onondaga Factory-Filled Salt" being greatly esteemed. The salt wells were known to the Indians, and the French Jesuit missionaries found them as early as 1650, taking salt back to Canada. In 1789 they yielded five hundred bushels, and they have since produced as high as nine millions of bushels a year, the annual product now being about three millions. The brine is first pumped into small shallow vats, where it remains until the carbonic acid gas escapes and the iron is deposited as an oxide. It is then led to the evaporating vats, all processes being used, solar as well as boiling. The land bordering the marshy shores of Onondaga Lake is framed around by rows of factories and heating furnaces, while out on the marshes are clusters of little brown houses, each covering a well and pump. From there the brine is led through conduits made of bored logs, called the "salt logs," to the evaporating vats and factories, some going long distances. Everything throughout the whole district is profusely saturated with salt.

Syracuse is one of the handsomest cities of the Empire State. The New York Central Railroad passes through the centre of the business section, the locomotives and ordinary traffic sharing the main street in common, in front of the chief hotels and stores, for thus has the town grown up. Just northward, the Erie Canal also goes through the heart of

the city, giving on moonlight nights scenes that are almost Venetian. The streets are broad, and ornamental squares are frequent, the chief residential highways—James, Genesee and University Streets—being bordered with imposing dwellings surrounded by extensive grounds. Magnificent trees line the streets and broad lawns stretch back to the dwellings, everything being open to public view, so that in these parts the town is practically a vast park. To the eastward rises University Hill, crowned by the buildings of Syracuse University, a Methodist foundation having eleven hundred students. Holden Observatory adjoins the grand graystone main college building, and from this high hill there is a magnificent view over the city and the oval-shaped lake and its salt marsh border off to the northwest. The southern view is enclosed by the Onondaga highlands, out of which Onondaga Creek comes through a deep and winding valley. Back among these dark blue distant hills still live in pastoral simplicity the remnants of the "Men of the Mountain,"—the Onondagas,—the ruling power of the famous Iroquois Confederation.

AUBURN, ITHACA AND CORNELL.

Westward from Syracuse the country is full of lakes. Otisco Lake,—the "Bitter-nut Hickory,"—is an oval four miles long, embosomed in hills. To the northwest of Otisco is Skaneateles Lake—the "Long Water"—the most picturesque of all, set among most

imposing hills, which, notwithstanding the lake is elevated eight hundred and sixty feet, still rise twelve hundred feet above its surface, giving the waters the deeply blue tinge of an Italian scene. This lovely lake is sixteen miles long, and in no place more than a mile and a half wide, its outlet having a fine cataract. To the westward is Owasco Lake—"the bridge on the water floating"—eleven miles long and a mile wide, walled in by rocky bluffs, yet having its shores diversified by meadows and farm land. About two miles northward, on its outlet, is the busy manufacturing city of Auburn, with thirty thousand people, which was the home of William H. Seward, Governor and Senator from New York, who was President Lincoln's Secretary of State during the Civil War. Its most extensive establishment is the Auburn Prison, covering about eighteen acres, enclosed by walls four feet thick and twelve to thirty-five feet high, there being imprisoned usually about twelve hundred convicts. The surface of the city is varied by hills, making handsome villa sites, and the Owasco Lake outlet flows down a series of rapids, falling one hundred and sixty feet, and utilized by no less than nine dams to turn the wheels of many mills. Captain Hardenburgh was the first settler here in 1793, the original name being "Hardenburgh's Corners." On Fort Hill, one of the highest elevations, the top of which is supposed to be an eminence originally raised by the ancient Mound-Builders,

and was an Iroquois fortification, is the Cemetery where are interred the remains of William H. Seward, who died in 1872.

After crossing a rich grazing country, farther to the westward is Cayuga Lake—the name meaning "Where they take canoes out"—stretching from the level plain of Central New York southward into the highlands, making the watershed between the affluents of the St. Lawrence and the Susquehanna. Progressing southward along the long and narrow lake, the hills are found to grow steadily higher, and they reach an elevation of several hundred feet above its surface. The bordering rocky buttresses rise up as columns and walls, with accurately-squared corners, their perpendicular stratification making the flagstone layers that have been loosened by the frost stand on edge and separately, seeming almost ready to topple over, while heaps of broken fragments are strewn at their bases, which, being pulverized by the action of frost and water into small particles, produce a smooth and narrow beach. At the head of the lake the deep valley is prolonged farther southward between even higher enclosing ridges, the Cayuga Inlet winding through it. Here, about a mile from the lake, is a flourishing town of twelve thousand people, reproducing the name of the Ionian Island that was the fabled kingdom of Ulysses—Ithaca. It is the centre of a grazing region, producing cheese, butter and wool, and its water-power has given some

manufacturing activity, but it is chiefly known to fame from the surrounding galaxy of waterfalls and the possession of Cornell University.

Cayuga Lake, at its head, has a rugged verge, and in the glens and gorges descending four to five hundred feet from the hills to the lake and its prolonged southern valley, are some of nature's most beautiful sanctuaries. Fall Creek has eight cataracts within a mile, all of them charming. It comes tumbling down the Triphammer Fall into a basin, then over one cascade after another until it plunges down a foaming precipice and finally goes over the Ithaca Fall, one hundred and sixty feet high and about as wide. Alongside the lake, near the outlet of this brook, are remarkable formations,—Tower Rock, a perfect columnar structure forty feet high, and Castle Rock, a massive wall with a grand arched doorway opened through it—both strange freaks of nature. The ravine of Cascadilla Creek to the southward is also filled with cascades, and on an elevated plateau between the two gorges is Cornell University. The most noted waterfall of Cayuga is the Taghanic—the original Indian word meaning "Water enough." A stream flows in from the western hills a short distance north of Ithaca, and the fall is two hundred and fifteen feet high and some distance back in the ridge. Its interesting features are the great height, the very deep ravine and its sharply-defined outlines, and the splendid views; and

its admirers regard it as a worthy rival of the much-praised Swiss Staubbach. The water breaks over a cleanly-cut table-rock, falls perpendicularly, and excepting in freshets, it changes into clouds of spray before reaching the bottom. The rocky enclosing walls rise four hundred feet high around it, being regularly squared as if laid by human hands, and this is the highest American waterfall east of the Rockies.

High above Ithaca, standing upon the brow of the ridge making its eastern border, are the imposing buildings of Cornell University, devoted to the free education of both sexes in all branches of knowledge, the spreading college campus elevated four hundred feet above the lake. Here are educated eighteen hundred students, who have about one hundred and eighty instructors. The College of Forestry, established in 1898, is the only one in the country. The University has munificent endowments, becoming constantly more valuable, as lands of steadily increasing worth are among the holdings, the aggregate being estimated at $8,000,000. At the edge of Ithaca is the mansion which was the home of Ezra Cornell the founder, who amassed a fortune mainly in telegraphy, he then being at the head of the Western Union Company. To his generosity was added the proceeds of the ample school lands of New York State, the gift of the Federal Government, which he selected with scrupulous care, and these gave the

University its start. He died in 1874. Others gave supplementary gifts. John McGraw of Ithaca gave McGraw College, the central building on the campus, two hundred feet long, with a tower rising one hundred and twenty feet, containing the great University bell with full chimes, and having a view forty miles northward along the lake and almost half as far southward through the deep valley. This structure is flanked by the North and South University buildings, each one hundred and sixty-five feet long, all three substantially constructed of dark blue stone with light gray limestone trimmings. There are also the Sibley Building, and the magnificent Cascadilla Hall, nearly two hundred feet long, which is a residence for instructors and students. The Sage College for females and other handsome buildings adorn the campus, including an armory, for everything is taught, and a battery of mounted cannon guards the approach to the grounds.

HAVANA AND WATKINS GLENS.

Seneca Lake, the largest of the group, is a short distance west of Cayuga, and its prolonged southern valley is bordered by ridges rising even higher, through which the streams have carved remarkable gorges. Two of the larger torrents coming into the prolonged Seneca Valley have hewn out of the hillsides, one on either hand, romantic fissures of wide renown,—the Havana and Watkins Glens. The

Havana Glen is three miles south of the lake and about a mile long, being cut out of the eastern wall of the valley. The ravine is steep, having quite a large stream. Its characteristic is that the water and frost have made great fissures and caverns, but so fashioned them that all the joints and corners are right-angles. The cascades are successions of ledges, the water apparently running down a staircase. If the stream runs over a waterfall, it comes from a level ledge as if running over a wall. If it rushes through a gorge, all the corners are square, the sides perpendicular and the bottom level. If a brigade of stonemasons had built the place it could hardly have been more accurately constructed. Several of the cascades are magnificent, the "Bridal Veil" and the "Curtain Falls" going down a maze of rocky ledges, their frothy waters making resplendent sheets of exquisite lacework. In one place the stream flows through a perfectly square grotto known as the "Council Chamber," entering this great hall by a right-angled bend from an adjoining square-cut grotto of similar character. Each is a perfect apartment, the water rushing from one to the other through an entry-like passage, from which it makes a square turn. The glen is quite steep, and its "Central Gorge" is a narrow fissure, clean-cut and deep, making a half-dozen right-angled bends, each lower than the other, the torrent rushing around the sharp corners and over the straight edges with wild swift-

ness and clouds of spray. The visitor mounts ladders and steps through the spray, and the glen can be followed a long distance upward past many cascades, its picturesqueness being enhanced by the huge tree-trunks the torrent occasionally brings down and lodges in the many angular bends.

Watkins Glen, carved out of the western wall of the valley just at the head of Seneca Lake, is constructed upon a grander scale, yet entirely different. The torrent has hewn it among similarly laminated rocks, but the erosive processes have made vast amphitheatres, their great size dwarfing the diminutive brook flowing like a thread at the bottom. The entrance, level with the floor of the valley, presents the same squared and angular features as Havana Glen, but inside it is a grand amphitheatre enclosed within perpendicular stone walls three hundred feet high, and is proportionately spacious. It is quickly seen, however, that within the grand hall the rocky layers, instead of being squared and angular, have been smoothed and rounded by the waters, the small but dashing stream flowing over the floor by graceful curves through circular pools and winding channels. This glen is built on a prodigious scale, being over three miles long, and its head rising eight hundred feet above the valley. A narrow cascade eighty feet high falls at the far end of the entrance amphitheatre, and climbing up, the visitor enters "Glen Alpha," the first of the vast chambers. There are

successive glens and caverns as one proceeds onward and upward through the "Cavern Gorge" and "Glen Obscura," where a hotel and chalet are perched on the rocky ledges at four hundred feet elevation. Above is the "Sylvan Gorge," and then the fissure broadens out into its grandest section, the "Glen Cathedral," a magnificent nave, with walls rising nearly three hundred feet, the rocky layers giving it a level stone floor. It has the "Pulpit Rock" and "Baptismal Font," and climbing out one hundred and seventy feet upward alongside a cascade, the visitor then goes onward past more grottoes, falls and gorges for a long distance, until the "Glen Omega" is reached at the top. Here an airy railway bridge of one of the Vanderbilt roads spans it at two hundred feet height above the floor.

The shores of Seneca Lake, as one progresses northward, present various pretty little glens cut deeply into the bordering hills, and as these become lower there are vineyards and pastures displayed. Gradually the bluffs disappear, giving place to extensive farm lands as the level plain at the outlet is reached. Here, in imitation of a noble Swiss example, the town of Geneva has been built at the foot of the lake, its chief street extending along the western bank, with villas peeping out from the foliage. This is a prominent nursery town, florists and seedsmen being its chief merchants, and a large part of the adjacent country being devoted to seed-

growing and propagation. Hobart College, a leading Episcopal foundation, is at Geneva. The outlet of the lake is the Seneca River, having an attractive waterfall, and after gathering the outflow of this group of Central New York lakes, it goes away northeastward to Oswego River.

CANISTEO AND CHEMUNG RIVERS.

There are yet two other lakes westward of Seneca, Keuka and Canandaigua. This region was generally first peopled by the Puritans, but others also came in, and at the outlet of Keuka is the town of Penn Yan, so called from the Pennsylvanians and Yankees who settled it, their descendants being the shrewd and thrifty race known as the "New York Yankees." There are extensive vineyards on Keuka where are made some of the best American clarets and champagnes, the centre of that industry being Hammondsport, at the head of the lake. Beyond is Canandaigua Lake, the town of Canandaigua standing at its northern end upon a surface gently sloping towards its shores. The word means the "place chosen for a village." The heads of all these lakes are in the southern highlands, making the watershed, south of which the streams are gathered into the Canisteo River, meaning "the board on the water," which flows into the Chemung, the "big horn," and thence by the Susquehanna down through Pennsylvania to the Chesapeake. The Erie Railway, coming

eastward by a wild and lonely route across the Allegheny ranges, goes down the pretty Canisteo Valley to Hornellsville, a purely railroad town of twelve thousand people, which has grown up around the shops and stations. Below, the valley broadens, and is picturesque between its high bordering ridges, the stream meandering in wayward fashion over the almost flat intervale. It passes Addison and the town with the unique name of Painted Post, so called from an Indian monument inscribed in colors, and as the Canisteo River broadens with the contribution of its swelling tributaries, it reaches the active manufacturing city of Corning, having ten thousand people, and here falls into the Chemung, which comes up northward out of the Allegheny ranges in Pennsylvania to meet it. The Chemung Valley is a broad and fertile section of flat and highly cultivated bottom lands, having in its heart the city of Elmira, with thirty-five thousand inhabitants and many industrial establishments, making it a busy railroad centre. Here is the Elmira Reformatory, the Elmira Female College, and the various "Water Cures," a species of remedial establishment flourishing throughout Western New York, where there is apparently no limit to the efficacy or bountifulness of the water-supply. The broad Chemung flows through Elmira and beyond down its rich and wide-spreading valley, until at Athens it loses itself in the swelling waters of the Susquehanna.

THE VALLEY OF THE GENESEE.

Among the rugged mountains of Potter County, in the northern part of Pennsylvania, the highest land in the State, are the springs feeding the headwaters of three noted rivers, seeking the ocean in opposite directions. The Allegheny flows westward and afterwards southward to the Ohio; the west branch of the Susquehanna goes eastward to break through the entire Allegheny chain in seeking the Atlantic; and the smaller stream, the Genesee, flows northward through New York between two long Allegheny ridges, the chief affluent of Lake Ontario. The Genesee passes through a valley of great beauty and gives water-power to many mills, a canal also being constructed to improve its navigation. After a romantic course of one hundred and fifty miles it empties into the lake at Charlotte, seven miles north of Rochester. For much of the distance its course is through a magnificent gorge, with a succession of cataracts that are renowned in American scenery. Where it first attacks the highlands of New York to break out of them, it plunges deeper and deeper down a series of grand cataracts at Portage. Here the Erie Railway, coming from the westward, has boldly thrown a stupendous bridge across the tremendous chasm and almost over the top of the highest cataract. The river makes a gorge in the yielding rocks, sinking from two hundred and fifty to

six hundred feet deep, and here are the Portage Falls, one cataract after another making the stream-bed lower, the walls of the wild ravine rising almost perpendicularly. The railway, crossing at the most favorable place, has built one of the highest bridges in the country, elevated two hundred and thirty-five feet above the river, resting upon lightly-framed steel trusses. From the car windows the river can be seen far below in what seems a narrow fissure, the current boiling along and then tumbling down the cataract, the edge of which crosses the river diagonally almost beneath the bridge. The waters pour into a chasm seeming almost bottomless as the spray obscures it. The ravine extends northward, and in the distance the waters go over a second fall and then a third, the chasm finally curving around to the right, making a bend, closing the view more than a mile away, with an enormous wall of bare rock. The three cataracts fall respectively seventy, one hundred and ten and one hundred and fifty feet—called the Upper, Middle and Lower Portage Falls—and for several miles below, the river flows through the deeper ravine amid equally magnificent surroundings.

This descent brings the Genesee River down from the higher plateau to what is known as the "Genesee Level," for at the end of the defile, fifteen miles below Portage, it flows out of the highlands over pleasant lands and with gentler current. Here on

the "Genesee Flats" is the village of Mount Morris, and near it has been placed, alongside the ravine, the rude log cabin, which was originally on the higher land above Portage, the Indian "Council House of Cascadea," where the Iroquois chiefs often met. At the removal in 1872, the services were conducted in the Senecas language, several Indians attending, and the identical "pipe of peace" given by Washington to Red Jacket was passed around. Nearby the river emerges through a Titanic gateway in the rocks to the pastoral region stretching far to the northward, while far over on the eastern verge is the village of Geneseo, sloping up the ascent. Its Indian name, meaning the "beautiful valley," is also given the river. After meandering placidly for miles across these flats, the Genesee River reaches the "Flour City of the West," Rochester, the storage and distributing mart for this fertile valley, getting its original start and title from the prolific wheat crops. And here the Genesee plunges down another waterfall which gives power to the Rochester mills.

When De Witt Clinton, in 1810, exploring the route for the Erie Canal, crossed the river here, there was not a house. The place was afterwards the "Hundred Acre Tract," planned in 1812 for a settlement by three adventurous frontiersmen, and the town was named for one of them, Nathaniel Rochester. After a few years, the spreading fame of the fertility of the Genesee Valley attracted a large population,

and it became known as the garden spot of the then "West," so that out of this grew the flour-mills which have continued to be Rochester's chief industry. The Genesee River flows through with swift current, the Erie Canal being carried over on a massive stone aqueduct and the New York Central Railroad upon a wide bridge, and about a hundred yards beyond, the river plunges down the great Rochester Fall. The ledge over which it tumbles is a perpendicular wall, straight and regular in formation, and almost without fragments of rock at the foot, so that the fall is a clear one. The shores below are lined with huge stone mills and breweries, to which races on each bank conduct the water from a dam above the railroad bridge. This Rochester Fall, down which Sam Patch jumped to his death, is ninety-six feet high. Below it, the river flows through a somewhat wider channel, gradually bending to the left, and then it goes down a second cataract of twenty-five feet height, and finally, at some distance, over a third and broken fall of eighty-four feet. As at Portage, this second succession of triple cataracts sinks the river bed deeper and deeper into the gorge, so that the enclosing walls are in some places over three hundred feet high. This gorge is all within the limits of the city, the falls and rapids having a total descent of two hundred and sixty feet. This immense water-power, with the traffic facilities of canal and railway, have made the city, so that there

is a population of a hundred and forty thousand around the Genesee Falls, and manufactures of flour, beer, clothing, leather and other articles, valued at $75,000,000 annually. In the neighboring region there is also extensive seed-growing, the Rochester nurseries occupying miles of the level surface. Rochester University has two hundred students and valuable geological collections. The city has been a headquarters for the Spiritualists and advocates of Women's Rights. The Genesee emerges from the rocky gorge below Rochester, and flows in more tranquil course northward through a ravine carved deeply into the table-land, to Lake Ontario, at the little port of Charlotte.

LOCKPORT, CHAUTAUQUA AND ERIE.

Westward from Rochester the country is underlaid by red sandstones, and at Medina quarries are plentiful, this reproduction of the Arabian "City of the Prophet" being an extensive supplier of these dark-red Medina sandstones, as the geologists call them. Beyond, at Lockport, the higher terrace is reached, and here the Erie Canal is raised by an imposing series of five double locks from the Genesee level up to the Lake Erie level. Through these locks and by means of a subsidiary canal an immense water-power is obtained which is utilized by the Lockport mills. The much lower Genesee level is marked by the base of a bluff, stretching through the town and

across the adjacent region, evidently the bank of an ancient lake.

In western New York a high ridge crosses the country south of Lake Erie, and to the southward of its most elevated portion there stretches the elongated Chautauqua Lake, almost bisected by two jutting points at its centre. This charming lake is eighteen miles long, three or four miles wide, and elevated seven hundred and thirty feet above Lake Erie, its outlet draining southward into a tributary of the Allegheny River. Its elevation above tide is nearly thirteen hundred feet. The low hills enclosing it are popular summer resorts, and on the western bank in the season are drawn enormous crowds to the Chautauqua Assembly, which has established the "Summer School of Philosophy" for education. There are often twenty to thirty thousand people here at one time, and the plan has been so successful that it has various imitators elsewhere, the "Chautauqua idea" being varying instruction with recreation. The Indians named this lake, from the mists arising, Chautauqua, or "the foggy place." Beyond this popular resort the land falls away, and crossing the New York western boundary into the "Pennsylvania Triangle," a jutting corner thrust up to Lake Erie, a fine harbor is found at Erie, known in earlier history by its French name of Presque Isle. This triangle of the Keystone State, giving about forty miles of coast-line on the lake, has a history. The

early surveyors discovered that, owing to misdescriptions in various English grants, this large triangular tract was, from a legal standpoint, "nowhere." It was north of Pennsylvania, west of New York and east of the Connecticut Western Reserve, which became part of Ohio. Pennsylvania finally bought it, paying the United States Government, in 1792, $150,640 for it, and also getting the Indian title for £1200. It was a good purchase, for Erie harbor is the best on the lake. Erie has about fifty thousand people, and is in a picturesque situation, owing to the beauty of the bay and the outlying island, which was formerly a peninsula. There is additional protection by a breakwater, making an extensive basin with spacious docks that have a large trade. The French were the early settlers, building their "Fort de la Presque Isle" in 1749, which was one of the chain of outposts they projected between the St. Lawrence and the Ohio. It was here that Commodore Perry hastily built the rude fleet with which he gained the noted victory over the Anglo-Canadian fleet on Lake Erie in 1813, and back here he afterwards in triumph towed his prizes. The remains of his flagship lie in the harbor. Perry's guns were the heaviest in that memorable contest for control of the lake, and therefore he won. In Lake Side Cemetery is buried Captain Charles Vernon Gridley, who commanded Admiral Dewey's flagship, the "Olympia," at the battle of Manila Bay in 1898.

THE CITY OF BUFFALO.

Dunkirk, in New York, northeast of Erie, is another harbor on the lake, and a terminal of the Erie Railway, the land hereabout being the monotonous level plain of western New York. Rounding the eastern end of Lake Erie, at the head of its outlet stream, the Niagara River, is Buffalo, the chief port of the lake and the metropolis of western New York. It is surrounded for miles upon the level land with railway terminals and car-yards, amid which factories, breweries, coal-pockets, cattle-pens and grain elevators are distributed. This great city, which has grown to four hundred thousand population, takes it name from the American bison, who roamed in large herds over the lands adjacent to Lake Erie as late as 1720, and thus gave the name to Buffalo Creek. The city covers a broad surface at the foot of Lake Erie, and is coeval with the nineteenth century, having been founded in 1801; but in the earlier years it was only a military post, and did not assume a commercial standing or begin to grow much until after the opening of the Erie Canal. The neighboring post of Niagara, a short distance down that river, was of more importance in the early days of the frontier, for it was on Niagara River, in 1669, that the Sieur de La Salle, who described the frozen stream as "like a plain paved with polished marble," built and in the following summer launched the

"Griffin," the first rude vessel that explored the Upper Lakes. Afterwards one or two trading cabins appeared on Buffalo Creek, and then there was constructed a stockade fort. For thirty years the hunters and traders fought the savages and captured wild beasts, and then, after an interval of peace, the War of 1812 came with new ravages, during which the little settlement around the stockade at Buffalo was burnt by the British, who held the fort at the entrance to Niagara River. When the Erie Canal was opened, the expansion of the settlement became rapid, and its eligible position at the point where the lake commerce had to connect with the canal and the railways leading to the Atlantic seaboard has since given full scope to business enterprise and made it a large and wealthy city.

The Buffalo suburbs are gridironed by railroads, and their terminals spread along the water-front and the sinuosities of Buffalo Creek. The grain elevators, as in all the lake cities, are a prominent feature, and they stand like huge monsters, forty of them, with high heads and long trunks along the creek and canal basins as if waiting for their prey. The fleets of vessels come over the lakes laden with grain from the West; tugs take them to one of these monsters, and down out of the long neck is plunged a trunk deep into the vessel's hold, which sucks up all the grain. It is stored and weighed and sent on its journey eastward. If this is by canal, the barge

waits on the other side, and the grain runs down into it through another trunk; if by railway, the cars are run under or alongside the elevator and quickly filled. Then the lake vessels are laden with coal for the return voyage. While an American gives these elevators scant attention, being used to them, not so the foreigner, who regards them with the greatest curiosity. Thus wrote Anthony Trollope about them: "An elevator is as ugly a monster as has yet been produced. In uncouthness of form it outdoes those obsolete old brutes who used to roam about the semi-aqueous world and live a most uncomfortable life, with their great hungering stomachs and huge unsatisfied maws. Rivers of corn and wheat run through these monsters night and day. And all this wheat which passes through Buffalo comes loose in bulk; nothing is known of sacks or bags. To any spectator in Buffalo this becomes immediately a matter of course; but this should be explained, as we in England are not accustomed to see wheat travelling in this open, unguarded and plebeian manner. Wheat with us is aristocratic, and travels always in its private carriage."

The extensive commerce of Buffalo is varied by iron manufacturing, breweries, distilleries, oil refineries and other industries, but the elevators, coal chutes and railroad and canal business seem to overshadow everything else. The city has wide tree-lined streets, and is most handsome with its many

fine buildings. There is an extensive system of attractive parks connected by boulevards; broad streets lined with well-built residences, and in the newer parts the level surface is filled with ornamental homes, some most expensively constructed and elaborately adorned. The well-kept lawns and gardens are fully open to view, and Delaware Avenue, thus bordered, is one of the most attractive streets. On the Main Street, among many impressive structures, is the huge Ellicott Square Building, said to be the largest office-building in the world, housing a business community approximating five thousand persons. There are also two public Libraries and many handsome churches.

The locality of greatest interest in Buffalo is probably the little Prospect Park out at the edge of Lake Erie, where its waters flow into Niagara River. The basins and harbor making the beginning of the Erie Canal, which we have traced all across New York State, are down at the edge of the lake, and a steep bluff, rising about sixty feet, makes the verge of the Park, and continues around along the bank of the river. Here it is crowned by an esplanade surrounding the remains of old Fort Porter, a dilapidated relic of bygone days of frontier conflicts. A couple of superannuated cannon point their muzzles across the water towards Canada, but otherwise the locality is peaceful. A small military force is kept here, probably to watch the British Fort Erie over on the op-

posite river bank, a few hundred yards off, but the worst conflicts now are bouts at playing ball. The protecting harbor breakwater is out in front, and seen down the Niagara River are the light trusses of the International Railway Bridge, spanning its swift current, and the Erie Canal alongside the bank. Into the narrow river sweeps the drainage of the Great Lakes, an enormous mass of water, and in the centre the city has placed a large crib, tapping the clear current for its water-supply. The powerful torrent flows steadily northward out of Lake Erie, with a speed of six or seven miles an hour, to make the Niagara cataract, twenty miles away, and show its tremendous force in the Niagara gorge. In the words of Goethe:

> "Water its living strength first shows,
> When obstacles its course oppose."

NIAGARA.

The Indians who first looked upon the world's greatest cataract gave the best idea of it in their appropriate name, "The Thunder of Waters." There is no setting provided for it in the charms of natural scenery; it has no outside attractions. All its beauty and sublimity are within the rocky walls of its stupendous chasm. The approaches from every direction are dull and tedious, the surrounding country being flat. The forests are sparse and there are few fine trees, these being confined to the verge of the

abyss, and being generally of recent planting. The Niagara River flows northward from Lake Erie through a plain. The Lake Erie level is five hundred and sixty-four feet above the sea, and in its tortuous course of about thirty-six miles to Lake Ontario, the Niagara River descends three hundred and thirty-three feet, leaving the level of Ontario still two hundred and thirty-one feet above the sea. More than half of all the fresh water on the entire globe—the whole enormous volume from the vast lake region of North America, draining a territory equalling the entire continent of Europe, pours through this contracted channel out of Lake Erie. There is a swift current for a couple of miles, but afterwards the speed is gentler as the channel broadens, and Grand Island divides it. Then it reunites into a wider stream, flowing sluggishly westward, small islands dotting the surface. About fifteen miles from Lake Erie the river narrows and the rapids begin. They flow with great speed for a mile above the falls, in this distance descending fifty-two feet, Goat Island dividing their channel at the brink of the cataract, where the river makes a bend from the west back to the north. This island separates the waters, although nine-tenths go over the Canadian fall, which the abrupt bend curves into horseshoe form. This fall is about one hundred and fifty-eight feet high, the height of the smaller fall on the American side being one hundred and sixty-four feet.

The two cataracts spread out to forty-seven hundred and fifty feet breadth, the steep wooded bank of Goat Island, separating them, occupying about one-fourth the distance. The American fall is about eleven hundred feet wide and the Canadian fall twice that width, the actual line of the descending waters on the latter being much larger than the breadth of the river because of its curving form. Recent changes, caused by falling rock in the apex of this fall, have, however, made it a more symmetrical horseshoe than had been the case for years. The Niagara River, just below the cataract, contracts to about one thousand feet, widening to twelve hundred and fifty feet beneath the new single-arch steel bridge recently constructed a short distance farther down. For seven miles the gorge is carved out, the river banks on both sides rising to the top level of the falls, and the bottom sinking deeper and deeper as the lower rapids descend towards Lewiston, and in some places contracting to very narrow limits. Two miles below the cataract the river is compressed within eight hundred feet, and a mile farther down, at the outlet of the Whirlpool, where a sharp right-angled turn is made, the enormous current is contracted within a space of less than two hundred and fifty feet. In the seven miles distance, these lower rapids descend about one hundred and four feet, and then with placid current the Niagara River flows a few miles farther northward to Lake Ontario.

The view of Niagara is impressive alike upon sight and hearing, and this impressiveness grows upon the visitor. From the bridge just below the American fall, and from the Canadian side, the whole grand scene is in full display, and quickly convinces that no description can exaggerate Niagara. The Indians first told of the falls, and they are indicated on Champlain's map of 1632. In 1648 the Jesuit missionary Rugueneau wrote of them as a "cataract of frightful height." The first white man who saw them was Father Louis Hennepin, the Franciscan, in 1678, who described them as "a vast and prodigious cadence of water which falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner, insomuch that the universe does not afford its parallel. The waters which fall from this horrible precipice do foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous noise more terrible than that of thunder, for when the wind blows out of the south their dismal roaring may be heard more than fifteen leagues off." Upon Charles Dickens the first and enduring effect, instant and lasting, of the tremendous spectacle, was: "Peace—peace of mind, tranquility, calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness." The falls had a sanative influence upon Professor Tyndall, for, "quickened by the emotions there aroused," he says, "the blood sped exultingly through the arteries, abolishing introspection, clearing the heart of all bit-

CHICOUTUNIC FALLS ON THE SAGINAW

terness, and enabling one to think with tolerance, if not with tenderness, upon the most relentless and unreasonable foe." After Anthony Trollope had looked upon the cataract he wrote: "Of all the sights on this earth of ours, I know no other one thing so beautiful, so glorious and so powerful. That fall is more graceful than Giotto's Tower, more noble than the Apollo. The peaks of the Alps are not so astounding in their solitude. The valleys of the Blue Mountains in Jamaica are less green. The finished glaze of life in Paris is less invariable; and the full tide of trade around the Bank of England is not so inexorably powerful."

GEOLOGICAL FORMATION OF NIAGARA.

The estimate is that nine hundred millions of cubic feet of water pour over Niagara every hour, and great as this mass is, there is a belief that half the water passing into Lake Erie from the upper lakes does not go over the falls, but finds its way into Ontario through a subterranean channel. Nothing demonstrates this theory, but it is advanced to account for the difference between the amount of water accumulated in the upper lakes and that going over the falls. The actual current is sufficiently enormous, however, and steadily wearing away the rocks over which it descends, it has during the past ages excavated the gorge of the lower rapids. The land surface, which is low at Lake Erie, scarcely rising

above the level of its waters, gradually becomes more elevated towards the north, till near Lewiston it is about forty feet above Erie. The Niagara River thus flows in the direction of the ascent of this moderately inclined plane. Beyond this the surface makes a sudden descent towards Lake Ontario of about two hundred and fifty feet down to a plateau, upon which stands Lewiston on the American side and Queenston on the Canadian side of the river. There thus is formed a bold terrace looking out upon Ontario, from which that lake is seven miles away, and from the foot of the terrace the surface descends gently one hundred and twenty feet farther to the lake shore. The gorge through which the river flows is three hundred and sixty-six feet deep at this terrace. There is no doubt the first location of the great cataract was on the face of the terrace near Lewiston, and it has gradually retired by the eating away, year after year, of the rocky ledges over which the waters pour. This, however, has not been done in a hurry, for the geologists studying the subject estimate that it has required nearly thirty-seven thousand years to bring the falls from Lewiston back to their present location. In fact, from the stratification, Professor Agassiz expressed the opinion that at one time there were three distinct cataracts in Niagara River.

During the brief time observations have been made, great fragments of rocks have been repeatedly

carried down by the current pouring over Niagara, the frosts assisting disintegration. This caused not only a recession but decided changes in appearance. Since 1842 the New York State geologists, who then made a careful and accurate topographical map, have been closely watching these changes, and the average rate of recession is estimated at slightly over two feet annually. In Father Hennepin's sketch of 1678 there was a striking feature, since entirely disappeared, a third fall on the Canadian side facing the line of the main cataract, and caused by a large rock turning the diverted fall in this direction, this rock falling, however, in the eighteenth century. The rate at which recessions occur is not uniform. No change may be apparent for several years, and the soft underlying strata being gradually worn away, great masses of the upper and harder formations then tumble down, causing in a brief period marked changes. At the present location of the cataract, sheets of hard limestone cover the surface of the country, and from the top of the falls to eighty or ninety feet depth. Shaly layers are under these. All the strata slope gently downward against the river current at the rate of about twenty-five feet to the mile. Above the falls, in the rapids, the limestone strata are piled upon each other, until about fifty feet more are added to the formation, when they all disappear under the outcropping edges of the next series above, composed of marls and shales. Through

these piles of strata the cataract has worked its way back, receding probably most rapidly in cases where, as at present, the lower portion of the cutting was composed of soft beds of rock, which being hollowed out and removed by frost and water, let down the harder strata above. The effect of continual recession must be to diminish the height of the falls, both by raising the river level at their base and by the sloping of the surmounting limestone strata to a lower level. A recession of two miles farther, the geologists say, will cut away both the hard and the soft layers, and then the cataract will become almost stationary on the lower sandstone formation, with its height reduced to about eighty feet. This diminution in the Niagara attractions might be startling were it not estimated that it can hardly be accomplished for some twelve thousand years.

APPEARANCE OF NIAGARA.

The best view of the great cataract is from the Canadian shore just below it, where, from an elevation, the upper rapids can be seen flowing to the brink of the fall. A bright day is an advantage, when the green water tints are most marked. The Canadian shore above, curves around from the westward, and in front are the dark and precipitous cliffs of Goat Island, surmounted by foliage. The Canadian rapids come to the brink an almost unbroken sheet of foaming waters, but the narrower rapids on

the American side are closer, and have a background of little islands, with torrents foaming between. The current passing over the American fall seems shallow, compared with the solid masses of bright green water pouring down the Canadian horseshoe. There, on either hand, is an edge of foaming streams, looking like clusters of constantly descending frosted columns, with a broad and deeply recessed, bright-green central cataract, giving the impressive idea of millions of tons of water pouring into an abyss, the bottom of which is obscured by seething and fleecy clouds of spray. On either side, dark-brown, water-worn rocks lie at the base, while the spray bursts out into mammoth explosions, like puffs of white smoke suddenly darting from parks of artillery. The water comes over the brink comparatively slowly, then falls with constantly accelerated speed, the colors changing as the velocity increases and air gets into the torrent, until the original bright green becomes a foaming white, which is quickly lost behind the clouds of spray beneath. These clouds slowly rise in a thin, transparent veil far above the cataract. From under the spray the river flows towards us, its eddying currents streaked with white. A little steamboat moves among the eddies, and goes almost under the mass of falling water, yet finds a practically smooth passage. Closer, on the left hand, the American fall appears a rough and broken cataract, almost all foam, with green tints showing through,

and at intervals along its face great masses of water spurting forward through the torrent as a rocky obstruction may be met part way down. The eye fascinatingly follows the steadily increasing course of the waters as they descend from top to bottom upon the piles of boulders dimly seen through the spray clouds. Adjoining the American cataract is the water-worn wall of the chasm, built of dark red stratified rocks, looking as if cut down perpendicularly by a knife, and whitened towards the top, where the protruding limestone formation surmounts the lower shales. Upon the faces of the cliffs can be traced the manner in which the water in past ages gradually carved out the gorge, while at their bases the sloping talus of fallen fragments is at the river's edge. Through the deep and narrow canyon the greenish waters move away towards the rapids below. It all eternally falls, and foams and roars, and the ever-changing views displayed by the world's great wonder make an impression unlike anything else in nature.

GOAT ISLAND.

Niagara presents other spectacles; the islands scattered among the upper rapids; their swiftly flowing, foaming current rushing wildly along; the remarkable lower gorge, where the torrent making the grandest rapids runs finally into the Whirlpool basin with its terrific swirls and eddies—these join in making the colossal exhibition. Added to all is the

impressive idea of the resistless forces of Nature and of the elements. Few places are better fitted for geological study, and by day or night the picture presents constant changes of view, exerting the most powerful influence upon the mind. Goat Island between the two falls is a most interesting place, covering, with the adjacent islets, about sixty acres, and it was long a favorite Indian Cemetery. The Indians had a tradition that the falls demand two human victims every year, and the number of deaths from accident and suicide fully maintains the average. There have been attempts to romantically rename this as Iris Island, but the popular title remains, which was given from the goats kept there by the original white settlers. It was from a ladder one hundred feet high, elevated upon the lower bank of Goat Island, near the edge of the Canadian fall, that Sam Patch, in 1829, jumped down the Falls of Niagara. He endeavored to gain fame and a precarious living by jumping down various waterfalls, and not content with this exploit, made the jump at the Genesee falls at Rochester and was drowned. A bridge crosses from the American shore to Goat Island, and it is recorded that two bull-terrier dogs thrown from this bridge have made the plunge over the American falls and survived it. One of them lived all winter on the carcass of a cow he found on the rocks below, and the other, very much astonished and grieved, is said to have trotted up the stairs from

the steamboat wharf about one hour after being thrown into the water and making the plunge.

From the upper point of Goat Island a bar stretches up the river, and can be plainly seen dividing the rapids which pass on either side to the American and Canadian falls. A foot-bridge from Goat Island, on the American side, leads to the pretty little Luna Island, standing at the brink of the cataract and dividing its waters. The narrow channel between makes a miniature waterfall, under which is the famous "Cave of the Winds." Here the venturesome visitor goes actually under Niagara, for the space behind the waterfall is hollowed out of the rocks, and amid the rushing winds and spray an idea can be got of the effects produced by the greater cataracts. Here are seen the rainbows formed by the sunlight on the spray in complete circles; and the cave, one hundred feet high, and recessed into the wall of the cliff, gives an excellent exhibition of the undermining processes constantly going on. Upon the Canadian side of Goat Island, at the edge of the fall, foot-bridges lead over the water-worn and honeycombed rocks to the brink of the great Horseshoe. Amid an almost deafening roar, with rushing waters on either hand, there can be got in this place probably the best near view of the greater cataract. Here are the Terrapin Rocks, and over on the Canadian side, at the base of the chasm, are the fragments of Table Rock and adjacent rocks which have

recently fallen, with enormous masses of water beating upon them. In the midst of the rapids on the Canadian side of Goat Island are also the pretty little islands known as the "Three Sisters" and their diminutive "Little Brother," with cascades pouring over the ledges between them—a charming sight. The steep descent of the rapids can here be realized, the torrent plunging down from far above one's head, and rushing over the falls. This fascinating yet precarious region has seen terrible disasters and narrow escapes. The overpowering view of all, from Goat Island, is the vast mass of water pouring down the Canadian falls. This is fully twenty feet in depth at the brink of the cataract, and it tumbles from all around the deeply recessed Horseshoe into an apparently bottomless pool, no one yet having been able to sound its depth. In 1828 the "Michigan," a condemned ship from Lake Erie, was sent over this fall, large crowds watching. She drew eighteen feet water and passed clear of the top. Among other things on her deck were a black bear and a wooden statue of General Andrew Jackson. The wise bear deserted the ship in the midst of the rapids and swam ashore. The ship was smashed to pieces by the fall, but the first article seen after the plunge was the statue of "Old Hickory," popping headforemost up through the waters unharmed. This was considered a favorable omen, for in the autumn he was elected President of the United States.

THE RAPIDS AND THE WHIRLPOOL.

The surface of Niagara River below the cataract is for some distance comparatively calm, so that small boats can move about and pass almost under the mass of descending waters. The deep and narrow gorge stretches far to the north with two ponderous international railroad bridges thrown across it in the distance, carrying over the Vanderbilt and Grand Trunk roads. An electric road is constructed down the bottom of the gorge on the American bank, and another along its top on the Canadian side. The water flows with occasional eddies, its color a brilliant green under the sunlight, the gorge steadily deepening, the channel narrowing, and when it passes under the two railroad bridges, which are close together, the river begins its headlong course down the Lower Rapids leading to the Whirlpool. With the speed of an express train, the torrent runs under these bridges, tossing, foaming and rolling in huge waves, buffeting the rocks, and thus it rushes into the Whirlpool. Viewed from the bottom of the gorge alongside the torrent, the effect is almost painful, its tempestuous whirl and headlong speed having a tendency to make the observer giddy. The rushing stream is elevated in the centre far above the sides, the waves in these rapids at times rising thirty feet, tossing wildly in all directions, and coming together with tremendous force. Huge rocks, fallen in

earlier ages, evidently underlie the torrent. It was in these terrible rapids that several daring spirits, and notably Captain Webb in 1883, attempted, unprotected, to swim the river, and paid the penalty with their lives. More recently these rapids have been safely passed in casks, peculiarly constructed, although the passengers got rough usage. The Whirlpool at the end of the rapids is a most extraordinary formation. The torrent runs into an oblong pool, within an elliptical basin, the outlet being at the side through a narrow gorge not two hundred and fifty feet wide, above which the rocky walls tower for three hundred feet. Into this basin the waters rush from the rapids, their current pushing to its farthest edge, and then, rebuffed by the bank of the abyss, returning in an eddy on either hand. These two great eddies steadily circle round and round, and logs coming down the rapids sometimes swim there for days before they are allowed to get to the outlet. Upon the left-hand side of this remarkable pool the eddy whirls around without obstruction, while that upon the right hand, where the outlet is, rebounds upon the incoming torrent and is thrown back in huge waves of mixed foam and green, the escaping waters finally rushing out through the narrow opening, and on down more brawling rapids to the end of the deep and wonderful gorge, and thence in placid stream through the level land northward to Lake Ontario.

NIAGARA INDUSTRIES AND BATTLES.

The town of Niagara Falls, which has about seven thousand people, long had its chief source of prosperity in the influx of sight-seers, but it has recently developed into an important industrial centre through the establishment of large works utilizing the power of the falls by means of electricity. Some distance above the cataract on the American side a tunnel starts, of which the outlet is just below the American fall. This tunnel is one hundred and sixty-five feet below the river surface at the initial point, and passes about two hundred feet beneath the town, being over a mile long. Part of the waters of the Upper Rapids are diverted to the head of the tunnel, and by falling through deep shafts upon turbine wheels the water-power is utilized for dynamos, and in this way an enormous force is obtained from the electricity, which is used in various kinds of manufacturing, for trolley roads and other purposes, some of the power being conducted to Buffalo. A similar method is to be availed of on the Canadian side. It is estimated that in various ways the Niagara Falls furnish fully four hundred thousand horse-power for industrial uses, and the amount constantly increases. The largest dynamos in the world, and the most complete electrical adaptations of power are installed at these Niagara works.

But the history of Niagara has not been always

scenic and industrial. In 1763 occurred the horrible massacre of the "Devil's Hole," alongside the gorge of the Lower Rapids, when a band of Senecas ambushed a French commissary train with an escort, the whole force but two, who escaped, being killed, while reinforcements, hurried from Lewiston at the sound of the muskets, were nearly all caught and tomahawked in a second ambush. Many of the victims were thrown alive from the cliffs into the boiling Niagara rapids, their horses and wagons being hurled down after them. There were repeated actions near Niagara in the War of 1812. In October, 1812, the battle of Queenston Heights was fought, the Americans storming the terrace and killing General Brock, the British commander, whose monument is erected there, but being finally defeated and most of them captured. There were various contests near by in 1813, and the battle of Chippewa took place above the falls on July 5, 1814, the British being defeated. On July 25th the battle of Lundy's Lane was fought just west of the falls, between sunset and midnight of a summer night, a contest with varying success and doubtful result, the noise of the conflict commingling with the roar of the cataract, and the dead of both armies being buried on the field, so that, in the words of Lossing, "the mighty diapason of the flood was their requiem."

"O'er Huron's wave the sun was low,
The weary soldier watched the bow

Fast fading from the cloud below
The dashing of Niagara.

"And while the phantom chained his sight
Ah! little thought he of the fight,—
The horrors of the dreamless night,
That posted on so rapidly."

Thus majestically wrote Mrs. Sigourney of this matchless cataract of Niagara:

"Flow on forever in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on,
Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And He doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence, and upon thine altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise. Earth fears to lift
The insect trump that tells her trifling joys,
Or fleeting triumphs, 'mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn. Proud Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood, and all his waves
Retire abashed. For he hath need to sleep,
Sometimes, like a spent laborer, calling home
His boisterous billows from their vexing play,
To a long, dreary calm: but thy strong tide
Faints not, nor e'er with failing heart forgets
Its everlasting lesson, night or day.
The morning stars, that hailed Creation's birth,
Heard thy hoarse anthem mixing with their song
Jehovah's name; and the dissolving fires,
That wait the mandate of the day of doom
To wreck the Earth, shall find it deep inscribed
Upon thy rocky scroll."

DESCENDING
THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

XIV.

DESCENDING THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

The Great River of Canada—Jacques Cartier—The Great Lakes —The Ancient Course—The St. Lawrence Canals—Toronto—Lake of the Thousand Islands—Kingston—Garden of the Great Spirit—Clayton—Frontenac—Round Island—Alexandria Bay—Brockville—Ogdensburg—Prescott—Galop, Plat and Long Sault Rapids—Cornwall—St. Regis—Lake St. Francis—Coteau, Split Rock, Cascades and Cedars Rapids—Lake St. Louis—Lachine—Caughnawaga—Lachine Rapids—Montreal—St. Mary's Current—St. Helen's Island—Montreal Churches and Religious Houses—Hochelaga—First Religious Colonization—Dauversière and Olier—Society of Notre Dame de Montreal—Maisonneuve—Mademoiselle Mance—Marguerite Bourgeoys—Madame de la Peltrie—The Accommodation —Victoria Tubular Bridge—Seminary of St. Sulpice—Hotel Dieu—The Black Nuns—The Gray Nunnery—McGill University—Place d'Armes—Church of Notre Dame—Cathedral of St. Peter—Notre Dame de Lourdes—Christ Church Cathedral—Champ de Mars—Notre Dame de Bonsecours—Rapids of St. Anne—Lake of the Two Mountains—Trappists—Mount Royal—Ottawa River—Long Sault Rapids—Thermopylæ—Louis Joseph Papineau—Riviere aux Lièvres—The Habitan —The Metis — Ottawa—Bytown—Chaudière Falls—Rideau Canal—Dominion Government Buildings—Richelieu River—Lake St. Peter—St. Francis River—Three Rivers—Shawanagan Fall—St. Augustin—Sillery—Quebec — Stadacona — Samuel de Champlain—Montmagny—Laval de Montmorency —Jesuit Missionaries — Father Davion —The French Gentilhomme—Cape Diamond — Charles Dilke — Henry Ward Beecher — Castle of St. Louis—Quebec Citadel — Wolfe-Montcalm Monument — General Montgomery — Plains of Abraham—General Wolfe—The Basilica—The Seminary—

English Cathedral—Bishop Mountain—The Ursulines—Marie Guyart—Montcalm's Skull—Hotel Dieu—Fathers Brébeuf and Lalemont and their Martyrdom—Notre Dame des Victoires—Dufferin Terrace—Point Levis—Beauport—French Cottages—Faith of the Habitans—Cardinal Newman—Falls of Montmorency—La Bonne Sainte Anne—Isle of Orleans—St. Laurent and St. Pierre—The Laurentides—Cape Tourmente—Bay of St. Paul—Mount Eboulements—Murray Bay—Kamouraska—Riviere du Loup—Cacouna—Tadousac—Saguenay River—Grand Discharge and Little Discharge—Ha Ha Bay—Chicoutimi—Capes Trinity and Eternity—Restigouche Region—Micmac Indians—Glooscap—Lorette—Roberval—Lake St. John—Montaignais Indians—Trois Pistoles—Rimouski—Gaspé—Notre Dame Mountains—Labrador—Grand Falls—The Fishermen.

THE GREAT RIVER OF CANADA.

"The first time I beheld thee, beauteous stream,
How pure, how smooth, how broad thy bosom heav'd!
What feelings rushed upon my heart!—a gleam
As of another life my kindling soul received."

THUS sang Maria Brooks to the noble river St. Lawrence, which the earlier geographers always called "the Great River of Canada." The first adventurous white man who crossed the seas and found it was the intrepid French navigator, Jacques Cartier, who sailed into its broad bay on the festival day of the martyred Saint Lawrence, in 1534. When this bold explorer started from France on his voyage of discovery he was fired with religious zeal. St. Malo, on the coast of Brittany, was then the chief French seaport, and before departing, the entire company of officers and sailors piously attended a solemn

High Mass in the old Cathedral, and in the presence of thousands received the venerable Archbishop's blessing upon their enterprise. Cartier, like all the rest of the early discoverers, was sent under the auspices of the French Government to hunt for the "Northwest Passage," the short route from Europe to the Indies, or, as described in his instructions, to seek "the new road to Cathay." The Church naturally bestowed its most earnest benisons upon an enterprise promising unlimited religious expansion in the realms France might secure across the Atlantic. Cartier's chief ship was only of one hundred and twenty tons, but the little fleet crossed the ocean in safety, and on July 9th entered a large bay south of the St. Lawrence, encountering such intense heats that it was named the Bay de Chaleurs, being still thus called. After an extensive examination of the neighboring coasts and bays, Cartier returned home, reporting that the Canadian summers were as warm as those of France, but giving no information of the extreme cold of the winters. This the sun-loving Gauls did not discover until later. Cartier came back the next year, and sailed up what he had already named the "Great River," describing it as the most enormous in the world. The Indians told his wondering sailors "it goes so far that no man hath ever been to the end that they had heard." The explorers carefully examined the vast stream, its shores and branches, and were sure, as they re-

ported, that its sombre tributary, the Saguenay, "comes from the Sea of Cathay, for in this place there issues a strong current, and there runs here a terrible tide." They saw numerous whales and other sea-monsters, but found the water too deep for soundings, and in fact the river St. Lawrence cannot be sounded for one hundred and fifty miles up from its mouth.

ITS VAST EXTENT AND FEATURES.

The St. Lawrence is an enormous river, having much the largest estuary of any river on the globe, the tidal current flowing five hundred miles up the stream, and its mouth spreading ninety-six miles wide. It is the outlet of the greatest body of fresh water in existence, draining seven vast lakes—Nepigon, Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, Ontario and Champlain—besides myriads of smaller ones, including the Central New York lakes, hundreds in the Adirondack forests, and thousands in the vast Canadian wilderness. The St. Lawrence basin covers a territory of over four hundred thousand square miles, and has been computed as containing more than half the fresh water on the planet. The main St. Lawrence river is seven hundred and fifty miles long from Lake Ontario to the head of the Gulf, while the total length of the whole system of lakes and rivers is over two thousand miles, and has been computed by some patient mathematician to contain a mass of fresh water equal to twelve thousand cubic miles, of

which one cubic mile goes over Niagara Falls every week. The early geographers usually located the head of the system in Lake Nepigon, north of Superior, but it is thought the longer line to the ocean is from the source of St. Louis River, flowing through Minnesota into the southwestern extremity of Lake Superior at Duluth. The bigness of the wonderful St. Lawrence is shown in everything about it. Thoreau, who was such a keen observer, has written that this great river rises near another "Father of Waters," the Mississippi, and "issues from a remarkable spring, far up in the woods, fifteen hundred miles in circumference," called Lake Superior, while "it makes such a noise in its tumbling down at one place (Niagara) as is heard all round the world." The geologists, however, who usually upturn most things, declare that it did not always reach the sea as now. Originally the St. Lawrence, they say, flowed into the ocean by going out through the Narrows in New York harbor, and its immense current broke the passage through the West Point Highlands in a mighty stream, compared with which the present Hudson River is a pigmy. Professor Newberry writes that during countless ages this enormous river, which no human eyes beheld, carried off the surplus waters of a great drainage area with a rapid current cutting down its gorge many hundred feet in depth, reaching from the Lake Superior basin to the Narrows, where it dispersed in a vast delta,

debouching upon a sea then much lower in level than now, and having its shore-line about eighty miles southeast of New York. By some stupendous convulsion this channel was changed, drift banked up the old valley of the Mohawk, and the outflow was deflected from the northeast corner of Lake Ontario into the present shallow and rocky channel, filled with islands and rapids, followed by the St. Lawrence down to Montreal.

The system of navigable water ways from Duluth and Port Arthur on Lake Superior to the Strait of Belle Isle is twenty-two hundred miles long. At Lake Ontario the head of the St. Lawrence River is two hundred and thirty-one feet above the sea level, and its current descends that distance to tidewater chiefly by going down successive rapids. There are ship canals around these rapids and around Niagara Falls, and also connecting various lakes above. The Sault Sainte Marie locks and canals, at the outlet of Lake Superior, have already been described. The admirable systems conducting navigation around the rapids in the river below Lake Ontario also carry a large tonnage. Between Ogdensburg and Montreal, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles, the navigation of forty-three miles is through six canals of various lengths around the rapids, each having elaborate locks. The Gulf of St. Lawrence is also constructed upon an enormous scale, covering eighty thousand square miles, and with the lower

river having a tidal ebb and flow of eighteen to twenty-four feet. The mouth of the river and head of the Gulf are usually located at Cape Chatte, far below the Saguenay, and from the Cape almost up to Quebec the river is ten to thirty miles wide. In front of Quebec it narrows to less than a mile, while above, the width is from one to two and a half miles to Montreal, expanding to ten miles at Lake St. Peter, where the tidal influence ceases. Above Montreal the river occasionally expands into lakes, but is generally a broad and strongly flowing stream with frequent rapids. The largest ocean vessels freely ascend to Montreal, at the head of ship navigation, Lachine rapids being just above the city. For several months in winter, however, ice prevents.

THE CITY OF TORONTO.

Lake Ontario, out of which the river St. Lawrence flows, is nearly two hundred miles long, and in some places seventy miles wide. It has generally low shores and but few islands, and the name given it by Champlain was Lake St. Louis, after the King of France. The original Indian name, however, has since been retained, Ontario meaning "how beautiful is the rock standing in the water." Three well-known Canadian cities are upon its shores—Hamilton at the western end, Toronto on the northern coast, and Kingston near the eastern end. Hamilton is a busy, industrial and commercial city of fifty thousand

people, having a good harbor. The great port, however, is Toronto, with over two hundred thousand inhabitants, the capital of the Province of Ontario, and the headquarters of the Scottish and Irish Protestants, who settled and rule Upper Canada, the richest and most populous province of the Dominion. Toronto means "the place of meeting," and the word was first heard in the seventeenth century as applied to the country of the Hurons, between Lakes Huron and Simcoe, the name being afterwards given to the Indian portage route, starting from Lake Ontario, in the present city limits, over to that country. Here, in 1749, the French established a small trading-post, Fort Rouille, but there was no settlement to speak of for a century or more. The United Empire Loyalists, under General Simcoe, founded the present city in 1793 under the name of York, and it was made the capital of Upper Canada, of which Simcoe was Governor. The location was an admirable one. The portage led up a romantic little stream, now called Humber River, while out in front was an excellent harbor, protected by a long, low, forest-clad island, making a perfect land-locked basin, sheltered from the storms of the lake. The nucleus of a town was thus started on a tract of marshy land, adjoining the Humber, familiarly known for nearly a half century as "Muddy Little York," which characteristic a part of the city still retains, as the pedestrian in falling weather can testify. Yet the site is a pleasing one—

WOLFE MONUMENT AND NEW PRISON, PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC

two little rivers, the Humber and the Don, flowing down to the lake through deep and picturesque ravines, having the city between and along them, while there is a gradual slope upward to an elevation of two hundred feet and over at some distance inland, an ancient terrace, which was the bank of the lake.

The town did not grow much at first, and during the War of 1812 it was twice captured by the Americans, but they could not hold it long. As the back country was settled and lake navigation afterwards developed, however, the harbor became of importance and the city grew, being finally incorporated as Toronto. Then it got a great impetus and became known as the "Queen City," its geographical advantages as a centre of railway as well as water routes attracting a large immigration, so that it has grown to be the second city in Canada, and its people hope it may outstrip Montreal and become the first. It has achieved a high rank commercially, and in religion and education, so that there are substantial grounds for the claim, often made, that it is the "Boston of Canada." It contains a church for about every thousand inhabitants, Sunday is observed with great strictness, and it has in the University of Toronto the chief educational foundation in the Dominion, and in the *Toronto Globe* the leading organ of Canadian Liberalism. The city spreads for eight miles along the lake shore; the streets are laid out at right angles, and there are many fine build-

ings. Yonge Street, dividing the city, stretches northward from the harbor forty miles inland to the shore of Lake Simcoe. There are attractive residential streets, with many ornate dwellings in tasteful gardens. St. James' Cathedral, near Yonge Street, is a fine Early English structure, with a noble clock and a grand spire rising three hundred and sixteen feet. There is a new City Hall, an enormous Romanesque building with an impressive tower, and Osgoode Hall, the seat of the Ontario Superior Courts, in Italian Renaissance, its name being given from the first Chief Justice of Upper Canada. In Queen's Park are the massive Grecian buildings of the Provincial Parliament, finished in 1892 at a cost of $1,500,000. This Park contains a bronze statue of George Brown, long a leading Canadian statesman, and a monument erected in memory of the men who fell in repelling the Fenian invasion of 1866.

The buildings of the University of Toronto, to the westward of the Queen's Park, are extensive and form a magnificent architectural group. The main building is Norman, with a massive central tower, rebuilt in 1890, after having been burnt. There are fifteen hundred students, and the University offers complete courses in the arts and sciences, law and medicine. To the northward is McMaster Hall, a Baptist theological college, tastefully constructed and liberally endowed. From the top of the tall University tower there is an admirable view over the city

and far across the lake. The town spreads broadly out on either hand, running down to the harbor, beyond which is the narrow streak made by the low-lying island enclosing it. Far to the southward stretch the sparkling waters of Ontario, reaching to the horizon, while in the distance can be seen a faint little silver cloud of spray rising from Niagara. In the northern background villas dot the green and wooded hillsides, showing how the city spreads, while in every direction the incomplete buildings and the gentle distant noises of the builder's hammer and trowel testify to its robust growth. Many steamers move about the harbor, and among them are the ferry-boats carrying crowds over to the low-lying island, with its many amusement places, the city's great recreation ground. At Hanlon's Point, its western end, was long the home of Hanlon, the "champion sculler of the world," one of Toronto's celebrities.

THE LAKE OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

Out of Ontario the great river St. Lawrence flows one hundred and seventy-two miles down to Montreal, being for much of the distance the boundary between the United States and Canada. Kingston, with twenty-five thousand people, guarded by picturesque graystone batteries and martello towers—the "Limestone City"—stands at the head of the river where it issues from the lake. To the westward is the entrance of the spacious Bay of Quinté,

and on the eastern side the terminus of the Rideau Canal, leading northeastward to the Rideau River and Ottawa, the Canadian capital. This was originally the French Fort Cataraqui, established at the mouth of Cataraqui River in 1672, the name being subsequently changed by Count Frontenac to Frontenac. The Indian word Cataraqui means "Clay bank rising from the water," and after the fort was built the meaning changed to "fort rising from the water." Here the Sieur de La Salle, in 1678, built the first vessel navigating the lake. The British captured the fort in 1762, naming it Kingston, after the American Revolution, and by fortifying the promontories commanding the harbor, made it the strongest military post in Canada after Quebec and Halifax, the chief work being Fort Henry. Its garrisons have been long withdrawn, however, and now the old-time forts are useful chiefly as additions to the attractive scenery of its harbor and approaches. At the outlet of Ontario the course of the St. Lawrence begins with the noted archipelago known as the "Lake of the Thousand Islands," there being actually about seventeen hundred of them. This is a remarkable formation, composed largely of fragments of the range of Laurentian mountains, here coming southward out of Canada to the river, producing an extraordinary region. This Laurentian formation the geologists describe as the oldest land in the world—"the first rough sketch and axis of Amer-

ica." During countless ages this range has been worn down by the effect of rain, frost, snow and rivers, and scratched and broken by rough, resistless glaciers, and we are told that, compared with these fragmentary "Thousand Islands" and the almost worn-out mountains of the lower St. Lawrence basin, the Alps and the Andes are but creations of yesterday.

Wolfe Island broadly obstructs the Ontario outlet between Kingston and Cape Vincent on the New York shore, and from them, with an island-filled channel, in some places twelve miles broad, the swift river current threads the archipelago by pleasant and tortuous passages nearly to Ogdensburg, forty miles below. These islands are of all sizes, shapes and appearance, varying from small low rocks and gaunt crags to gorgeous foliage-covered gardens. On account of their large numbers, the early French explorers named them "Les Milles Isles," and in the ancient chronicles they are described as "obstructing navigation and mystifying the most experienced Iroquois pilots." Fenimore Cooper located some of the most interesting incidents of his *Pathfinder* in "that labyrinth of land and water, the Thousand Isles." The larger islands in spring and summer are generally covered with luxuriant vegetation, and the river shores are a delicious landscape of low but bold bluffs and fruitful fields spreading down to the water, with distant forests bounding the horizon. The atmos-

phere is usually dry, light and mellow, and the Indians, who admired this attractive region, appropriately called it Manatoana, or the "Garden of the Great Spirit." Howe Island adjoins Wolfe Island, and below is the long Grindstone Island. Here on the New York shore is the village of Clayton, where the New York Central Railroad comes up from Utica and Rome, the leading route to this region. Below is the almost circular Round Island with its large hotel, and everywhere are charming little islets, while ahead, down the St. Lawrence, are myriads more islands, apparently massed together in a maze of dark green distant foliage, the enchanted isles of a fascinating summer sea:

"The Thousand Isles, the Thousand Isles,
Dimpled, the wave around them smiles,
Kissed by a thousand red-lipped flowers,
Gemmed by a thousand emerald bowers.
A thousand birds their praises wake,
By rocky glade and plumy brake.
A thousand cedars' fragrant shade
Falls where the Indians' children played,
And Fancy's dream my heart beguiles
While singing of thee, Thousand Isles.

"There St. Lawrence gentlest flows,
There the south wind softest blows.
Titian alone hath power to paint
The triumph of their patron saint
Whose waves return on memory's tide;
La Salle and Piquet, side by side,
Proud Frontenac and bold Champlain
There act their wanderings o'er again;

And while the golden sunlight smiles,
Pilgrims shall greet thee, Thousand Isles."

Sailing down the river, group after group of big and little green islands are passed, the winding route and tortuous channels marked by diminutive light-houses and beacons, while nearly every island has its cottages and often ornate and elaborate villas. Everywhere the shores appear to be granite rocks, bright green foliage varying with the darker evergreens surmounting them. All the waters are brilliantly green and clear as crystal, rippled by breezes laden with balsamic odors from the adjacent forests. Attractive cottages everywhere appear, with little attendant boat-houses down by the water side, and canoes and skiffs are in limitless supply, as the chief travelling is by them. Everything seems to be full of life; in all directions are pleasant views, the surface is dotted with pleasure-boats and white-sailed yachts, the whole region being semi-amphibious, and its people spending as much time on the water as on the land. The river, too, is a great highway of commerce among these islands, many large vessels passing along, and timber rafts guided by puffing little tugs. Much of the product of the Canadian forests is thus taken to market, a good deal going to Europe, and the sentimental and often musical Metis, who live aboard in huts or tents, are the raftsmen, working the broad sails and big steering-paddles on the tedious floating journey down to Quebec. There are

many large hotels, and the big one on Round Island is named for Louis XIV.'s chivalrous and fiery Governor of Canada, Count de Frontenac. His remains are buried in the Basilica at Quebec, and his heart, enclosed in a leaden casket, was sent home to his widow in France. She was much younger, and, evidently piqued at some of his alleged love affairs, refused to receive it, saying she would not have a dead heart which had not been hers while living. The Baptists have a summer settlement on Round Island, and a short distance below the extensive Wellesley Island has on its upper end the popular Methodist summer town of the Thousand Island Park, where little cottages and tents around the great Tabernacle often take care of ten thousand people. Upon the lower end the Presbyterians have established their attractive resort, Westminster Park, which faces Alexandria Bay.

ALEXANDRIA BAY.

The chief settlement of the archipelago is the village of Alexandria Bay on the New York shore, and in the spacious reach of the river in front are the most famous and costly of the island cottages. Here are large hotels and many lodging-places, with a swelling population in the height of the season. Some of the island structures are unique—tall castles, palaces, imitations of iron-clads, forts and turrets—and many have been very costly. As most of the summer residents are Americans, those cottages

are chiefly on the American side of the boundary, but there is also quite a group of island cottages over near the Canadian shore adjacent to the village of Gananoque. Alexandria Bay is a diminutive indentation in the New York shore, with a little red lighthouse out in front, while over to the northeast is spread a galaxy of the most famous islands, having fifty or more pretentious cottages scattered about the scene, amid the green foliage surmounting the rocky island foundations. In every direction go off channels among them of sparkling, dancing, green water, giving fine vista views, the dark crags at the water's edge underlying the frame of green foliage bounding the picture. The population has an aquatic flavor, and everybody seems to go about in boats, while the place has the air of a purely pleasure resort, evidently frozen up and hybernating when the tide of summer travel ebbs. In the season, the village presents a nightly carnival with its many-colored lights and dazzling fireworks displays over the rippling waters. For miles below Alexandria Bay, the islands stud the waters, although not so numerous nor so closely together as they are above. The largest of these is the long and narrow Grenadier Island in mid-river. Farther down they are usually small, some being only isolated rocks almost awash. The last of the islands are at Brockville, twenty-five miles below Alexandria Bay—the group of "Three Sisters," one large and two smaller, apparently dropped into the

river opposite the town as if intended to support the piers of a bridge over to Morristown on the New York shore. This is an old and quiet Canadian town of nine thousand people, perpetuating the memory of General Sir Isaac Brock, who fell in the battle of Queenston Heights in October, 1812, and which is developing into a summer resort. Such is the charmed archipelago of attractive islands, unlike almost anything else in America, which brings so many pleasure and health seekers to the St. Lawrence to sing its praises:

"Fair St. Lawrence! What poet has sung of its grace
As it sleeps in the sun, with its smile-dimpled face
Beaming up to the sky that it mirrors! What brush
Has e'er pictured the charm of the marvellous hush
Of its silence; or caught the warm glow of its tints
As the afternoon wanes, and the even-star glints
In its beautiful depths? And what pen shall betray
The sweet secrets that hide from men's vision away
In its solitude wild? 'Tis the river of dreams;
You may float in your boat on the bloom-bordered streams,
Where its islands like emeralds matchless are set,
And forget that you live; and as quickly forget
That they die in the world you have left; for the calm
Of content is within you, the blessing of balm
Is upon you forever."

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

Ogdensburg is an active port on the St. Lawrence about twenty miles below Brockville, having a railroad through the Adirondacks over to Rouse's Point on Lake Champlain. Here flow in the dark-brown

waters of the Oswegatchie, the Indian "Black River," coming out of those forests, which commingle in sharp contrast with the clear green current of the greater river. Prescott, antiquated and time-worn, is on the Canadian bank. The shores are generally low, with patches of woodland and farms, and the St. Lawrence below Ogdensburg begins to go down the rapids, having tranquil lakes and long wide stretches of placid waters intervening. The first rapid is the "Galop," flowing among flat grass-covered islands, with swift moving waters, but a small affair, scarcely discernible as the steamboat goes through it. The next one, the "Plat," is also passed without much trouble, and then a line of whitecaps ahead indicates the beginning of the "Long Sault," the most extensive rapid on the river. This is the "Long Leap," a rapid running for nine miles, its waters rushing down the rocky ledges at a speed of twenty miles an hour. All steam is shut off, and the river steamer is carried along by the movement of the seething, roaring current, the surface appearing much like the ocean in a storm. The rocking, sinking deck beneath one's feet gives a strange and startling sensation, and looking back at the incline down which the boat is sliding, it seems like a great angry wall of water chasing along from behind. An elongated island divides the channel through the "Long Sault," and there are other low islands adjacent; the boat, swaying among the rocks over which the waves leap

in fury, being now lifted on their crests, and then dropped between them, but all the while gliding down hill, until still water and safety are reached at Cornwall. Here begins the northern boundary of New York, which goes due east through the Chateaugay forests across the land to Lake Champlain, and large factories front the river, getting their power from the waters above the rapid.

Below Cornwall, which has an industrial population of some seven thousand, and the Indian village of St. Regis opposite, the St. Lawrence is wholly within Canada, and far off to the southeast rise the dark and distant Adirondack ranges. Soon the river broadens into the sluggish Lake St. Francis, at the head of which two well-known Adirondack streams flow in, the Racquette and St. Regis Rivers. The ancient village of St. Regis has its old church standing up conspicuously with a bright tin roof, for the air is so dry that tin is not painted in the Dominion. The bell hanging in the spire was sent out from France for the early Indian mission, but before landing, the vessel carrying it was captured by a colonial privateer and taken into Salem, Massachusetts. The bell, with other booty from the prize, was sold and sent to a church in Deerfield, then on the Massachusetts frontier. The St. Regis Huron Indians heard of this, and making a long march down there, recaptured their bell, massacred forty-seven people, and carried all the rest who could not escape, one hundred and

twenty of them, including the church pastor and his family, captives back to Canada. Thus they brought the bell in triumph to St. Regis, and it has since hung undisturbed in the steeple, although the Indians who now hear it have become very few. The lake is twenty-eight miles long and very monotonous, although a distinguishing landmark is furnished by the massive buildings of St. Aniset Church, seen from afar on the southern shore.

Coteau, at the end of the lake, has a railway swinging drawbridge, carrying the Canada Atlantic Railroad over, and below is another series of rapids. These are the "Coteau," with about two miles of swift current, making but slight impression; and then the "Cedars," "Split Rock," and the "Cascades." The "Cedars" give a sensation, being composed of layers of rock down which the boat slides, as if settling from one ledge suddenly down to another, producing a curious feeling. It was here, in 1759, that General Amherst, by a sad mishap, had three hundred troops drowned. The "Split Rock" rapid is named from enormous boulders standing at its entrance, and a dangerous reef can be distinctly seen from the deck as the steamer apparently runs directly upon it, until the pilot swerves the boat aside, seemingly just in time. Then, tossing for a few moments upon the white-crested waves of the "Cascades," the steamer glides peacefully upon the tranquil surface of Lake St. Louis, which is fifteen

miles long, and receives from the north the Ottawa River. Each little village on the banks of the lake and rivers is conspicuous from the large Roman Catholic Church around which it clusters, the steep bright tin roof and spire far out-topping all the other buildings. At the lower end of the lake a series of light-ships guide vessels into Lachine Canal, which goes down to Montreal, avoiding Lachine rapids, three miles long, the shortest series, but most violent of them all. Here, at the head of the rapids, stood the early French explorer, sent out to search for "the road to Cathay," and looking over the great lake spread out before him, with a view like old ocean, he shouted "La Chine!" for he thought that China was beyond it. The Canadian Pacific Railway bridge spans the river, and skirting the southern shore is the Indian town of Caughnawaga, with its little old houses and light stone church, the "village on the rapids." The steamboat then slides down Lachine rapids, the most difficult and dangerous passage of all, though it lasts but a few minutes—the exciting inclined plane of water, with rocks ahead and rocks beneath, indicated by swift and foaming cataracts running over and between them, and by stout thumps against the keel, sometimes making every timber shiver, and the apparent danger giving keen zest to the termination of the voyage. These rapids passed, the current below quickly floats the steamboat under the great Victoria tubular bridge, carry-

ing the Grand Trunk Railway over, and the broad stone quays of Montreal are spread along the bank, with rank after rank of noble buildings behind them, and the tall twin towers of Notre Dame Cathedral rising beyond, glistening under the rays of the setting sun.

THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

The delta of the great Ottawa—the "river of the traders," as the Indians named it, debouching by several mouths into the St. Lawrence, of which it is the chief tributary, makes a number of islands, and Montreal stands on the southeastern side of the largest of them, with the broad river flowing in front. St. Mary's current runs strongly past the quays, and out there are the pretty wooded mounds of St. Helen's Island, named after Helen Boullé, the child-wife of Samuel de Champlain, the first European woman who came to Canada. She was only twelve years old when he married her, he being aged forty-four, and after his death she became an Ursuline nun. The miles of city water-front are superbly faced with long-walled quays of solid limestone masonry, and marked by jutting piers enclosing basins for the protection of the shipping against the powerful current. At the extremities of the rows of shipping, on either hand, up and down stream, loom the huge grain elevators. The piers are about ten feet lower than the walled embankment fronting the city, this being done to allow the ice to pass over them

when it breaks up at the end of winter, the movement—called the "Ice Shove"—being an imposing sight. The elongated Victoria Bridge stands upon its row of gray limestone piers guarding the horizon up-river to the southward. Many storehouses and stately buildings rise behind the wharves, and beyond these are myriads of steeples, spires and domes, with the lofty Notre Dame towers in front. The background is made by the imposing mountain giving Montreal its name, called Mont Real originally, and now known as Mount Royal, rising to an elevation of nine hundred feet. Few cities of its size can boast so many fine buildings. The excellent building-stone of the neighborhood, a gray limestone, is utilized extensively, and this adds to the ornamental appearance, the city rising upon a series of terraces stretching back from the river and giving many good sites for construction. Numerous, massive and elaborate, the multitude of costly houses devoted to religion, trade and private residences are both a surprise and a charm. Mount Royal, rising boldly behind them, gives not only a noble background to the view from the river, but also a grand point of outlook, displaying their beauties to the utmost. The city has wide streets, generally lined with trees, and various public squares adding to the attractiveness.

But the most prominent characteristic of the Canadian metropolis is the astonishing number of its con-

vents, churches, and pious houses for religious and charitable uses. Churches are everywhere, built by all denominations, many being most elaborate and costly. The religious zeal of the community, holding all kinds of ecclesiastical belief, has found special vent in the universal development of church building. This commendable trait is their natural heritage, for the earliest French settlements on the St. Lawrence were largely due to religious zeal. When Jacques Cartier ascended the St. Lawrence upon his second voyage in 1535, he heard from the Indians at Quebec of a greater town far up the river, and bent upon exploration, he sailed in boats up to the Iroquois settlement of Hochelaga. Wrapped in forests behind it rose the great mountain which he named Mont Real, the "royal mountain," and in front, encompassed with corn-fields, was the Indian village, surrounded by triple rows of palisades. Landing, Cartier's party were admitted within the defensive walls to the central public square, where the squaws examined them with the greatest curiosity, and the sick and lame Indians were brought up to be healed, the ancient historian writes, "as if a god had come down among them." No sooner had Cartier landed and been thus welcomed than he gave thanks to Heaven, and the warriors sat in silence while he read aloud the Passion of Our Lord, though they understood not a word. The religious services over, he distributed presents, and the French trumpeters sounded a war-

like melody, vastly pleasing the Indians. They conducted Cartier's party to the summit of the mountain and showed them an extensive view over unbroken forests for many miles to the dark Adirondacks far away and the distant lighter green mountains, which he called the "Monts Verts," to the eastward. There is a tablet placed in Metcalfe Street near Sherbrooke Street which marks the supposed site of the Indian village of Hochelaga. In 1608, when Champlain came, Hochelaga had disappeared. The fierce Hurons had destroyed the village and driven out the Iroquois, who had gone far south to the Mohawk Valley.

For three-quarters of a century the French seem to have waited after Cartier's voyages, before they made any serious attempt at settlement. Then there came a great religious revival, and they planned to combine religion and conquest in a series of expeditions in the early seventeenth century under the auspices of patron saints and sinners whose names are numerously reproduced in the nomenclature of Quebec Province, in mountains, rivers, lakes, bays, capes, counties, towns and streets. It was chiefly due to Champlain, however, that the French foothold was obtained. This great explorer, known as the "Father of Canada," was noted alike for personal bravery and religious fervor. His occupations in the New World were perilous journeys, prayers and fighting. He firmly planted the French race in

America, and every characteristic then given "New France," as Canada was called, remains to-day in the Province of Quebec. His noted saying is preserved in the Canadian chronicles, that "the salvation of one soul is of more importance than the founding of a new empire." His system was to take possession for the Church and the French king, and then erect a cross and a chapel, around which the colony grew. During the half-century succeeding Champlain's first voyage, many Recollet and Jesuit missionary priests came over, traversing the country and making converts among the Indians, so that there were established settlements, half-religious and half-military, forming alliances with the neighboring Huron and Algonquin Indians, and ultimately waging the almost perpetual wars with their English and Iroquois foes to the southward. Champlain, in 1608, founded Quebec, where Cartier had previously discovered the Indian village of Stadacona, meaning the "narrowing of the river." Champlain also, in subsequent voyages, discovered Lakes Champlain, Ontario and Nipissing.

RELIGIOUS FOUNDATION OF MONTREAL.

The original settlement of Montreal was probably the most completely religious enterprise of the many early French colonizing expeditions to Canada. Dauversière, a tax-gatherer of Anjou, was a religious devotee whose constant scourging with small

chains and other torments, including a belt with more than twelve hundred sharp points, filled his father confessor with admiration. One day while at his devotions, an inward voice commanded him to found a new order of hospital nuns, and establish at the island called Mont Real in Canada a hospital or Hotel-Dieu for these nuns to conduct. But Mont Real being a wilderness where the hospital would be without patients, the island must be colonized to supply them, and the pious tax-gatherer was sorely perplexed. There was in Paris a young priest, Jean Jacques Olier, who was zealous and devout, and signalized his piety by much self-mortification, and one day while praying in church he thought he heard a voice from Heaven saying he was destined to be a light to the Gentiles, and that he was to form a society of priests and establish them on the island called Mont Real, in Canada, for the propagation of the true Faith. The old writers solemnly aver that both these men were totally ignorant of each other and of Canadian geography, yet they suddenly found themselves possessed, they knew not how, of the most exact details concerning the island, its size, shape, soil, productions, climate and situation; and they subsequently saw apparitions of the Virgin and the Saviour encouraging them in the great work. Dauversière went to Paris seeking aid to carry out his task, and met Olier in a chateau in the suburbs; the two men, who never before had seen or heard of each other, became at once

familiar, and under holy inspiration fondly embraced each other; the tax-gatherer received communion at the hands of the priest; and then for three hours they walked together in the park forming their plans. They determined, as the pious chronicler records it, to "plant the banner of Christ in an abode of desolation and a haunt of demons, and to this end a band of priests and women were to invade the wilderness and take post between the fangs of the Iroquois." They believed in the mystic number, three, and proposed to found three religious communities—one of secular priests to direct the colonists and convert the Indians, one of nuns to nurse the sick, and one of nuns to teach the Faith to all the children, white and red.

But money and men and women were necessary for the work. Soon, four others were found who had wealth, and the six formed the germ of the "Society of Notre Dame de Montreal," and among them seventy-five thousand livres were raised, equal to about as many dollars. They purchased the island, and their grant was confirmed by the king, and then they got together a colony of forty men, and needing a soldier-governor, Providence provided such a man in Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, a devout and valiant gentleman who had kept his faith intact, notwithstanding long service among the heretics of Holland, and loving his profession of arms, wished to consecrate his sword to the Church. The interest of

the women was awakened, and ultimately the Society was increased to about forty-five persons, chosen for their devotion and their wealth. Among the women who founded the new colony was Mademoiselle Jeanne Mance, who was about thirty-four years of age when the Society was organized, and to whom we are told that Christ had appeared in a vision at the early age of seven years, and at the same tender age her biographer says she had bound herself to God by a vow of perpetual chastity. Mlle. Mance, by the divine inspiration, was filled with a longing to go to Canada, and she went to the port of Rochelle seeking a vessel. She had never before heard of Dauversière, but by supernatural agencies she met him coming out of church, had a long conversation in which she learned his plan, declared she had found her destiny in "the ocean, the wilderness, the solitude, the Iroquois," and at once decided to go with Maisonneuve and his party.

In February, 1641, with the Abbé Olier at their head, all the associates of the Society assembled in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris, before the altar of the Virgin, and by a most solemn ceremonial consecrated Mont Real to the Holy Family. It was henceforth to be a sacred town, called "Ville Marie de Montreal," and consecrated respectively, the Seminary of priests to Christ, the Hotel-Dieu to St. Joseph, and the Nuns' College to the Virgin. Subsequently to the colonization there appeared, in 1653,

as the head of the latter, a maiden of Troyes, Marguerite Bourgeoys, a woman of most excellent good sense and a warm heart, who is described as having known neither miracles, ecstasies nor trances, her religion being of the affections and manifested in an absorbing devotion to duty. Late in the year the colony under Maisonneuve set sail, arriving too late, however, to ascend the St. Lawrence above Quebec, where they wintered. Here the Governor of Quebec, Montmagny, tried his best to dissuade them from going farther, desiring them to settle at Quebec, but Maisonneuve said, "It is my duty and my honor to found a colony at Montreal, and I would go if every tree were an Iroquois!" Here they gained an unexpected recruit in Madame de la Peltrie, foundress of the Order of Ursulines at Quebec, who abandoned their convent and carried off all the furniture she had lent them. In May, 1642, the party left Quebec in a flotilla of boats, deep laden with men, arms and stores, and a few days later approached Montreal island, when all on board raised a hymn of praise. Montmagny, who was to deliver possession of the island, was with them, and also Father Vimont, Superior of the missions, for the Jesuits had been invited to take spiritual charge of the young colony. On May 18, 1642, they landed at Montreal, at a spot where a little creek then flowed into the St. Lawrence, making a good landing-place, protected from the influence of the swift current of the river. There

was a bordering meadow, and beyond rose the forest with its vanguard of scattered trees. The triangular graystone building, which is now the Custom House, down by the river, marks this spot where the city was founded. The historian Parkman, who has so faithfully delved into the ancient Canadian archives, thus relates the story of the original settlement:

"Maisonneuve sprang ashore and fell on his knees. His followers imitated his example, and all joined their voices in enthusiastic songs of thanksgiving. Tents, baggage, arms and stores were landed. An altar was raised on a pleasant spot near at hand; and Mademoiselle Mance, with Madame de la Peltrie, aided by her servant Charlotte Barré, decorated it with a taste which was the admiration of the beholders. Now all the company gathered before the shrine. Here stood Vimont in the rich vestments of his office. Here were the two ladies with their servant; Montmagny, no very willing spectator; and Maisonneuve, a warlike figure, erect and tall, his men clustering around him,—soldiers, sailors, artisans and laborers,—all alike soldiers at need. They kneeled in reverent silence as the Host was raised aloft; and when the rite was over the priest turned and addressed them: 'You are a grain of mustard-seed, that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land.' The afternoon waned; the sun

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA, CANADA

sank behind the western forest, and twilight came on. Fireflies were twinkling over the darkened meadow. They caught them, tied them with threads into shining festoons, and hung them before the altar where the Host remained exposed. Then they pitched their tents, lighted their bivouac fires, stationed their guards, and lay down to rest. Such was the birth-night of Montreal." Thus was piously planted the "grain of mustard-seed" of the devout and enthusiastic Vimont, which has expanded into a great city of probably three hundred thousand people, over half of them French and more than three-fourths Catholics, there being also a large Irish population.

MONTREAL INSTITUTIONS.

Montreal covers a surface five miles long by two miles wide, and its situation gives it great commercial importance. The people call it "the Queen of the St. Lawrence," standing at the head of ship navigation, where cargoes are exchanged with the internal canal and lake navigation system, the Grand Trunk Railway and the Canadian Pacific Railway crossing the continent, and both also having many connections with the United States. In 1809, the "Accommodation," the second steamboat in America, was built in Montreal, and began running to Quebec. The lion of Montreal is the Victoria Tubular Bridge, which was formally opened by the Prince of Wales on his American visit in 1860. It was designed by Robert

Stephenson and built by James Hodges at a cost of over $6,000,000. It is nearly ninety-two hundred feet long and stands upon twenty-six piers and abutments, the centre being about sixty feet above the summer level of the river, which flows beneath at the rate of seven miles an hour. Elaborate ice-fenders are on the up-stream side of the piers, there being an enormous ice-pressure when the spring freshets are running. It is the greatest bridge in the Dominion, and near it stands a huge boulder, marking the burial-place of the army of Irish emigrants who came over in 1847, sixty-five hundred dying at Montreal of ship-fever.

The Sulpician Order has always been the great educator of priests in all French-speaking peoples, and it was founded by the Abbé Olier. Carrying out his intention, the "Seminary of St. Sulpice" was opened in Montreal in 1647. This is now an enormous and prosperous religious establishment, holding large possessions in and around the city. The "Gentlemen of the Seminary," as the members of the Order of Sulpicians are called in Montreal, are the successors of the first owners of the island, and they conduct a large secular business as landlords. Down in the heart of the old city, at the Place d'Armes, they have an antique quadrangle, surrounding a quiet garden, which is the official headquarters, and was the location of their ancient house. The curious French-looking towers fronting the Seminary

were at one time loop-holed for musketry, and were garrisoned, when necessary, to beat off Indian raids upon the infant settlement. In the western suburbs there is a broad domain, known as the "Priests' Farm," where are an elaborate mass of buildings, making their present noted foundation, the "Great Seminary" and Montreal College, the former for the education of priests and the latter for the general education of youth, the delicious surrounding gardens being regarded as the finest on the fertile island.

The "Hospital of the Hotel-Dieu de Ville Marie" is on the northeastern edge of the city, almost under the shadow of the mountain, and is one of the largest buildings in Canada, its dome rising one hundred and fifty feet over the spacious chapel. It was in this hospital, when first founded in a small way in 1647, that Mademoiselle Mance took up her abode. There are now over five hundred persons in the building, and it is conducted by eighty cloistered nuns, who never go outside the grounds. They are of the Order of St. Joseph, caring for the sick, the orphan, and the old and infirm. The "Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame," the "Black Nuns," as they are called, have their Mother House in Montreal, this being the teaching order founded by Marguerite Bourgeoys in 1653, she having then come out to Canada with Maisonneuve on his second voyage. "To this day," writes Parkman, "in crowded schoolrooms of Montreal and Quebec, fit monuments of her

unobtrusive virtue, her successors instruct the children of the poor and embalm the pleasant memory of Marguerite Bourgeoys. In the martial figure of Maisonneuve, and the fair form of this gentle nun, we find the true heroes of Montreal." These "Black Nuns" conduct seventeen schools in the city, with over five thousand pupils. Their most extensive establishment is just out of town, on what are known as the "Monk Lands," and is called "Ville Marie." There are no less than six hundred nuns and novices in this order, and their pupils number twenty thousand in Canada and the United States.

Another important Montreal institution is the "General Hospital of the Grey Sisters," popularly known as the "Grey Nunnery," occupying an extensive array of stone buildings in the southwestern part of the city. This order was first founded in 1692, but languished for nearly a half century, when a pious Canadian lady took it up. Originally it cared for the aged and infirm, but in 1755 this lady, Madame de Youville, discovered the body of a murdered infant, where is now Foundling Street, then a stream of water, into which the child had been thrown, and this led her to extend the objects of the institution so as to embrace orphans and foundlings. This is the great foundling hospital of Montreal. The order has the revenues of large estates, and there are about four hundred nuns and novices, over half being detailed in a large number of establishments through-

out Canada. Several hundred foundlings are received every year, and over five hundred patients are cared for in Montreal, mostly the aged and infirm. The daughter of Ethan Allen, of Vermont, was a nun of this order, dying in 1819. This nunnery has many visitors, who attend worship with the Sisters in the beautiful chapel, and then go through the hospital, where the poor are cared for both in the morning and the evening of life. The crowds of little French children, dressed in the curious clothing of past centuries, sing for their visitors, and then comically scramble for the small coins tossed among them, which, after doing duty as playthings for a brief time, find their way into the charity box.

Montreal is the headquarters in America of the well-known teaching order of the Christian Brothers. The Jesuits have St. Mary's College; and the Convent of the Sacred Heart and Hochelaga Convent, the Asylum of the Sisters of Providence and the Convent of the Good Shepherd are also prominent. The chief Protestant educational institution is McGill University, with a thousand students and seventy-five instructors, originally founded in 1821, through a bequest of $150,000, by James McGill, a native of Glasgow, who was one of the early successful merchants of Montreal. It has since been richly endowed, its properties being valued at over $1,000,000, and it has fine buildings and grounds near the mountain. Closely affiliated is the Presbyterian Col-

lege of Montreal, devoted to the training of missionaries and clergymen, also provided with noble buildings. There is also a Wesleyan Theological College affiliated with McGill University. The peculiar religious conditions of Quebec Province have vested the educational management of the public schools in two Boards, one Protestant and the other Roman Catholic, separately governing each class of schools, and working in harmony under the Provincial Superintendent of Education, each Board having an office in Montreal.

MONTREAL CHURCHES AND BUILDINGS.

The Place d'Armes, down in the old part of the city, where is the original Seminary of St. Sulpice, is surrounded by famous structures. Here are the chief banks and insurance buildings and the head office of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The most noted of them is the Grecian-fronted Bank of Montreal, the largest financial institution in Canada, and believed, with the Canadian Pacific management, who are closely connected, to be the most potential force in the Dominion. Adjoining the old Seminary, and facing the square, is Montreal's most famous church —Notre Dame—its lofty front rising into the twin spires that overlook all the country round. Its pews seat ten thousand, and when crowded it accommodates fifteen thousand people. In one of the towers hangs "Le Gros Bourdon," the largest bell in Amer-

ica, called Jean Baptiste, and weighing nearly fifteen tons. The church is mediæval Gothic, built of cut limestone, the spires rising two hundred and twenty-seven feet, and containing ten bells, making a chime upon which, on great occasions, tunes are played. The interior, like all the French Catholic churches, is brilliantly decorated, for the religious development is the same as that of France in the seventeenth century, everything contributing to the intensity of the devotion and the elaborateness of decoration and paraphernalia of the service. At High Mass, when crowded by worshippers, the choir filled with robed ecclesiastics officiating in the stately ceremonial, the effect is imposing. The original church of Notre Dame was built in 1671, a long, low structure with a high pitched roof. It was pulled down in 1824 and replaced by the present church, which was five years building, and is one of the largest churches in America, two hundred and fifty-five feet long. We are told that the architect, James O'Donnell, who is buried in the crypt, was a Protestant, but during the work became so impressed by his religious surroundings that he was converted to a Roman Catholic. The church is never closed, and at any time one can enter, and with the silent worshippers kneel at the shrine in a solemn stillness, in sharp contrast with the activity of the business quarter without. This remarkable contrast deeply impressed the ascetic Thoreau, whose boast was that he never attended

church. "I soon found my way to the Church of Notre Dame," he writes. "I saw that it was of great size and signified something. Coming from the hurrahing mob and the rattling carriages, we pushed back the listed door of this church and found ourselves instantly in an atmosphere which might be sacred to thought and religion, if one had any. It was a great cave in the midst of a city, and what were the altars and the tinsel but the sparkling stalactites into which you entered in a moment, and where the still atmosphere and the sombre light disposed to serious and profitable thought? Such a cave at hand, which you can enter any day, is worth a thousand of our churches which are open only Sundays." When General Montgomery's American army captured Montreal in 1775, the square in front of Notre Dame was his parade-ground, and thus it got the name of Place d'Armes.

The greatest church of Montreal is the new Cathedral of St. James, popularly known as St. Peter's, as yet incomplete, designed to reproduce, on a scale of one-half the dimensions, the grand Basilica at Rome. It is three hundred and thirty-three feet long, the transepts two hundred and twenty-five feet wide, and the stone dome two hundred and fifty feet high, making it the largest church in Canada. Four huge stone piers, each thirty-six feet thick, and thirty-two Corinthian columns, support this grand dome. The outside walls, built of the universal gray limestone,

are massive but rough, and the roof, on account of the heavy snows, is sloping, but otherwise it reproduces all the special features of St. Peter's at Rome, including the portico, to be surmounted by colossal statues of the Apostles. The interior is being decorated with brilliant paintings representing scenes in the life of St. James. It is located on Dominion Square, and the Bishop's Palace adjoins it. One of the remarkable churches, though small, is Notre Dame de Lourdes, built and adorned with the single idea of expressing in visible form the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, with the appearance of the Virgin to the maiden in the grotto at Lourdes. It is superbly decorated, and is the only church of the kind in America, being well described as "like an illuminated Missal, which to a Protestant has interest as a work of art, and to a Catholic has the superadded interest of a work of devotion." Adjoining the Jesuit St. Mary's College is their solid stone Church of the Gesu, its lofty nave bounded by rich columns, and with the long transepts adorned by fine frescoes, some giving representations of scenes in Jesuit history and martyrdom. The great Episcopal Cathedral of Christ Church, a Latin cross in Early English architecture, reproduces the Salisbury Cathedral of England, with a spire two hundred and twenty-four feet high. There are also many other fine Protestant churches; and when it is realized that Montreal has a church for about every two thou-

sand inhabitants, the care for its religious welfare will be realized. The Royal Victoria Hospital, a gift to the city in honor of the Queen's Jubilee, cost $1,000,000.

The largest public square in the city is the Champ de Mars, formerly a parade-ground, adjoining which are two noble public buildings, the handsome Court-house, three hundred feet long, and the adjacent Hotel de Ville, nearly five hundred feet long. The Victoria Skating Rink, the largest in the world, is the most noted amusement structure. The city is noted for athletic sports, and toboggan slides abound, some of enormous length, down the mountain slopes. The Montreal Bonsecours Market is famed everywhere, and presents an imposing Doric front nearly five hundred feet long upon the river bank, surmounted by a domed tower. Here gather in force the French Canadian peasantry, known as the *habitans*, to sell their produce and wares, and it gives a quaint exhibition of old-time French customs. The ancient Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours is alongside, originally founded by Marguerite Bourgeoys in 1673 for the reception of a miraculous statue of the Virgin, entrusted to her by one of the associates of the Society founding Montreal, Baron de Faucamp. The church was burnt and then rebuilt in 1771, and is a quaint structure of a style rarely seen outside of Normandy, having shops built up against it after the fashion common in old European towns. Thus does

this famous city combine the methods and styles of the Middle Ages with the manners and enterprises of to-day. It is an impressive fact that notwithstanding the prodigious religious development, all the denominations get on without friction. There is an underlying spirit of toleration, and it is recorded that after the British conquest of Canada the Protestants who came into Montreal occupied one of the Catholic churches for worship, assembling after the Catholic morning mass; and that for twenty years after 1766 the Church of England people occupied the Catholic church of the Recollets every Sunday afternoon. The Presbyterians are said to have also used the same church prior to 1792, and then having removed into a church of their own, they presented the priests of the Recollet church a gift of candles for the high altar and of wine for the mass as a token of good will and their thanks for the gratuitous use of the church. Then the churches were few, but now all denominations have their own, and numerously.

MONTREAL SURROUNDINGS.

The suburbs are attractive, and gradually dissolve into the gardens and farms of the French husbandmen, living in comfortable houses with steep roofs, fronted by and sometimes almost embedded in foliage and flowers. Occasionally an ancient windmill is perched on a hill, stretching out its broad gyrating sails, as in old Normandy. There are frequent vil-

lages along the St. Lawrence, each clustered around its church. At Caughnawaga, already referred to, there is an extensive church with a tall and shining white tin-covered spire, and in a rather sorry-looking group of houses around it live the few who are left of the descendants of the once warlike and powerful Mohawks, known as the "praying Indians," here long ago gathered by the zealous missionary priests of St. Sulpice. At Lachine, spreading opposite on the western shore of the St. Lawrence for several miles, is a popular place of suburban residence, with rows of pleasant villas lining the banks of Lake St. Louis. Over beyond this lake comes in the main channel of Ottawa River, with the rapids of St. Anne flowing down from another inland sea made by its prolonged enlargement, the "Lake of the Two Mountains." A canal flanks these rapids, and the village of St. Anne has grown around its ancient church, which is deeply reverenced by the Canadian boatmen and voyageurs on these waters as their special shrine, for in the early days all the fur-trading with the great Canadian northwest was by canoes and bateaux on the Ottawa and Lake Nipissing, and thence by portage to Lake Huron. Here came many years ago, on a bateau down the St. Lawrence, the minstrel bard, Tom Moore, and inspired by the locality, he composed in a cottage, still pointed out, his noted "Canadian Boat Song":

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row; the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

"Ottawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers:
O, grant us cool heavens, and favoring airs!
Blow, breezes, blow; the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

On the northern shore of the "Lake of the Two Mountains," with Oka village nestling at the base, where an Indian colony live, are the two mountains from which the lake is named. One, surmounted by a cross, is Mount Calvary, having various religious shrines on its summit, and seven chapels on the road up, representing the seven stations of the cross. Here is also a monastery of the French "farmer Monks," the Trappists, who cultivate a large surface. They live a secluded life under ascetic rules, are not allowed to talk to each other, and only men enter the monastery, all women being stopped at the threshold. They rise at two o'clock in the morning, take breakfast soon afterwards in absolute silence, this being the only meal of the day, and retire to rest immediately after prayers at sunset. They devote twelve hours daily to devotions, and labor in the fields the remainder of the waking time. Their food

is a scant allowance of water and vegetables. They sleep on a board with a straw pillow, and never undress, even in sickness. They are a branch of the Cistercians, and their abode overlooks the placid lake, with Montreal spreading beyond. But the city's finest suburban possession is its Mountain, the summit being a pleasant park, and the slopes covered with luxuriant foliage, which in the autumn becomes a blazing mass of resplendent beauty when the frosts turn the leaves. From the top the view is of unrivalled magnificence.

THE GRAND RIVER.

The Ottawa River is the most important tributary of the St. Lawrence, over seven hundred miles long, and draining a basin of one hundred thousand square miles, the most productive pine-timber region existing. It was the "Grand River" of the early French-Canadian voyageurs, and the name of Ottawa, changed considerably from the original form, comes from the Indian tribe and means "the traders." It has a circuitous course; rising in Western Quebec province, it flows northwest and then west for three hundred miles to Lake Temiscamingue, on the border of Ontario province; then it turns and flows back southeastward, making the boundary between the provinces for four hundred miles, until it falls into the St. Lawrence, the vast volume of its dark waters pressing the latter's blue current against the

farther shore. It is a romantic river, filled with rapids and cascades, at times broadening into lakes, and again contracted into a torrent barely fifty yards wide, where the waters are precipitated over the rocks in wild splendor. For twenty-five miles above its mouth it broadens into the "Lake of the Two Mountains," from one to six miles wide. Above the city of Ottawa there are rapids terminating in the famous Chaudière Falls, where the waters plunge down forty feet, and part are said to disappear through an underground passage of unknown outlet. It has an enormous lumber trade, and by a canal system, avoiding the rapids, has been made navigable for two hundred and fifty miles. The Rideau River enters from the south at Ottawa, making the route by which the Rideau Canal goes over to Lake Ontario at Kingston. The Gatineau River also flows in at Ottawa, being of great volume, over four hundred miles long, and a prolific timber producer. In the villages around Montreal all the saints in the calendar are named, so that, starting on an exploration of Ottawa River, the route goes by St. Martin, St. Jean, St. Rose, St. Therese, St. Jerome, St. Lin, St. Eustache, St. Augustine, St. Scholastique, St. Hermes, St. Phillippe, and many more. But when the great religious city is left behind the saints cease to appear, and everything in the Ottawa valley above is generally otherwise named. This valley is usually a broad and level intervale, with only an occasional rocky

buttress pressing upon the river. At one of these passes, in 1660, a handful of valiant men held the stockade at Carillon, the foot of Long Sault rapids, sacrificing their lives to save the early colony from the Indians, the place being known as the "French Canadian Thermopylæ." The full force of the Iroquois warriors were in arms up the Ottawa, over a thousand of them, threatening to drive the French out of Montreal. Dollard des Ormeaux and sixteen companions took the sacrament in the little Montreal church, made their wills, and bound themselves by an oath neither to give nor take quarter. A few Algonquins joined them, and going up the river they hastily built a stockaded fort at this pass. Soon the Iroquois canoes came dancing down the rapids, and discovering the fort, they surrounded and attacked it, but were repulsed day after day, until every one of the brave garrison had been killed, when the Iroquois had lost so many of their own warriors that they tired of the fighting, and avoiding Montreal, returned southward to their own country. Some fugitive Indians told the heroic story, which George Murray has woven into his ballad:

"Eight days of varied horror passed; what boots it now to tell
How the pale tenants of the fort heroically fell?
Hunger and thirst and sleeplessness, Death's ghastly aids, at length,
Marred and defaced their comely forms, and quelled their giant strength.
The end draws nigh—they yearn to die—one glorious rally more,

For the dear sake of Ville Marie and all will soon be o'er;
Sure of the martyr's golden Crown, they shrink not from the Cross,
Life yielded for the land they loved, they scorn to reckon loss."

Some distance above, at the Chateau Montebello, lived in the early nineteenth century Louis Joseph Papineau, the "French-Canadian O'Connell," the seigneur of the district, who was the local leader in resistance to English aggressions, of whom the French are very proud, and his portrait hangs in the Parliament House at Ottawa. He was defeated, banished and then pardoned, and lived here to a ripe old age to see many of the reforms and privileges for which he had contended fully realized under subsequent administrations. The Riviere aux Lièvres rushes into the Ottawa down a turbulent cascade, through which logs dash until caught in the booms at the sawmills below, where are vast lumber piles. This river is two hundred and eighty miles long, and just above its mouth has a fall at Buckingham of seventy feet, giving an enormous water-power. The whole region hereabout is devoted to lumbering. The French *habitan* from Lower Quebec comes up into this wilderness of woods with scarcely any capital but his axe, in the use of which he is expert. These Canadians do not like leaving their homes, but are compelled by sheer necessity. When the old Quebec farm has been subdivided among the children, under the French system, until the long, ribbon-like strips

of land become so narrow between the fences that there is no opportunity for further sub-division, the young men must seek a livelihood elsewhere. The old man gives them a blessing, with a good axe and two or three dollars, and they start for the lumber camps. They catch abundant fish, can live on almost nothing, and need only buy their flour and salt, with some pork for a luxury. These lumbermen often wear picturesque costumes like the old voyageurs, and they like flaming red scarfs. They are as polite as the most courtly French gentleman, and pass their evenings in dancing, with music and singing the ancient songs of their forefathers, scorning anything modern. Many of them are Metis, or half-breeds, the descendants of French and Indians. These are more heavy featured and not so sprightly as the pure French, but they are equally skillful woodmen, and have inherited many good traits from both races, though they rather regard with pity their full-blooded Indian half-brothers, whose lot is scarcely as favorable. All these people are devout Catholics, and going up into the woods in the late autumn and remaining until after Easter, the priests always visit their camps to attend to their spiritual wants. An impressive scene in these vast forests in the dawn of a cold winter morning is to see the priest standing with outstretched arms at the rude altar, the light of the candles revealing the earnest faces of his flock as they reverentially attend the mass. These wood-

men are firm believers in the supernatural, convinced that the spirits of the dead come back in various shapes. If a single crow is seen they are sure a calamity has occurred; if two crows fly before them it means a wedding. An owl hooting indicates impending danger. They are always hearing strange voices at night, or seeing ominous shapes in the twilight wood shadows. The Metis are good hunters, and great is their joy when a belated bear is found near the camp, or a deer or moose is tracked in the snow. Their lumbering is done near the streams, so the logs may be thrown in and floated down by the spring freshets. They make a vast product of timber, sold throughout the lakes and St. Lawrence region, much going across the Atlantic.

THE DOMINION CAPITAL.

The earliest settler at the portage around the Chaudière Falls of the Ottawa was Philemon Wright, of Woburn, Massachusetts, who came along in 1800, and not getting on successfully, sold out about twenty years later to cancel a debt of $200. Subsequently there was established at the confluence of the three rivers, Ottawa, Rideau and Gatineau, by Colonel By, a British military post and Indian trading-station, around which in time a settlement grew which was called Bytown, distant about a hundred miles from the St. Lawrence River. It was incorporated a city in 1854 by the name of Ottawa; and when the Do-

minion Confederation was formed in 1858 there was so much contention about the claims of rival cities to be the capital—Montreal, Toronto, Kingston and Quebec all being urged—that Queen Victoria, to finally settle the matter, selected Ottawa. There is a population of about sixty thousand, but excepting from the noble location of the magnificent public buildings, the political importance of the city does not attract the visitor so much as the business development. The lumber trade makes the first and greatest impression; landing among boards and sawdust, walking amid timber piles and over wooden sidewalks, with slabs, blocks and planks everywhere in endless profusion, the rushing waters filled with floating logs and sawdust, busy saws running, planing-machines screeching, the canals carrying lumber cargoes, the rivers lined with acres of board piles—an idea is got of what the lumber trade of the Ottawa valley is. The timber is almost all white and yellow pine. Alongside the Chaudière Falls at the western verge of the town are clustered the great sawmills, while capacious slides shoot the logs down, which are to be floated farther along to the St. Lawrence. There are also large flour-mills and other factories getting power from this cataract.

The Chaudière, or the "Cauldron," is a remarkable cataract, and the Indians were so terrified by it, that to propitiate its evil genius we are told they usually threw in a little tobacco before traversing the

portage around it. The rapids begin about six miles above, terminating in this great boiling cauldron with a sheer descent of forty feet, which is as curious as it is grand. Owing to the peculiar formation of the enclosing rocks, all the waters of the broad river are converged into a sort of basin about two hundred feet wide, plunging in with vast commotion and showers of spray. Efforts have been made to sound this strange cauldron, but the lead has not found bottom at three hundred feet depth. The narrowness of the passage between the enclosing rocky walls, just below the falls, has enabled a bridge to be built across, connecting Ottawa with the suburb of Hull. Here is given an admirable view of the foaming, descending waters, clouds of spray, and at times gorgeous rainbows, flanked by timber piles and sawmills, sending out rushing streams of water and sawdust into the river below. Near by a chain of eight massive locks brings the Rideau Canal down through a fissure in the high bank to the level of the lower Ottawa, its sides being almost perpendicularly cut by the action of water in past ages. The locks are a Government work, of solid masonry, well built, and the fissure divides Ottawa into the Upper and the Lower Town, pretty bridges being thrown across it on the lines of the principal streets. The Rideau Canal follows the Rideau River upwards southwest to the Lake Ontario level, and in the whole distance of one hundred and twenty-six miles to

Kingston, overcomes four hundred and forty-six feet by forty-seven locks. Much of the suburb of Hull and a considerable part of Ottawa, with enormous amounts of lumber, were destroyed by a great fire in April, 1900, a high wind fanning the flames that were spread by the inflammable materials.

Upon Barrack Hill, at an elevation of one hundred and fifty feet, surrounded by ornamental grounds, and having the Ottawa River flowing at the western base, stand the Government buildings. They are magnificent structures, costing nearly $4,000,000, the Prince of Wales having laid the corner-stone on his visit in 1860. They are built of cream-colored sandstone, with red sandstone and Ohio stone trimmings, the architecture being Italian Gothic, and they stand upon three sides of a grass-covered quadrangle, and occupy an area of four acres. They include the Parliament House, the chief building, and all the Dominion Government offices. The former is four hundred and seventy-two feet long, the other buildings on the east and west sides of the quadrangle being somewhat smaller. All are impressive, their great elevation enabling their towers and spires to be seen for many miles. The legislative chambers are richly furnished, and Queen Victoria's portrait is on the walls of one House, and those of King George III. and Queen Charlotte upon the other. The Parliamentary Library, a handsome polygonal structure of sixteen angles, adjoins. The Governor-General

resides in Rideau Hall, across the Rideau River. From a little pavilion out upon the western edge of Barrack Hill, high above the Ottawa, there is a long view over the western and northern country, whence that river comes. To the left is the rolling land of Ontario province, and to the right the distant hills and looming blue mountains of Quebec, the river dividing them. Behind the pavilion is the stately Parliament House, its noble Victoria Tower, seen from afar, rising two hundred and twenty feet.

MONTREAL TO QUEBEC.

The broad St. Lawrence River flows one hundred and eighty miles from Montreal to Quebec. A succession of parishes is passed, each with its lofty church and presbytère, reproducing the picturesque buildings of old Normandy and Brittany, with narrow windows and steep roofs, all covered with shining white tin which the dry air preserves. Little villages cluster around the churches, with long stretches of arable lands between. Among a mass of wooded islands on the northern bank, the turbid waters of the lower Ottawa outlet flow in, the edge of the clearer blue of the St. Lawrence being seen for some distance below. The delta makes green alluvial islands and shoals. Thus we sail down the great river, past shores that were long ago very well settled.

"Past little villages we go,
With quaint old gable ends that glow

Bright in the sunset's fire;
And, gliding through the shadows still,
Oft notice, with a lover's thrill,
The peeping of a spire."

In the eighteenth century, Kalm, a Swedish tourist in America, said it could be really called a village, beginning at Montreal and ending at Quebec, "for the farmhouses are never more than five arpents apart, and sometimes but three asunder, a few places excepted;" and two centuries ago a traveller on the river wrote that the houses "were never more than a gunshot apart." All the people are French, retaining the language and old customs, simple-minded and primitive, the same as under the ancient French régime, and excepting that one village, Varennes, has put two towers upon its statety church, all of them are exactly alike. It is recorded that in Champlain's time some Huguenot sailors came up the river piously singing psalm tunes. This did not please the officials, and soon a boat with soldiers put off from one of these villages, and the officer in charge told them that "Monseigneur, the Viceroy, did not wish that they should sing psalms on the great river." The first steamer that came along the St. Lawrence created unlimited dread, horrifying the villagers. Solemnly crossing himself, an old voyageur, who probably thought his trade on the waters endangered, exclaimed, in his astonishment, "But can you believe that the good God will permit all that?"

WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS AND BRIDGE, NIAGARA

The Richelieu River, the outlet of Lake Champlain, comes in at Sorel, the chief affluent on the southern bank, its canal system making a navigable connection with the Hudson River. Cardinal Richelieu took great interest in early Canadian colonization, and Fort Richelieu was built at the mouth of this river, being afterwards enlarged to prevent Iroquois forays, by Captain Sorel, whose name is preserved in the town. Below, there is an archipelago of low alluvial islands, and the St. Lawrence broadens out into Lake St. Peter, nine or ten miles wide, and generally shallow, this being the head of the tidal influence. On its southern side flows in the St. Francis River, the outlet of Lake Memphremagog and of many streams and lakes in the vast wilderness along the boundary north of Vermont and east of Lake Champlain. At its mouth is the little village of St. François du Lac. As the shores contract below Lake St. Peter, the town of Three Rivers is passed midway between Montreal and Quebec. Here the fine river St. Maurice, another great lumber-producing stream, flows in upon the northern bank, two little islands dividing its mouth into a delta of three channels, thus naming the town. The St. Maurice is full of rapids and cataracts, the chief being Shawanagan Fall, about twenty miles inland, noted for its grandeur and remarkable character. The river, suddenly bending and divided into two streams by a pile of rocks, falls nearly one hundred and fifty feet and dashes against

an opposing wall, where the reunited stream forces its way through a narrow passage scarcely a hundred feet wide. The two lofty rocks bounding this abyss are called La Grande Mere and Le Bon Homme. The headwaters of St. Maurice interlock with some of those of the gloomy Saguenay north of Quebec. An enormous output of lumber comes down to Three Rivers, and the district also produces much bog iron ore. Here are extensive sawmills, iron-works, and one of the largest paper-pulp establishments in America, the unrivalled water-power being thus utilized. Below the St. Maurice, as the outcropping foothills from the Laurentian Mountains approach the river, the scenery becomes more picturesque. The Richelieu rapids are here, requiring careful navigation among the rocks, and Jacques Cartier River comes in from the north. In front of St. Augustin village, years ago, the steamer "Montreal" was burnt with a loss of two hundred lives, and on the outskirts is an ancient ruined church, which is said to have fallen in decay because the devil assisted at its building. This was in 1720, and the tradition is that His Satanic Majesty appeared in the form of a powerful black stallion, who hauled the blocks of stone, until his driver, halting at a watering-trough, where there was also a small receptacle of holy water for the faithful, unbridled the horse, who became suddenly restive and vanished in a cloud of sulphurous smoke. Many pious pilgrimages are made to the present fine

church of the village, having a statue of the guardian angel standing out in front, commemorating the Vatican Council of 1870. As Quebec is approached, the "coves" are seen on the northern shore, arranged with booms for the timber ships, for easier transfer of lumber from the rafts floated down the river, and the steep bluffs behind run off into Cape Diamond, projecting far across the stream. Old Sillery Church stands up with its tall spire atop of the bold bluff, with a monastery behind it. Here Noel Brulart de Sillery, Knight of Malta, in 1637, established one of the early Jesuit missions. Point Levis stretches from the southern bank to narrow the river channel. The low gray walls of the citadel surmount the highest point of the extremity of Cape Diamond, and rounding it, we are at Quebec.

ORIGIN OF QUEBEC.

Whence comes the name of Quebec? "Quel bec! Quel bec!"—(What a beak!)—shouted Jacques Cartier's astonished sailors, when, sailing up the St. Lawrence, they first beheld the startling promontory of Cape Diamond, thrust in towering majesty almost across the river. Thus, says one tradition, by a natural elision, was named Quebec, when the Europeans first saw the rock in 1535. Another derivation comes from Candebec on the Seine, which it much resembles. The Indian word "Kebic," meaning "the fearful rocky cliff," may have been its

origin. The Indian village of Stadacona was here when Cartier found it, a cluster of wigwams fringing the shore in front of the bold cliff, its people bearing allegiance to the Montaignais chief, Donnacona. Here the ancient chronicle records that Cartier saw a "mighty promontory, rugged and bare, thrust its scarped front into the raging current," and he planted the cross and lilies of France and took possession for his king. Returning to Europe, he took back as prisoners the chief, Donnacona, and several of his warriors, their arrival making a great sensation. They were fêted and prayed for, and becoming converted, were baptised with pomp in the presence of a vast assemblage in the magnificent Cathedral of Rouen. But the round of pleasure and feasting, with the excess of excitement, overcame these children of the forest, and they all died within a year. Colonization on the St. Lawrence, after Cartier's voyages, languished for seventy years, various ill-starred expeditions failing, and it was not until 1608 that the city of Quebec was really founded by Samuel de Champlain, who was sent out by a company of associated noblemen of France to establish a fur trade with the Indians and open a new field for the Church, the Roman Catholic religion being then in the full tide of enthusiasm which in the seventeenth century made what was known as the "counter reformation." Champlain built a fort and established the province of New France, but his colony was of slow growth.

There subsequently came out the military and commercial adventurers and religious enthusiasts, who were the first settlers of the new empire. The Recollet Fathers came in 1615, and the Jesuit missionary priests in 1625 and subsequently. The famous Canadian bishop, Laval de Montmorency, Father Hennepin, and the Sieur de la Salle, all came out in the same ship at a later period. Thus was founded the great French Catholic power in North America.

The Church thoroughly ruled the infant colony of Quebec. In the fort, black-garbed Jesuits and scarfed officers mingled at Champlain's table. Parkman says, "There was little conversation, but in its place, histories and the lives of saints were read aloud, as in a monastic refectory; prayers, masses and confessions followed each other with an edifying regularity, and the bell of the adjacent chapel, built by Champlain, rang morning, noon, and night; godless soldiers caught the infection, and whipped themselves in penance for their sins; debauched artisans outdid each other in the fury of their contrition; Quebec was become a mission." Champlain died at Christmas, 1635, after a long illness, at the age of sixty-eight, the "Father of Canada," and Quebec was without a Governor for a half-year. Finally, the next summer, the Father Superior, Le Jeune, who had been directing affairs, espied a ship, and going down to the landing, was met by the new Governor,

de Montmagny, a Knight of Malta, with a long train of officers and gentlemen. We are told that "as they all climbed the rock together, Montmagny saw a crucifix planted by the path. He instantly fell on his knees before it; and nobles, soldiers, sailors and priests imitated his example. The Jesuits sang Te Deum at the church, and the cannon roared from the adjacent fort. Here the new Governor was scarcely installed, when a Jesuit came in to ask if he would be godfather to an Indian about to be baptized. 'Most gladly,' replied the pious Montmagny. He repaired on the instant to the convert's hut, with a company of gaily-apparelled gentlemen; and while the inmates stared in amazement at the scarlet and embroidery, he bestowed on the dying savage the name of Joseph, in honor of the spouse of the Virgin and the patron of New France. Three days after, he was told that a dead proselyte was to be buried, on which, leaving the lines of the new fortification he was tracing, he took in hand a torch, De Lisle, his lieutenant, took another, Repentigny and St. Jean, gentlemen of his suite, with a band of soldiers, followed, two priests bore the corpse, and thus all moved together in procession to the place of burial. The Jesuits were comforted. Champlain himself had not displayed a zeal so edifying." The spiritual power thus so zealously exerted thoroughly controlled Quebec, and its masterful force always continued.

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN MISSIONARIES.

Boundless was the power exerted when the religious envoys of this wonderful colony spread over the interior of America. When the heroic bishop Laval de Montmorency stood on the altar-steps of his Basilica at Quebec, he could wave his crozier over half a continent, from the island of St. Pierre Miquelon to the source of the Mississippi, and from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. The Jesuits' College at Quebec was started in a small way as early as 1637, and from it, year after year, issued forth the dauntless missionaries, carrying the gospel out among the Indians for over three thousand miles into the interior, preaching the faith beyond the Mississippi, and down its valley, throughout Louisiana, many suffering death and martyrdom in its most cruel forms. Nowhere in the church annals exists a grander chapter than the record of these missionaries. Unarmed and alone, they travelled the unexplored continent, bravely meeting every horrible torture and lingering death inflicted by the vindictive savages, whom they went out to bless. The world was amazed at their sufferings and achievements. Even Puritan New England, we are told, received their envoy with honors, the apostle Eliot entertaining him at Roxbury parsonage, while Boston, Salem and Plymouth became his gracious hosts. These devoted men loved the new country. "To

the Jesuits," we are told in their annals, "the atmosphere of Quebec was well-nigh celestial. In the climate of New France one learns perfectly to seek only one God; to have no desire but God; no purpose but for God. To live in New France is in truth to live in the bosom of God. If anyone of those who die in this country goes to perdition," writes Le Jeune, "I think he will be doubly guilty." For years old France sent over a multitude to reinforce these missions. They were urged on by rank, wealth and power in the great work of converting the heathen, and the noblest motives gave these missions life. Solitude, toil, privation, hardship and death were the early French missionary's portion, yet nothing made his zeal or courage flag. The saints and angels of their faith hovered around these Jesuit martyrs with crowns of glory and garlands of immortal bliss. It was no wonder that the French and Jesuit influence soon extended far beyond the mere circle of converts. It modified and softened the rude manners of many unconverted tribes. Parkman, from whom I have already quoted, records that "in the wars of the next century we do not often find those examples of diabolic atrocity with which the earlier annals are crowded. The savage burned his enemies alive, it is true, but he seldom ate them; neither did he torment them with the same deliberation and persistency. He was a savage still, but not so often a devil."

The French missionary priests survived the period of torture and trial, and became, in fact, the revered rulers of many of the Indian tribes. They thoroughly assimilated and learned the languages. The priest, regarded with awe and affection, knew so much, and was so skillful as counsellor and physician, that the untutored savage came to look upon him almost as a supernatural being. The biographer of the venerable Father Davion, who governed the Yazoos in Louisiana, tells how the Indians regarded him as more than human. "Had they not, they said, frequently seen him at night, with his dark solemn gown, not walking, but gliding through the woods like something spiritual? How could one so weak in frame, and using so little food, stand so many fatigues? How was it that whenever one of them fell sick, however distant it might be, Father Davion knew it instantly and was sure to be there before sought for? Did any of his prophecies ever prove false? What was it he was in the habit of muttering so long, when counting the beads of that mysterious chain that hung round his neck? Was he not then telling the Great Spirit every wrong they had done? So they both loved and feared Father Davion. One day they found him dead at the foot of the altar; he was leaning against it with his head cast back, with his hands clasped, and still retaining his kneeling position. There was an expression of rapture in his face, as if to his sight the gates of Paradise had sud-

denly unfolded themselves to give him admittance; it was evident that his soul had exhaled into a prayer, the last on this earth, but terminating no doubt in a hymn of rejoicing above." But great as may be the spectacle of triumphant martyrdom, there are yet men unwilling to change places with the missionary priest. Ralph Waldo Emerson writes in *The Problem:*

> "I like a church; I like a cowl;
> I love a prophet of the soul;
> And on my heart monastic aisles
> Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles:
> Yet not for all his faith can see
> Would I that cowléd churchman be."

But others also came to New France besides priests and martyrs; the adventurers and beggared noblemen—poor, uneducated, yet bold and courageous. The historian tells us of "the beggared noble of the early time" who came over, "never forgetting his quality of *gentilhomme;* scrupulously wearing its badge the sword, and copying, as well as he could, the fashions of the court which glowed on his vision across the sea with all the effulgence of Versailles and beamed with reflected ray from the Chateau of Quebec. He was at home among his tenants, at home among the Indians, and never more at home than when, a gun in his hand and a crucifix on his breast, he took the warpath with a crew of painted savages and Frenchmen almost as wild, and pounced like a lynx from the forest on some lonely farm or

outlying hamlet of New England. How New England hated him, let her records tell. The reddest blood-streaks on her old annals mark the track of the Canadian *gentilhomme.*"

QUAINT OLD QUEBEC.

Thus created a thoroughly French region, Lower Canada still maintains the religious character of the original colony. The geographical names are mostly those of the saints and fathers of the Church, and much of the land is owned by religious bodies. The population is four-fifths French, and nowhere does the Church to-day show more vitality or command more thorough devotion. The city of Quebec almost stands still in population, having about seventy thousand, of whom five-sixths are French. It is now just as Champlain made it, though larger, a fortress, trading-station and church combined, and quaintly attractive in all three phases. No finer location could have been selected for a town and seaport, and no more impregnable position found to guard the St. Lawrence passage than its junction with the river St. Charles. An elevated tongue of land stretches along the northwestern bank of the St. Lawrence for several miles, and from behind it comes out the St. Charles. Below their junction the broad Isle of Orleans blocks the way, dividing the St. Lawrence into two channels, while above, the noble river contracts to the "Narrows," less than a mile in width, making a strait

guarded all along by bold shores. At the northern extremity of this tongue of land, and opposite the "Narrows" of the river, rises the lofty cliff of Cape Diamond, three hundred and fifty feet above the water, the citadel crowning the hill and overlooking the town nestling at its foot. The fortifications spread all around the cliff and its approaches, completely guarding the rivers and the means of access by land; but it is now all peaceful, being only a show-place for sight-seers. As may be imagined, this grand fortress is magnificent to look at from the water approach, while the outlook from the ramparts and terraces on top of the cliff is one of the finest sights over town and rivers, hills and woods, in the world.

Quebec is quaint, ancient and picturesque, presenting strange contrasts. A fortress and commercial mart have been built together on the summit of a rock, like an eagle's nest. It is a French city in America, ruled by the English, and was held mainly by Scotch and Irish troops; a town with the institutions of the middle ages under modern constitutional government, having torrid summers and polar winters, and a range of the thermometer from thirty degrees below zero to one hundred degrees above. When Charles Dilke came here he thought he was back in the European Middle Ages. He found "gates and posterns, cranky steps that lead up to lofty gabled houses with steep French roofs of burnished tin like those of Liége; processions of the Host; altars decked

with flowers; statues of the Virgin; sabots and blouses; and the scarlet of the British linesmen. All these are seen in narrow streets and markets that are graced with many a Cotentin lace cap, and all within forty miles of the Down East Yankee State of Maine. It is not far from New England to Old France. There has been no dying out of the race among the French Canadians. The American soil has left their physical type, religion, language and laws absolutely untouched. They herd together in their rambling villages; dance to the fiddle after mass on Sundays as gaily as once did their Norman sires; and keep up the *fleur de lys* and the memory of Montcalm. More French than the French are the Lower Canada *habitans*. The pulse-beat of the Continent finds no echo here." Henry Ward Beecher thought Quebec the most curious city he had ever seen, saying, "It is a peak thickly populated, a gigantic rock, escarped, echeloned, and at the same time smoothed off to hold firmly on its summit the houses and castles, although, according to the ordinary laws of nature, they ought to fall off, like a burden placed on a camel's back without a fastening. Yet the houses and castles hold there as if they were nailed down. At the foot of the rock some feet of land have been reclaimed from the river, and that is for the streets of the Lower Town. Quebec is a dried shred of the Middle Ages hung high up near the North Pole, far from the beaten paths of the European tourists—a curiosity without parallel

on this side of the ocean. The locality ought to be scrupulously preserved antique. Let modern progress be carried elsewhere. When Quebec has taken the pains to go and perch herself away up near Hudson's Bay, it would be cruel and unfitting to dare to harass her with new ideas, and to speak of doing away with the narrow and tortuous streets that charm all travellers in order to seek conformity with the fantastic ideas of comfort in vogue in the nineteenth century."

THE FORTRESS OF QUEBEC.

Up on the cliff, in 1620, Champlain built the ancient castle of St. Louis, which stood on the verge of the rock, where now is the eastern end of the Dufferin Terrace, at an elevation of about one hundred and eighty feet above the river. This was of timber, afterwards replaced by a stone structure used for fort and prison, and burnt in the early part of the nineteenth century, the site being now an open square, with some relics, on the verge of the cliff. The great Quebec Citadel upon the summit of the promontory, three hundred and fifty feet above the river, is one of the most formidable of the former systems of stone fortifications. It covers forty acres, and has outlying walls, batteries and defensive works enclosing the entire ancient city, the circuit being nearly three miles. There are batteries guarding the water approach, gates on the

landward side (some now dismantled), and four massive martello towers on the edge of the Plains of Abraham above the city, with long subterranean passages leading to them and other outlying works. The Quebec rock is a dark slate, with an almost perpendicular stratification, and shining quartz crystals found in it gave it the name of Cape Diamond. The portion of the works overlooking the St. Lawrence is called the Grand Battery, while the surmounting pinnacle of the Citadel, containing a huge Armstrong gun, is the King's Bastion. While Quebec's magnificent scenery and its tremendous rock-crowned fortress remain as they were during the great colonial wars, yet the military glory is gone. England long ago withdrew the regular garrison, and only a handful of Canadian militia now hold the place, and the guns are harmless from age and rust, only two or three smaller ones doing the present ceremonious duties. In fact the old rock is so given to sliding, that salutes are forbidden, excepting on rare occasions, lest the concussion may bring some of the fatal rock-slides down upon the people of the Lower Town. There is a little bronze gun preserved as a trophy in the centre of the Parade, which the British captured at Bunker Hill. Grand as this Citadel is, it no longer protects Quebec, for in fact the defense against an enemy is provided by the newer modern forts across the river behind Point Levis, which command the river approach and cost some $15,000,000 to construct.

Yet great has been the conflict around this noted rock fortress in the past. The earliest battles were at the old Castle of St. Louis, and after the repulse of the New England colonial expeditions sent against Quebec in 1711 it was determined to fortify the whole of Cape Diamond, and then the Citadel and chief works were built. Two monuments, however, record the greatest events in its history. The Wolfe-Montcalm monument is the chief, erected just behind the Dufferin Terrace, in a little green enclosure known as the "Governor's Garden," recording the result of the greatest battle fought in Colonial America, the fateful contest in 1759, on the Plains of Abraham, where both commanders fell, which changed the sovereignty of Canada from France to England, and the crowning victory of the "Seven Years' War," which Parkman says "began the history of the United States." This is a plain shaft, almost without ornamentation, and bears the names of both Generals. The other monument is the little stone set up in the face of the cliff on the river-front below the citadel, marking where the American General Montgomery fell, in the winter of 1775. He had crossed the St. Lawrence on the ice, and in imitation of Wolfe's previous exploit, rashly tried to scale the almost perpendicular cliff with a handful of troops, but was defeated and slain. Wolfe's successful ascent of the bluff in 1759 had been made from the river three miles above Quebec, at what is now

known as Wolfe's Cove, where the timber ships load. A little stream makes a ravine in the bank, and Wolfe and his intrepid followers, having floated down from above with the tide, landed and climbed through this gorge, the route they took being at present a steep road ascending the face of the bluff among the trees, a small flag-staff being planted at the top. The Plains of Abraham—so called from Abraham Martin, a pilot living there—are now occupied by the modern residences of the city and the massive buildings of the Quebec Provincial Parliament. There is also a prison, and near it a monument marking where Wolfe fell, being the second column erected, the first having been carried away piecemeal by relic-hunters. Upon it is the inscription: "Here died Wolfe victorious, Sept. 13, 1759." This marks the most famous event in the history of the great fortress. Wolfe had evidently a premonition. A young midshipman who was in the boat with him, as they floated on the river at midnight to the ravine, told afterwards how Wolfe, in a low voice, repeated Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* to the officers about him, including the line his own fate was soon to illustrate, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," saying, as the recital ended, "Gentlemen, I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec." William Pitt, describing the great result of the battle, said, "The horror of the night, the precipice scaled by Wolfe, the empire he, with a

handful of men, added to England, and the glorious catastrophe of contentedly terminating life where his fame began—ancient story may be ransacked and ostentatious philosophy thrown into the account, before an episode can be found to rank with Wolfe's."

QUEBEC RELIGIOUS HOUSES.

Various streets and stairways mount the great Quebec rock in zigzags, and there is also an inclined-plane passenger elevator. In the Lower Town, the narrow streets display quaint old French houses with queer-looking porches and oddly-built steps, high steep roofs, tall dormer windows and capacious stone chimneys. The French population cluster in the Lower Town and along St. Charles River. Churches and religious houses seem distributed everywhere. The great Catholic establishments are prominent in the Upper Town, nearly all founded in the seventeenth century. The Holy Father at Rome, recognizing the exalted position Quebec occupies in the Church, has made its Cathedral, like the patriarchal churches of Rome, a Basilica, its Archbishop being a Cardinal. It occupies the place of the first church built by Champlain, is not very large, but is magnificently decorated and contains fine paintings. Within are buried Champlain and Frontenac, and the great Bishop Laval de Montmorency. Adjoining is the palace of the Cardinal Archbishop, who is the Canadian Primate. Also adjoining are the spacious build-

ings of the Seminary, founded and richly endowed by Laval,—one of the wealthiest institutions and most extensive landowners of Quebec Province. This is still regarded as the controlling power of the Church in Lower Canada, as it has been for two centuries. There is also a Cathedral of the Church of England, a smaller and plain building, where the war-worn battle-flags of the British troops, carried in the Crimea, hang in the chancel, and the fine communion service was presented by King George III. Here is also the memorial of the early Anglican bishop of Quebec, Jacob Mountain, of whom it was said he happened to be in the presence of that king when the king expressed doubt as to who should be appointed bishop of the new See of Quebec, then just created. Said Dr. Mountain, "If your Majesty had faith there would be no difficulty." "How so?" asked the king; whereupon Mountain answered, "If you had faith you would say to this Mountain, be thou removed into that See, and it would be done." It was; Quebec getting a most excellent bishop, who labored over thirty years there, dying in 1825. There are also the splendid building of Laval University, one of the first educational institutions of the Dominion; the Hotel Dieu, and Ursuline Convent originally started by Madame de la Peltrie, in the Upper Town.

These establishments all had their origin in the religious enthusiasm attending the settlement of

Canada, in which France took great pride, although Voltaire afterwards derided it as "Fifteen hundred leagues of frozen country." From Sillery, where the first Jesuit Mission was founded, went out the zealous missionaries and martyrs, who followed the Hurons into the depths of the forest, and sought to reclaim the Iroquois, as has been well said, "with toil too great to buy the kingdoms of this world, but very small as a price for the Kingdom of Heaven." From Sillery went the Jesuit Fathers, who explored all America, and also Jogues, Brébeuf, Lalemont, and others, to martyrdom in founding the primitive Canadian mission church. It was also the religious French women as well as the devoted men, who laid so deep and strong the pious foundation of Canada. Little do we really know of the nun, who in her religious devotion practically buries herself alive. Down in the Lower Town, near the Champlain Market, originally lived the first colony of Ursuline nuns, who came out with Madame de la Peltrie to teach and nurse the Indians. She afterwards left them, as already stated, and went to help settle Montreal. Later their establishment was removed to the Upper Town, where it now has an impressive array of buildings, with about fifty nuns, who educate most of the leading Quebec young ladies. The great success of this Order was due to its Superioress, Marie Guyart, known as Mother Marie de l'Incarnation, a remarkable woman, who mastered the Huron and Algonquin

languages, and devoted herself and her nuns to the special work of educating Indian girls, being called by Bossuet the "St. Theresa of the New World." In the shrines of this convent are relics of St. Clement Martyr, and other saints, brought from the Roman Catacombs. Its most famous possession is the remains of Montcalm, who was carried mortally wounded from the battlefield into the convent to die. His skull is preserved in a casket covered with glass, and is regarded with the greatest veneration. His body is buried in the chapel, and his grave is said to have been dug by a shell which burst there during the fierce bombardment preceding his death. This convent has had a chequered history, being repeatedly bombarded, and twice burnt during attacks on the city, and at times occupied as barracks by the troops of both friend and foe. Of late, however, the lives of these sisters of St. Ursula have been more tranquil.

The most extensive collection of religious buildings is the Convent and Hospital of the Hotel Dieu, in the Upper Town. There are some sixty cloistered nuns of this Order, founded in 1639 by Cardinal Richelieu's niece, the Duchess d'Aguillon. They care for the sick and infirm poor, their hospital accommodating over six hundred. The oldest structure dates from 1654, and much of the collection is over two centuries old. The most precious relics in their convent are the remains of two of the Jesuit martyrs who went out from Sillery, Fathers Brébeuf and

Lalemont. There is a silver bust of the former, and his skull is carefully preserved. Jean de Brébeuf was a Norman of noble birth, who came out with Champlain, and he and Lalemont were sent on a mission beyond Ontario to the Huron country, establishing the mission town of St. Ignace, near Niagara River. They lived sixteen years with these Indians, learning their language, and gaining great influence over them. The Iroquois from New York attacked and captured the town in 1649, taking the missionaries captive and putting them to death with frightful tortures. Brébeuf, who frequently had celestial visions, always announced his belief that he would die a martyr for Christ. The story of his torture is one of the most horrible in the colonial wars. He was bound to a stake and scorched from head to foot; his lower lip was cut away, and a red-hot iron thrust down his throat. They hung a necklace of glowing coals around his neck, which the indomitable priest stood heroically; they poured boiling water over his head and face in mockery of baptism; cut strips of flesh from his limbs, eating them before his eyes, scalped him, cut open his breast and drank his blood, then filled his eyes with live coals, and after four hours of torture, finally killed him by tearing out his heart, which the Indian chief at once devoured. The writer recording this terrible ordeal says, "Thus died Jean de Brébeuf, the founder of the Huron mission, its truest hero, and its greatest martyr. He

came of a noble race,—the same, it is said, from which sprang the English Earls of Arundel, but never had the mailed barons of his line confronted a fate so appalling, with so prodigious a constancy. To the last he refused to flinch, and his death was the astonishment of his murderers." Gabriel Lalemont, his colleague, was a delicate young man, and was tortured seventeen hours, bearing the torments nobly, and though at times faltering, yet he would rally, and with uplifted hands offer his sufferings to heaven as a sacrifice. His bones are preserved in the Hotel Dieu. The burning of St. Ignace village dispersed the Hurons, but years afterwards a remnant was gathered by the Jesuit Fathers, and their descendants are at Lorette, up St. Charles River.

From the Ursuline Convent the Champlain Steps lead down the cliff to the Champlain Market, having alongside it the ancient little church of Notre Dame des Victoires. This is a plain stone church of moderate size, built in 1688 as the church of Notre Dame, on the site of Champlain's house. The interior, which has had modern renovation, displays rich gilding, and the church's interesting history is told by two angels hovering over the chancel, each bearing a banner, one inscribed "1690" and the other "1711." The fiery Count de Frontenac, who was Louis XIV.'s Governor of Quebec, had ravaged the New England colonies, and in 1690, shortly after the church was built, Sir William Phips, from Massachusetts, retali-

ated. The Iroquois, who were English allies, menaced Montreal, and all the French troops were sent thither. Suddenly, in October, Phips and his fleet appeared in the St. Lawrence below Quebec. Urgent messages were sent the troops to return, and the devout Ursuline nuns prayed for deliverance with such fervor in the little church, that Phips was struck with a phase of indecision, wasted his time, summoned the town to surrender, a message which the bold Frontenac spurned, and then, without making an attack, Phips wasted more time, until the French troops did return, so that when the demonstration was made it was successfully repulsed, and after repeated disasters Phips and his fleet sailed back to New England. Great was the rejoicing in Quebec, a thanksgiving procession singing Te Deums marched to the little church, and then the Bishop, with an elaborate ceremonial, changed its name to Notre Dame de la Victoire. Twenty-one years afterwards, in 1711, another British invading force came up the river under Sir Hovenden Walker, and again the intercession of Notre Dame was implored. The reassuring answer quickly came by fog and storm, producing dire disaster to the fleet, eight ships being wrecked and many hundreds drowned. Quebec again was saved; there was the wildest rejoicing, and in honor of the double triumph the church was re-named as Notre Dame des Victoires. An annual religious festival is held on the fourth Sunday in October to com-

memorate these miraculous deliverances. But the famous little church was not always to escape unscathed. One of the Ursuline nuns prophesied that it would ultimately be destroyed by the British, who would finally conquer, and when Wolfe's batteries bombarded Quebec in 1759 it severely suffered. It was repaired, and exists to-day as one of the most precious relics in the ancient city, in its oldest quarter, adjoining the market-place, and revered with all the unquestioning devotion of the *habitan*.

THE DUFFERIN TERRACE.

There is a fine outlook from the Dufferin Terrace, high up on the cliff above the river, the favorite gathering-place of the townsfolk on pleasant afternoons. The St. Lawrence flows placidly, with a narrow strip of town far down below at its edge, and a few vessels moored to the bank. At one's feet are the Champlain market and the famous little church, and a mass of the peaked tin-covered roofs of the diminutive French houses crowded in along the contracted street at the base of the cliff. High above rises the towering citadel with its rounded King's Bastion, the black guns thrusting their muzzles over the parapet and the Union Jack floating from a flagstaff at the top. Across the river is Point Levis, with piers and railroad terminals spread along the bank, and various villages with their imposing convents and churches crown the high bluff shore for a long distance up and

down. Farther back upon the wooded slopes of the hills are the great modern built forts which command the river and are the military protection of Quebec, their lines of earthworks just discernible among the trees. The river sweeps grandly around the projecting point of Cape Diamond and the surmounting citadel, passing away to the northeast with broadening current, where it receives the St. Charles, and beyond is divided by the low projecting point of the green Isle of Orleans. The main channel flows to the right behind Point Levis, and the other far away to the left with the Falls of Montmorency in the distance, and the dark range of Laurentian Mountains for a background with the noble summit of Mount Sainte Anne, and the huge promontory of Cape Tourmente at the river's edge. Nearer, the Quebec Lower Town spreads to a flat point at St. Charles River, ending in the broad surface of Princess Louise Basin, containing the shipping. Beyond this, a long road extends along the northern river bank, through Beauport and down to Montmorency, bordered by little white French cottages strung along it like beads upon a thread. Such is the landscape of wondrous interest seen from the cliff of Quebec. Across the St. Lawrence, elevated one hundred and fifty feet above the river, between Quebec and Point Levis is about being constructed a great railway bridge with the largest cantilever span in the world.

A ride along the attractive road through Beau-

port gives an insight into the home life of the French Canadian *habitan*. The village stretches several miles, a single street bordered on either hand by rows of unique cottages, nearly all alike; one-story steep-roofed houses of wood or plaster, almost all painted white, and one reproducing the other. The first Frenchman who arrived built this sort of a house, and all his neighbors and descendants have done likewise. They, like him, do it, because their ancestors builded so. The house may be larger, or may be of stone, but there is no change in form or feature. The centre doorway has a room on either hand with windows, and a steep roof rises above the single story. The house, regardless of the front road, must face north or south. The long, narrow strips of farms, some only a few yards wide, and of enormous length, run mathematically north and south. It matters not that this highway, parallel with the river, runs northeast. That cannot change the inexorable rule, and hence all the houses are set at an angle with the road, and all the dividing-fence lines are diagonals. The sun-loving Gaul taboos shade-trees, and therefore the sun blazes down upon the unsheltered house in summer, while the careful housewife, to keep out the excessive light, closes all the windows with thick shades made of old-fashioned wall-papers. The little triangular space between the cottage and the road is usually a brilliant flower-garden. Crosses are set up frequently for the encouragement of the

faithful, and there are imposing churches and ecclesiastical buildings at intervals. Along this road ride the French in their queer-looking two-wheeled calèches, appearing much like a deep-bowled spoon set on wheels, and in elongated buckboard wagons of ancient build, surmounted by the most homely and venerable gig-tops. These French cottages are more picturesque than their vehicles.

The French Canadian *habitan*, the *cultivateur*, and peasant of Quebec province, is about the same to-day as he was two or three centuries ago. The Lower Canada village reproduces the French hamlet of the time of Louis XIV., and the inhabitants show the same zealous and absorbing religious devotion as when the French first peopled the St. Lawrence shores. Within the cottage, hung above the *habitan's* modest bed, is the black wooden cross that is to be the first thing greeting the waking eyes in the morning, as it has been the last object seen at night. Below it is the sprig of palm in a vase, with the little bonitier of holy water, and alongside is placed the calendar of religious events in the parish. The palm sprig is annually renewed on Palm Sunday, the old sprig being then carefully burnt. Great is its power in warding off lightning strokes and exorcising the evil spirits. The central object around which every village clusters is always the church, with its high walls, sloping roof, and tall and shining tin-clad spire. The curé is the village autocrat; the legal and med-

ical adviser, the family counsellor, and usually the political leader of his flock. He blesses all the houses when they are built, and as soon as the walls are up a bunch of palm is attached to the gable or the chimney, a gun being fired to mark the event. When the *Angelus* tolls all stop work, wherever they are, and say the short prayer in devout attitude. Before beginning or completing any task the reverent *habitans* always piously cross themselves. They do this also in passing churches, or the many crosses and statues set up along the roads and in the villages. They are temperate, industrious and thrifty, live simply, eat the plainest food, are abundantly content with their lot, and usually raise large families. In fact, there is a bounty given, by act of the Quebec Provincial Legislature, of one hundred acres of land to parents having more than twelve living children. It is not infrequent to find twenty-five or thirty or more children in a single family. In personal appearance the *habitan* is generally of small or medium size, with sparkling brown eyes, dark complexion, a placid face and well-knit frame. He has strong endurance and capacity for work, but usually not much education, the prayer-book furnishing most of the family reading. The Church encourages early marriages, and domestic fecundity is honored as a special gift from Heaven. The pious veneration, like the creed of this simple-minded people, is the same to-day as it was in the seventeenth century. Their

faith is fervent and their belief complete. They typify the beautiful idea the late Cardinal Newman exemplified in his exquisite poem:

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

"I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

"So long thy power hast blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile!"

LA BONNE SAINTE ANNE.

This road leads to the Montmorency River, a vigorous stream flowing out of Snow Lake, ninety miles northward, down to the St. Lawrence. For a mile or so above the latter river it has worn a series of steps in the limestone rocks, making attractive rapids, and the waters finally pitch over a nearly perpendicular precipice, almost at the verge of the St. Lawrence, falling two hundred and fifty feet in a

magnificent cataract, the dark amber torrent brilliantly foaming, and making vast amounts of spray. In winter there is formed a cone of ice in front of these falls, sometimes two hundred feet high. The cataract goes down into a deep gorge, worn back through the rocks, some distance from the St. Lawrence bank, and protruding cliffs in the face of the fall make portions of the water, when part way down, dart out in huge masses of foam and spray. A large sawmill below gets its power from this cataract, and it also provides the electric lighting service for Quebec. Farther down the north shore of the St. Lawrence, through more quaint villages—L'Ange Gardien and Chateau Richer—the road leads along breezy hills and pleasant vales in the Coté de Beaupré, to the most renowned shrine of all Canada, about twenty miles below Quebec, the Church of "La Bonne Sainte Anne de Beaupré." This famous old church is the special shrine of the *habitan*, the objective point of many pilgrim parties from Canada and New England, where there now is a large population of French Canadians, as many as a hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims coming in a single year, and it is the most venerated spot in all Lower Canada. The Coté de Beaupré, the northern St. Lawrence shore below Montmorency, is an appanage of the Seminary of Quebec. The little Sainte Anne's river comes down from the slopes of Sainte Anne's Mountain among the Laurentides, and after dashing

over the steep and attractive cataract of Sainte Anne, flows out to the St. Lawrence. Upon the level and picturesque intervale of this stream is a primitive French village, whose people get support partly by making bricks for Quebec, but mainly through the entertainment of the army of pilgrims coming to the miraculous shrine of "La Bonne Sainte Anne." The village spreads mostly along a narrow street filled with inns and lodging-houses which are crowded during the pilgrimage season from June till October, culminating on Sainte Anne's festival day, July 26th. To the eastward of the village is the beautiful church, not long ago built from the pious doles of the faithful, a massive and elaborate granite building. Just above it, upon the bank, is the original little church of Sainte Anne, which is so highly venerated, and wherein the sacred relics of the saint are carefully kept in a crystal globe, and are exhibited at morning mass, when their contemplation by the pilgrims, combined with faith, works miraculous cures. The old church of 1658, threatening to fall, was taken down in 1878, and rebuilt with the same materials on the original plan. It is quaintly furnished in the French-Canadian style of the seventeenth century, and one of its features is the mass of abandoned crutches and canes piled along the cornices and in the sacristy, left by the cripples who have departed relieved or healed.

This is probably the holiest ground in Canada,

consecrated by nearly three centuries of the most fervent devotion of the ever-faithful *habitans*. Just below Sainte Anne is the companion village of St. Joachim. Sainte Anne was the mother and St. Joachim the father of the Virgin Mary. The tradition is that after Sainte Anne's body had reposed quietly for many years at Jerusalem, it was sent to the Bishop of Marseilles, and later to Apt, where it was placed in a subterranean chapel to guard it from heathen profanation. The church at Apt was swept away by the invader, but some seven centuries afterwards the Emperor Charlemagne visited the town, and marvellous incidents took place, light being seen emanating from the vault accompanied by a delicious fragrance, whereupon investigation was made and the long lost remains of Sainte Anne recovered. Ever since, her sacred relics have been highly venerated in France, and it was natural that the early French Canadians should bring their pious devotion into the new Province. Various churches were built in her honor, the chief being this one at Beaupré, by the devout Governor d'Allebout. With his own hands the Governor began the pious work of erecting the church, and as an encouragement, the Cathedral Chapter in France sent to the new shrine a relic of Sainte Anne—a portion of a finger-bone—together with a reliquary of silver, a lamp, and some paintings, all being preserved in this church. The legend of the building is, that upon its site a beauti-

ful little child of the village was thrice favored with Heavenly visions. Upon the third appearance, the Virgin commanded the child that she should tell her people to build a church there in honor of her saintly mother. Thus was the location chosen, and while the foundation was being laid, a *habitan* of the Coté de Beaupré, one Guimont, sorely afflicted with rheumatism, came there with great difficulty, and filled with pain, to try and lay three stones in the wall, presumably in honor of the Virgin, her father and mother. With much labor and suffering he performed the task, but instantly it was completed he became miraculously cured. This began a long series of miracles, their fame spreading, so that devotion to Sainte Anne became a distinguishing feature of French-Canadian Catholicity.

The great Bishop Laval de Montmorency made Sainte Anne's day a feast of obligation. During the French régime, vessels ascending the St. Lawrence always saluted when passing the shrine, in grateful thanksgiving that their prayers to Sainte Anne had been answered by deliverance from the perils of the sea. Pilgrims flocked thither, and many cures were wrought by pious veneration of the relics. As religion spread among the Indians, sometimes the adjacent shore would be covered by the wigwams of the converts who had come in their canoes from remote regions, and the more fervent of them would crawl on their knees from the river bank to the altar.

To-day the pilgrims bring their offerings and make their vows, pleading for relief, many crossing the ocean from France, and it is said of these votaries at the shrine that they now come, "not in paint and feathers, but in cloth and millinery, and not in canoes, but in steamboats." It is noteworthy that in all the vicissitudes of war repeatedly waged around the famous place, the village being sacked and burned, the church was always preserved. When the British under Wolfe, prior to capturing Quebec in 1759, attacked Beaupré, they three times, tradition says, set fire to the church, but by the special intervention of Sainte Anne it escaped unscathed. Upon Sainte Anne's festival day, in 1891, many thousand pilgrims poured into the village, and Cardinal Archbishop Taschereau came down from Quebec, bringing another precious relic of Sainte Anne—a complete finger-joint—which he had obtained for the shrine from Carcassonne, in Languedoc, France. The Holy Father had raised the new church to the dignity of a Basilica, and two years previously he also sent from Rome a massive golden crown, set with precious stones, and valued at $56,000. This crown was worn by the rich statue of Sainte Anne, holding the infant Virgin in her arms, which stands before the chancel. There was an elaborate ceremonial, a large number of priests participating, and a solemn procession translated the precious relic to the church, where, after the services, it was venerated, the reli-

quary containing it being presented to the lips of each communicant kneeling in the sanctuary. Several miraculous cures were announced, but it is recorded that most of the cripples taken into the church had to be carried out again unrelieved. Around this sacred shrine crystallizes in the highest degree the pious veneration of the faithful French-Canadian *habitans*.

THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

The river St. Lawrence below Quebec is a mighty arm of the sea, stretching in from the Atlantic, through a vast valley enclosed by the primeval forest. The northern shore shows the domination of ruggedness, for here begins the mountain wall of the Laurentides, stretching far away northeastward down the river towards Labrador. The southern shore is less forbidding, having wide fertile slopes rising to a background of wooded hills. Along the river bank is a sparsely scattered strip of humanity, which is likened to a rosary, having the primitive farmhouses for beads, and at every few miles a tall, cross-crowned church spire. Set in between the river banks, just below Quebec, is the broad and fertile Isle of Orleans, but beyond this the St. Lawrence is six miles wide, and steadily broadens, attaining twenty-four miles width at Tadousac, the mouth of the Saguenay, and thirty-five width at Metis, one hundred and fifty miles below Quebec. The Isle

of Orleans is twenty miles long and very fertile, largely supplying the markets of Quebec. To the northward Mount Sainte Anne, the guardian of the famous shrine, rises twenty-seven hundred feet. Jacques Cartier so liked the grapes grown on the island that he called it the Isle of Bacchus, but the king, Francis I., would not have it so, and named it after his son, the Duke of Orleans. Here were massacred the Hurons by the Iroquois, who captured from them the great cross of Argentenay, carrying it off to their stronghold, on Onondaga Lake, New York, in 1661. On the northern shore of the island is the old stone church of St. Laurent and farther along that of St. Pierre, the meadows hereabout providing good shooting. The faithful at St. Laurent were said to have been long the envied possessors of a piece of the arm-bone of the Apostle Paul, a most precious relic, which was clandestinely seized and taken over to St. Pierre Church. This made a great commotion, and some of the young men of St. Laurent made an expedition at night, entered the church, recaptured the relic, and brought it back with some other articles, restoring it to the original shrine. A controversy between the villagers followed, growing so fierce that an outbreak was threatened, and the Archbishop at Quebec had to intervene to keep the peace. He ordered each church to restore the other its relics, which was done with solemn ceremony, processions marching along the road between the vil-

lages, and making the exchange midway, a large black cross since marking the spot.

The great promontory of the Laurentides, Cape Tourmente, stretches to the river, with the dark mass of ancient mountains spreading beyond in magnificent array, the cliffs rising high above the water, firs clinging to their sides and crowning their worn and rounded summits. On top of Tourmente the Seminarians have erected a huge cross, seen from afar, with a little chapel alongside. The old Canadian traveller, Charlevoix, said Cape Tourmente was probably so-called "because he that gave it this name suffered here by a gust of wind."

> "At length they spy huge Tourmente, sullen-browed,
> Bathe his bald forehead in a passing cloud;
> The Titan of the lofty capes that gleam
> In long succession down the mighty stream."

Here are Grosse Isle, the quarantine station for the river, and the Isle aux Coudres—Hazel Tree Island,—behind which a break in the Laurentides makes a pleasant nook, the Bay of St. Paul, having little villages named after the saints all about. Below, the mountain range rises into the great Mount Eboulements, twenty-five hundred feet high, its sides scarred by landslides brought down by various earthquakes, which were once so frequent that the Indians called the region Cuscatlan, meaning "the land that swings like a hammock." The name of this mountain means

the "falling, shaking, crumbling mountain," but it is nevertheless now noted as the haughtiest headland of the Laurentides. This whole region has been a great sufferer from volcanic disturbances, the chief being in 1663, when the historian says "the St. Lawrence ran white as milk as far down as Tadousac; ranges of hills were thrown down into the river or were swallowed up in the plains; earthquakes shattered the houses and shook the trees until the Indians said that the forests were drunk; vast fissures opened in the ground and the courses of streams were changed. Meteors, fiery-winged serpents and ghostly spectres were seen in the air; roarings and mysterious voices sounded on every side, and the confessionals of all the churches were crowded with penitents awaiting the end of the world." Below this frowning mountain, the little Murray River flows in, making a deep bay and sandy beaches, and far back, under the shadows of the bordering hills, are the parish church and the French village of St. Agnes up the river. This place is Murray Bay, a favorite watering-place, known as Malbaie among the French, the hotels and wide one-story cottages of this Canadian Newport being scattered in the ravine and on the hill-slopes. When Champlain first entered this bay in 1608 he named it Malle Baie, explaining that this was because of "the tide that runs there marvellously." It is said that an attempt was once made to settle Murray Bay with Scotch emigrants, but the families who were sent

out soon succumbed to the overwhelming influence of the surroundings, and their descendants, while having unmistakable Scottish names, have adopted the French language and customs. Over on the southern bank, thirty miles away, for the river is now very wide, is another favorite resort, Riviere du Loup, with the adjacent village of Kamouraska, the great church of St. Louis and a large convent being prominent in the latter.

Riviere du Loup is the best developed of the watering-places of the Lower St. Lawrence. The shore is gentle, and in sharp contrast with the rugged northern bank. The village spreads on a broad plateau, formed by the inflowing stream, there being hotels and boarding-houses scattered about, a tall-spired church back of the town, and a long wharf stretching out in front. To the eastward the sloping shore extends far away to Cacouna, eight miles below, another favorite resort also sentinelled by its church. The Riviere du Loup (Wolf River) naming this place flows out of the distant southern mountains to the St. Lawrence, and is said to have been so called from the droves of seals,—called by the French "loups-marines"—formerly frequenting the shoals off its mouth. Just back of the village the stream plunges down a waterfall eighty feet high. Cacouna is the most fashionable resort of the southern shore, and a place of comparatively recent growth, its semicircular bay with a good beach and the cool summer airs

being the attractions. In front and connected by a low isthmus is a large peninsula of rounded granite rock, shaped much like a turtle-back and rising four hundred feet. From this came the Indian name, Cacouna, or the turtle.

THE GRAND AND GLOOMY SAGUENAY.

Far over to the northward, across the broad river, is ancient Tadousac, enclosed by the guarding mountains at the entrance to the Saguenay. The harbor and landing are within a small rounded bay, having the Salmon Hatching House of the Dominion alongside the wharf, a cascade pouring down the hillside behind, and a little white inn prettily perched above on a shelf of rock. The village spreads over irregular terraces, encircling three of these little rounded bays, beyond which the narrow Saguenay chasm goes off westward through the mountains into a savage wilderness. This place has been a trading-post with the Indians for over three centuries, and the ancient buildings of the Hudson Bay Company testify to the traffic in furs, once so good, which has become almost obsolete. It was visited by Cartier in 1535, and afterwards was established as one of the earliest missions of the Jesuits, who came here in 1599 and raised the cross among the Nasquapees of the Saguenay—the "upright men," as they called themselves,—and the Montaignais, both then powerful tribes, which have since entirely disappeared from this region, hav-

ing withdrawn to its upper waters, around and beyond Lake St. John. The old chapel, replacing the original Jesuit church—said to have been the first erected in North America—stands down by the waterside, a diminutive, peak-roofed, one-story building, kept as a memorial of the past, for the people now worship in a fine new stone church farther up the rounded hill-slope. These knoll-like rounded hills or mamelons named the place, for they are numerous, and Tadousac, literally a "nipple," is the Indian word for them. The most valued possession of the church is a figure of the child Jesus, originally sent to the mission by King Louis XIV. This is the oldest settlement of the Lower St. Lawrence.

The stern and gloomy Saguenay, the largest tributary of the Lower St. Lawrence, is one of the most remarkable rivers in the world. Its main portion is a tremendous chasm cleft in a nearly straight line for sixty miles in the Laurentian Mountains, through an almost unsettled wilderness. These Laurentides make the northern shore of the St. Lawrence for hundreds of miles below Quebec, rising into higher peaks and ridges in the interior, and being the most ancient part of America, the geologists telling us the waves of the Silurian Sea washed against this range when only two small islands represented the rest of the continent. Through this vast chasm the Saguenay brings down the waters of Lake St. John and its many tributaries, some of them rising in the remote north,

almost up to Hudson Bay. This lower portion of the river goes through an almost uninhabitable desert of gloomy mountains, the tillable land being in the basin of the Upper Saguenay and Lake St. John, the people of that valley living there in almost complete isolation. Logs and huckleberries are the crops produced on this savage river, the only things the sparse population can depend upon for a living, and the fine blueberries bring them the scant doles of ready money they ever see. The Saguenay's inky waters have the smell of brine as they break in froth upon the shore, and then the air-bubbles show the real color to be that of brandy. The upper tributaries give this color as they flow out of forests of spruce and hemlock and swamps filled with mosses and highly colored roots and vegetable matter. Almost all the lakes and rivers of the vast wilderness north of the St. Lawrence present a similar appearance, their rapids and waterfalls, seen under the sunshine, seeming like sheets of liquid amber.

The vast accumulations of waters gathered from the heart of the Laurentides by the tributaries of Lake St. John flow down the rapids below the lake in a stream rivalling those of Niagara. Thus the Saguenay comes into being in the form of lusty twins —the Grand Discharge and the Little Discharge— deep and narrow river channels worn in the rocks. For some miles they run separately through rapids and pools, finally joining at the foot of Alma Island,

where begin the Gervais Rapids, four miles long. The Grand Discharge is a beautiful stream of rapids, the rippling and roaring currents flowing through a maze of islands, while the Little Discharge is a condensed stream, so powerful and unruly that it actually destroys the logs in its boisterous cataracts, the government having made a "Slide," down which the timber is run past the dangerous places. After passing Gervais Rapids the Saguenay has a quiet reach of fifteen miles to the Grand Ramous, the most furious cascade of all, and then a few more miles of rapids and falls bring it to Chicoutimi, ending its wild career where it meets the tide above Ha Ha Bay. The first bold Frenchmen who ventured up through the stupendous and forbidding chasm of the Lower Saguenay gave this bay its name, to show their delight at having finally emerged from the gloomy region. At Ha Ha Bay the tide often rises twenty-one feet, and below, the river forces its passage with a broad channel through almost perpendicular cliffs out to the St. Lawrence. Its great depth is noteworthy, showing what a fearful chasm has been split open, there being in many places a mile to a mile and a half depth, while the channel throughout averages eight hundred feet depth. For most of the distance the river is a mile or more wide. The original name given the river by the Montaignais was Chicoutimi, or the "deep water," now given the village below the foot of the rapids. The present name

is a corruption of the Indian word Saggishsékuss, meaning "a strait with precipitous banks." The sad sublimity of the impressive chasm culminates at Eternity Bay, where on either hand rise in stately grandeur to sixteen hundred feet elevation above the water Cape Trinity, with its three summits, and Cape Eternity. Ten miles above is Le Tableau, a cliff one thousand feet high, its vast smooth front like an artist's canvas.

This sombre river, whose bed is much lower than that of the St. Lawrence, is frozen for almost its whole course during half the year, and snow lies on its bordering mountains until June. It makes a saddening impression upon most visitors. Bayard Taylor compared the Saguenay chasm to the Dead Sea and Jordan Valley, describing everything as "hard, naked, stern, silent; dark gray cliffs of granitic gneiss rise from the pitch-black water; firs of gloomy green are rooted in their crevices and fringe their summits; loftier ranges of a dull indigo hue show themselves in the background, and over all bends a pale, cold, northern sky." Another traveller calls it "a cold, savage, inhuman river, fit to take rank with Styx and Acheron;" and "Nature's sarcophagus," compared to which, "the Dead Sea is blooming;" and so solitary, dreary and monotonous that it "seems to want painting, blowing up or draining—anything, in short, to alter its morose, quiet, eternal awe."

EXPLORING THE SAGUENAY CHASM.

Ha Ha Bay, where the exploring Frenchmen found such relief for their oppressed feelings, is a long strait thrust through the mountains southwest from the Saguenay for several miles, broadening at the head into an oval bay, practically a basin among the crags, with two or three French villages around it, named after various saints. The modest one-story huts of the *habitans* fringe the lower slopes near the water's edge along the valleys of several small streams, each cluster having its church with the tall spire. The basin is two or three miles across, enclosed by bold cliffs and rounded hills, the wide beaches of sand and pebble showing the great rise and fall of the tide. There is a sawmill or two, and lumber and huckleberries are the products of the district. Chicoutimi village is above the chasm, at a point where the intervale broadens, the savage mountains retiring, leaving a space for gentle tree-clad slopes and cultivated fields. Standing high on the western bank are the magnificent Cathedral, the Seminary, a Sailors' Hospital, and the Convent of the Good Shepherd, and not far away a tributary stream pours fifty feet down the Chicoutimi Falls in a rushing cascade of foam. There are extensive sawmills, and timber ships come in the summer for cargoes for Europe, and the place has railway connections with Lake St. John and thence southward to Quebec. There is a population of about

three thousand. The universal little one-story, peak-roofed, whitewashed French cottages abound, some having a casing of squared pieces of birch-bark to protect them from the weather, making them look much like stone houses, and peeping inside it is found that the inhabitants usually utilize their old newspapers for wall-paper.

From Chicoutimi down to Tadousac the region of the Saguenay chasm is practically without habitation. There are two or three small villages, chiefly abodes of timber-cutters, but it is otherwise uninhabited; nor do the precipitous cliffs usually leave any place near the river for a dwelling to be put. As the visitor goes along on the steamboat it is a steady and monotonous panorama of dark, dreary, round-topped crags, with stunted firs sparsely clinging to their sides and tops where crevices will let them, while the faces of the cliffs are white, gray, brown and black as their granites change in color. A few frothy but attenuated cascades pour down narrow fissures. The scene, while sublime, is forbidding, and soon becomes so monotonous as to be tiresome. This gaunt and savage landscape culminates in Eternity Bay. Ponderous buttresses here guard the narrow gulf on the southern shore, formed by the outflow of a little river. The western portal, Cape Trinity, as the steamboat approaches from above, appears as a series of huge steps, each five hundred feet high, and the faithful missionaries have climbed up and placed a tall white

statue of the Virgin on one of the steps, about seven hundred feet above the river, and a large cross on the next higher step, both being seen from afar. Passing around into the bay, the gaunt eastern face of this enormous promontory is found to be a perpendicular wall of the rawest granite, standing sixteen hundred feet straight up from the water. At the top it grandly rises on the bay side into three huge crown-like domes, which, upon being seen by the original French explorers when they came up the river, made them appropriately name it the Trinity. This is one of the most awe-inspiring promontories human eyes ever beheld, as it rises sheer out of water over half a mile deep. Across the narrow bay, the eastern portal, Cape Eternity, similarly rises in solemn grandeur, with solid unbroken sides and a wooded top fully as high. The entire Saguenay River is of much the same character, repeating these crags and promontories in myriad forms. While not always as high, yet the enclosing mountains elsewhere are almost as impressive and fully as dismal. The steamboat, aided by the swift tide, moves rapidly through the deep canyon, one rounded peak and long ridge being much like the others, with the same monotonous dreariness everywhere, and every rift disclosing only more distant sombre mountains. The chasm throughout its length has no beacons for navigation, the shores being so steep and the waters so deep they are unnecessary. A sense of relief is felt

when the open waters at Tadousac and the St. Lawrence are reached, for the journey makes everyone feel much like a writer in the London *Times*, who said of it: "Unlike Niagara and all other of God's great works in nature, one does not wish for silence or solitude here. Companionship becomes doubly necessary in an awful solitude like this."

THE ANGLING GROUNDS OF LOWER CANADA.

Quebec province, on the Lower St. Lawrence, for hundreds of miles north and east of the river is filled with myriads of lakes and streams that are the haunts of the hunter and angler, and the Government gets considerable revenue from the fishery rentals. As far away as five hundred miles from Quebec, up in Labrador, is the Natashquin River, and eight hundred miles down the St. Lawrence is the Little Esquimau, these being the most distant fishery grounds. Among the noted fishing streams are the grand Cascapedia, the Metapedia, the Upsalquitch, the Patapedia, the Quatawamkedgewick (usually called, for short, the "Tom Kedgewick), and the Restigouche, on the southern side of the Lower St. Lawrence, their waters being described as flowing out to "the undulating and voluptuous Bay of Chaleurs, full of long folds, of languishing contours, which the wind caresses with fan-like breath, and whose softened shores receive the flooding of the waves without a murmur." Around the great Lake

St. John there is also a maze of lakes and fishery streams. The most noted Canadian fishery organization is the "Restigouche Salmon Club," having its club-house on the Restigouche River, at its junction with the Metapedia, and controlling a large territory. The guides in this region are usually Micmac Indians, who have been described on account of their energy as the "Scotch-Irish Indians." This tribe originally inhabited the whole of Lower Canada south of the St. Lawrence, being found there by Cartier, and the French named them the Sourequois or "Salt-Water Indians," because they lived on the seacoast. They were staunch allies of the French, who converted them to Christianity from being sun-worshippers. They have a reservation near Campbellton, on the Restigouche, and a populous village surrounding a Catholic church. There are now about seven thousand of them, all told, throughout the provinces. Glooscap was the mythical chief of the Micmacs, whose power and genius were shown throughout all the region from New England to Gaspé. He was of unknown origin, and invincible, and he conquered the "great Beaver, feared by beasts and men," on the river Kennebecasis, near St. John. Glooscap's favorite home and beaver-pond was the Basin of Minas, in Nova Scotia, where afterwards dwelt Longfellow's Evangeline. Micmac traditions describe him as the "envoy of the Great Spirit," who lived above in a great wigwam, and was

always attended by an aged dame and a beautiful youth. He had the form and habits of humanity, and taught his tribe how to hunt and fish, to build wigwams and canoes, and to heal diseases. He controlled the elements and overthrew all enemies of his people; but the tradition adds that on the approach of the English, the great Glooscap, "finding that the ways of beasts and men waxed evil," turned his huge hunting-dogs into stone, and his huntsmen into restless and wailing loons, and then he vanished.

The route to the angling waters of the great Lake St. John is by railway northward from Quebec. It goes up the valley of St. Charles River, past Lorette, where beautiful cascades turn the mill-wheels. Here are gathered the scanty halfbreed remnant of the Hurons, once the most powerful and ferocious tribe in Canada, who drove out the Iroquois and compelled their migration down to New York State. These Indians are said to have been Wyandots, but when the French saw them, with their hair rising in bristling ridges above their painted foreheads, the astonished beholders exclaimed, "Quelles hures!" (what boars!) and hence the name of Huron came to them. The railroad goes for two hundred miles past lakes and streams, and through the dense forests of these remote Laurentian mountains, until it finally comes out on the lake shore at the ancient mission town of "Our Lady of Roberval," now become, through the popularity of the district, a modern watering-place.

This great Lake St. John, so much admired by the Canadian and American anglers, was called by the Indians the Picouagomi, or "Flat Lake," and it is in a region shaped much like a saucer, lying in a hollow, with hills rising up into mountains in the background all around. The lake is thirty miles long and about twenty-five miles across, having no less than nineteen large rivers, besides smaller ones flowing into it from the surrounding mountains, the vast accumulation of waters being carried off by the Saguenay. The immense flow of some of these rivers may be realized when it is known that the Mistassini, coming down from the northward, is three hundred miles long, and the Peribonka four hundred miles ong, while the Ouiatchouan from the south, just before reaching the lake, dashes down a grand cascade, two hundred and eighty feet high, making an elongated sheet of perfectly white foam.

Until the middle of the nineteenth century, this wonderful lake and its immense tributaries were scarcely known to white men, yet upon its shores stood Notre Dame de Roberval and St. Louis Chambord, two of the oldest Jesuit Indian missions in America. For more than two centuries, until the angler and lumberman began going to this remote wilderness, it was a buried paradise in the distant woods, without inhabitants, excepting a few Montaignais and their priests, and a scattered post or two of the Hudson Bay Company, whose occasional expeditions

over to Quebec for supplies were the only communication with the outer world. The solid graystone church and convent stand in bold relief among the neat little white French cottages at Roberval, there are an immense sawmill and a modern hotel, while in front is the grand sweep of the lake, like a vast inland sea, its opposite shore almost beyond vision, excepting where a far-away mountain spur may loom just above the horizon. Here lives the famous ouananiche of the salmon family, called "landlocked," because it is believed he is unable to get out to other waters. He is a gamey and magnificent fish, with dark-blue back and silvery sides, mottled with olive spots, thus literally clothed in purple and fine silver. He has enormous strength, making him the champion finny warrior of the Canadian waters. The chief fishery ground for him is in the swirling rapids of the Grand Discharge. The native Montaignais, or "mountaineer" Indian of this region, is a most expert angler, seducing the royal fish with an inartistic lump of fat pork on the end of a line from his frail canoe among the rapids, and hooking the game more effectively than the costliest rod and reel in the hands of a "tenderfoot." These dusky, consumptive-looking, copper-colored Indians spend the winters in the unexplored wilds of the Mistassini, and wander through all the wilderness as far as Hudson Bay. When the snows are gone, they bring in the pelts of the beaver, otter, fox and bear, to trade

at the Company posts, and living in rude birch-bark huts on the bank of the lake, spend the summer in fishing, and pick up a few dollars as boatmen and guides.

THE ST. LAWRENCE ESTUARY.

Below the mouth of the Saguenay, the St. Lawrence stretches four hundred miles to the ocean, its broad estuary constantly growing wider. On the southern shore, below Cacouna, there is another resort at a little river's mouth, known as Trois Pistoles. It is related that in the olden time a traveller was ferried across this little river, the fisherman doing the service charging him three pistoles (ten franc pieces), equalling about six dollars. The traveller was astonished at the charge, and asked him the name of the river. "It has no name," was the reply, "it will be baptized at a later day." "Then," said the traveller, anxious to get the worth of his money, "I baptize it Three Pistoles," a name that has continued ever since. This diminutive village seems rather in luck, for unlike most of the others, it has two churches, each with a tall spire. The Lower St. Lawrence shores maintain communication across the wide estuary by canoe ferries, established at various places. A stout canoe, twenty feet or more long, and having a crew of seven men, usually makes the passage. The boat is built with broad, flat keel, shod with iron, moving easily over the ice which for half the year closes the river, not breaking up until late in

the spring, and sometimes obstructing the outlet through the Strait of Belle Isle until July. Farther down the southern shore, below Trois Pistoles, is Rimouski, a much larger place, described as the metropolis of the Lower St. Lawrence, and the outlet of the region of the Metapedia. This town has a Bishop and a Cathedral. Beyond are Father Point and Metis, and the land then extends past Cape Chatte into the wilderness of Gaspé. When Jacques Cartier first entered the river in 1534, he landed at Gaspé, taking possession of the whole country in the name of the King of France, and erecting a tall cross adorned with the fleur-de-lys. Very appropriately, Gaspé means the "Land's End." They found here the Micmac Indians, who were then reputed to be quite intelligent, knowing the points of the compass and position of the stars, and having rude maps of their country and a knowledge of the cross. Their tradition, as told to Cartier's sailors, was that in distant ages a pestilence harassed them, when a venerable man landed on their shore and stayed the progress of the disease by erecting a cross. This mysterious benefactor is supposed to have been a Norseman, or early Spanish adventurer. An old Castilian tale is that gold-hunting Spaniards, after the discovery by Columbus, sailed along these coasts, and finding no precious metals, said in disgust to the Indians, "Aca náda," meaning, "there is nothing here." This phrase became fixed in the Indian

mind, and supposing Cartier's party to be the same people, they endeavored to open conversation by repeating the same words, "Aca náda! aca náda!" Thus, according to one theory, originated the name of Canada, the Frenchmen supposing they were telling the name of the country. Another authority is that the literal meaning of the Mohawk (Iroquois) word Canada is, "Where they live," or "a village," and as it was the word Cartier, on his voyages up the river, most frequently heard from the Indians, as applied to the homes of the people, it naturally named the country.

The surface of the southern country behind Cape Chatte, and of Gaspé (Cape Gaspé being a promontory seven hundred feet high), rises into the frowning mountains of Notre Dame, the most lofty in Lower Canada, the chief peak elevated four thousand feet. In 1648 a French explorer wrote of these stately ranges that "all those who come to New France know well enough the mountains of Notre Dame, because the pilots and sailors, being arrived at that point of the great river which is opposite to these high mountains, baptize, ordinarily for sport, the new passengers, if they do not turn aside by some present the inundation of this baptism, which is made to flow plentifully on their heads." The bold southern shore of the St. Lawrence finally ends beyond Cape Gaspé, where its mouth is ninety-six miles wide in the headland of Cape Rosier, de-

scribed by dreading mariners as the "Scylla of the St. Lawrence."

The northern shore of the great river, beyond the mouth of the Saguenay, is almost uninhabited. There is an occasional fishing-post, but it is almost an unknown region, though once there were Jesuit missions and trading-places, the Indians having since gone away. The iron-bound coast goes off, past Point de Monts, the Egg Islands and Anticosti, to the Strait of Belle Isle. This strait is named after a barren, treeless and desolate island at its entrance, about nine miles long, which has been most ironically named the Belle Isle, but the early mariners, nevertheless, called it the Isle of Demons. They did this because they heard, when passing, "a great clamor of men's voices, confused and inarticulate, such as you hear from a crowd at a fair or market-place." This is explained by the almost constant grinding of ice-floes in the neighborhood. The Mingan River, a beautiful stream where speckled trout are caught, comes down out of the northern mountains, opposite Anticosti Island, and is occasionally visited by enthusiastic anglers. This is the boundary of Labrador, which stretches almost indefinitely beyond, comprising the whole northeastern Canadian peninsula, an almost unexplored region of nearly three hundred square miles. It is described as a rocky plateau of Archæan rocks, highest on the northeast side and to the south, more or less wooded, and

sloping down to lowlands towards Hudson Bay. It is a vast solitude, the rocks split and blasted by frosts, and the shores washed by the Atlantic waves, where reindeer, bears, wolves and a few Esquimaux wander. Its great scenic attraction is the Grand Falls. To the northward of the headwaters of Mingan River is a much larger stream, the Grand River, draining a multitude of lakes on the higher Labrador table-land, northeastward through Hamilton Inlet into the Atlantic. In 1861 a venturesome Scot of the Hudson Bay Company, prospecting through the region, first saw this magnificent cataract. For thirty years the falls were unvisited, but in 1891 an expedition was made to them, and they have been since again visited. The cataract is described as a magnificent spectacle, the river with full flow leaping from a rocky platform into a huge chasm, with a roar that can be heard twenty miles and an immense column of rainbow-illumined spray. The plunge is made after descending rapids for eight hundred feet, and is over a precipice two hundred feet wide, the fall being three hundred and sixteen feet. The water tumbles into a canyon five hundred feet deep and extending between high walls of rock for about twenty-five miles. The distant Labrador coasts on bay and ocean abound in seals and fish, and the adjacent seas are vast producers of codfish and herring. There are few visitors, however, excepting the hardy "Fishermen," of whom Whittier sings:

"Hurrah! the seaward breezes
Sweep down the bay amain;
Heave up, my lads, the anchor!
Run up the sail again!
Leave to the lubber landsmen
The rail-car and the steed;
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed!

"Now, brothers, for the icebergs
Of frozen Labrador,
Floating spectral in the moonshine,
Along the low, black shore!
Where like snow the gannet's feathers
On Brador's rocks are shed,
And the noisy murr are flying,
Like bleak scuds, overhead;

"Where in mist the rock is hiding,
And the sharp reef lurks below,
And the white squall smites in summer,
And the autumn tempests blow;
Where, through gray and rolling vapor,
From evening unto morn,
A thousand boats are hailing,
Horn answering unto horn.

"Hurrah! for the Red Island,
With the white cross on its crown!
Hurrah! for Meccatina,
And its mountains bare and brown!
Where the Caribou's tall antlers
O'er the dwarf wood freely toss,
And the footstep of the Micmac
Has no sound upon the moss.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!—the west wind
Comes freshening down the bay,
The rising sails are filling,—
Give way, my lads, give way!
Leave the coward landsman clinging
To the dull earth, like a weed,—
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed!"

END OF VOLUME II.